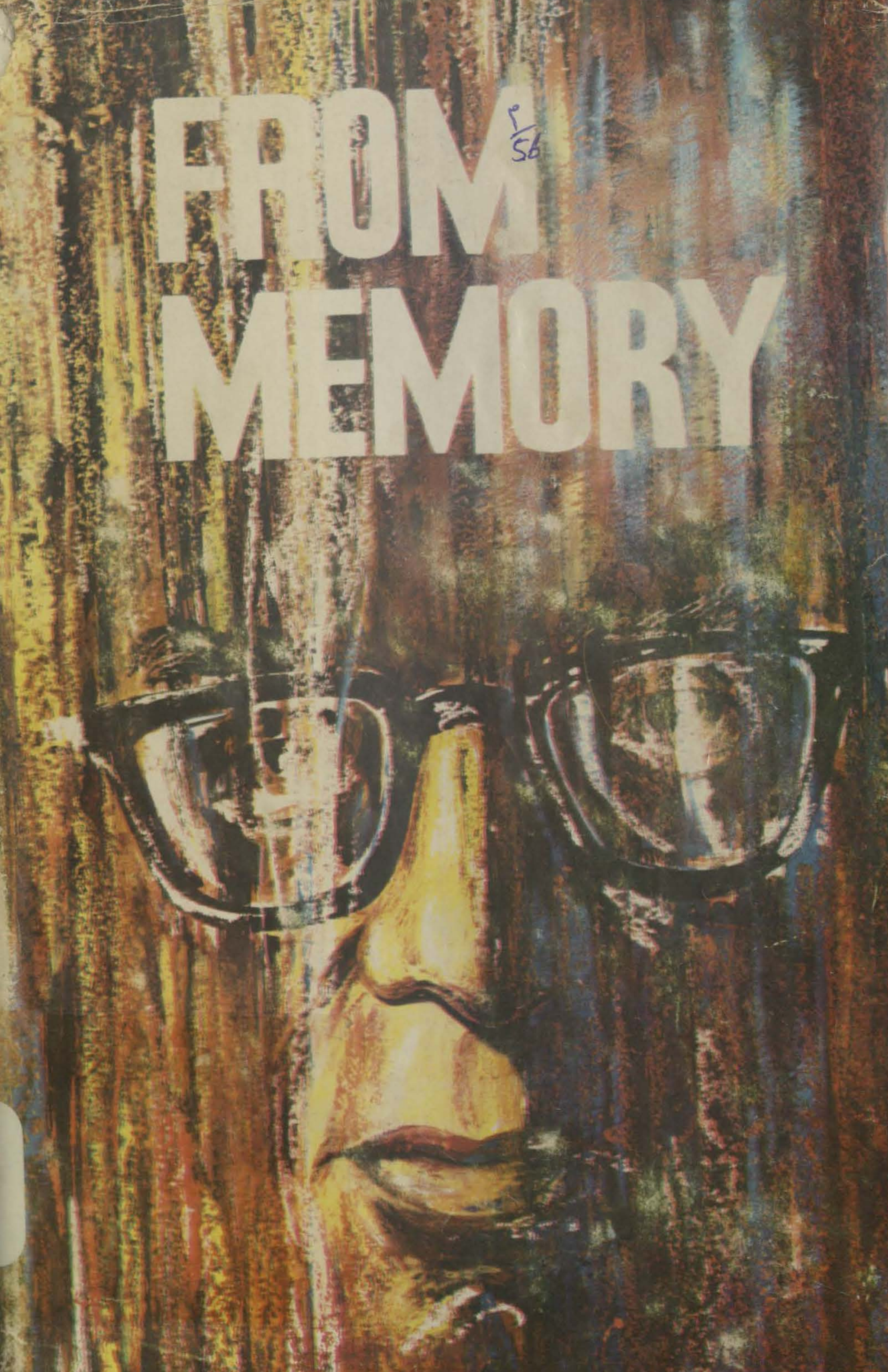
FROM MEMORY



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FROM MEMORY

AUTHOR OF

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"Wisdom from Fools" - Gulab Singh

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INTRODUCTION

I have done my best in this book to avoid hurting people and if there is anything in it which has in the slightest not been liked by anyone, I apologise to him and pray to be forgiven. My intention has never been to hurt. Sometimes when facts are written one cannot please everyone in spite of one's desire to do so. I have read and re-read several times what I have written and cut out many passages which in my opinion could cause displeasure to my friends and my colleagues with whom I have worked. There is more to write and, God willing, I hope to be able to do so. I have not quoted from any official record as those can be read by anyone interested in what I have said in my speeches.

I should like to thank all my friends who have read through the manuscript and spared time for discussions.

This book was written "from memory" in the winter of 1958-59 and recently revised.

FIROZ KHAN NOON,
Lahore, Pakistan

I dedicate this book to my wife, Viqarun Nisa Noon. who has shared the most important part of my life during the twenty critical years.

این سعادت بزور بازو نیست
تا نہ بخشد خدائے بخشندہ

This success is due not to the strength of your arm. It is because The Giver gives it to you as a gift.

Chapter I

1893—1905

VILLAGE LIFE

I was born at village Hamoka on May the 7th, 1893, at 4 a.m. This is a village on the west bank of the Jhelum River, twenty miles down from Khushab and about thirty miles, as the crow flies, from our home village, Nurpur Noon. According to the family custom, my mother went to Hamoka to give birth to her first child in the house of her mother. Most customs have a good reason behind them. On an occasion like this, the presence of the mother with the young daughter must be a source of great courage and confidence. This must have been so in the case of my mother, who was only sixteen when I was born. The only religious ceremony for a newly born baby is that the Imam of the Mosque comes very soon and recites the call to prayers into the ears of the baby, "Allah is great and bear witness that Mohammad is His Messenger." The child's name is usually given by the eldest member of the family. In my case Malik Hakim Khan asked his young son Malik Sardar Khan, aged eight, what my name should be and, since a family guest, Raja Firoz Khan of Ahmed Abad, opposite Bhera, had only recently stayed with Malik Hakim Khan, he liked this name, so he blurted it out and others liked it too and I became Firoz Khan and my mother added "Mohammad" to my name for good luck.

The only means of transport in those days used to be horses and camels and many a time when I was a little boy, my mother travelled on camel-back in a *Kujawa* which is a wooden box slung on either side of the camel. Maid servants

also travelled on camel-back and the guardian servants travelled on horses. The journey was usually performed at night in the summer in order to avoid the heat. Once one senior guardian servant tried to be clever and made a start at midnight for, he claimed, he could travel by looking at the stars, with the result that when dawn came, it was realised that we had been going round and round in brushwood only about two miles away from our house. We had travelled half the night and were still at Nurpur Noon. All important families in rural areas had old trusted servants who accompanied ladies during journeys and also looked after them during the absence of the master. From these men the ladies did not observe purdah.

By race we are Bhatti Rajputs and were Hindus of Rajputana. We migrated five hundred years ago from there to the north for a living; when the whole tribe arrived at Pakpattan, a town on the banks of the Sutlej River, we accepted Islam at the hands of a Muslim saint, Baba Farid, who lived in Pakpattan. From there we went north-west and settled at Mitha Tiwana in the heart of the desert between the Indus and Jhelum River. We were a small section of the main Malik tribe. The Chief Malik was almost the ruler of the area where he settled. When the Sikhs ruled this country from 1800 to 1849, and were defeated by the British, the Leading Malik Chief, residing at Mitha Tiwana, was Malik Fateh Khan Tiwana. The Sikhs used to farm out to him the area west of the Jhelum River and he collected whatever taxes he liked but paid little to the Sikh Court at Lahore, with the result that twice Mitha Tiwana was invaded by the Sikh troops and burnt. The Malik Chief and his tribe used to run away, so did all the women and the rest of the population. I remember Mohammad Khan Dheeng, a tenant in our village, whose grandfather had refused to leave the door of our family quarters even though all the ladies had run away and he refused to let the Sikhs enter and was killed.

There was a time when Malik Fateh Khan Tiwana owed the Sikh King, Ranjit Singh, three hundred and fifty thousand

rupees for revenue not paid. Fateh Khan Tiwana was sent for and confined in the fort at Lahore. He had started from his village with rupees fifty thousand for payment to the King but on the way he went on giving to the needy so that only five thousand rupees were left when he reached Lahore. Again he called upon Malik Ghulam Mohammad Tiwana, his ally and treasurer, and head of the second most important Tiwana family, to give away rupees five hundred in the name of "Allah". Ghulam Mohammad rebuked him but paid. There were three most important families of Tiwana Maliks. The head of the third branch was Malik Allah Dad, whose son, Nawab Khan, married my father's eldest sister. Nawab Khan's brother, Sher Khan, married my younger aunt. Fateh Khan and Ranjit Singh were friends and after the former had been confined in the fort for two days, Ranjit Singh said to his wife, "Jindan, I have put Fatta in the fort, his food will go from your kitchen." "Why does he not pay?" she said. "He must have spent all his money. He has none." Two days later again he said. "Jindan, like me, Fatta is in the habit of eating opium, therefore it will go to him every day from your kitchen and don't forget he needs milk with it."

In a few days news came that Ranjit Singh's great and cruel General, Hari Singh Nalwa,* had been killed by the Pathans in Jamrud Fort, and there was no-one who could re-conquer that area except the Tiwana Chief, who was released from the fort and provided with a large sum of money, loaded on mules, to raise an army. On the way back he laughed at his cousin, Ghulam Mohammad, and said, "Gamoon—(nick-name of Ghulam Mohammad) you were angry with me about my charity; you see how Allah rewards those who spend money in his way!" On his way home, he gave away Ranjit Singh's money also in charity to the poor, but raised an army all the same, because wherever people heard of him, they flocked to his colours. Once again on reaching Mitha Tiwana he resumed his predatory career and repeated his past per-

*The main duty of the army was to collect land revenue or raid for money. Two widowed Ranis of Kangra complained to Ranjit each claiming the whole money. Ranjit sent his troops and took the lot himself. Ranjit Singh ruled *circa* 1804—1839.

formances regarding the non-payment of the taxes he collected. He reconquered Jamrud Fort, but was later himself killed *circa* 1849, in the Bannu fort where they ran short of water during a siege and started digging a well. Just when they reached the sub-soil water the Tiwana Chief rushed out with his men to attack the Sikhs and was killed. He was generous but dreaded by all, since to his enemies he was cruel. In those days the person who was cruel ruled the country, the softies disappeared into oblivion, if not killed. When the British appeared on the scene he changed sides, left the Sikhs and helped the British, who appointed him Governor of Bannu, in place of Major Edwards, who was fighting the Sikhs in Multan. Fateh Khan's troops who had been taken prisoner by Sikhs at Bannu were released when the British beat the Sikhs, at the decisive battle of Chelianwala, in Gujrat District. The order Maliks from Shahpur also joined the British at Chelianwala, which decided the fate of the Punjab finally in favour of the British in 1848. Any rule was better than the mis-rule of the Sikhs. The British came as balm to the wounds inflicted by the Sikhs.

Malik Fateh Khan Tiwana was a powerful man. He was master of 40,000 horsemen, and proved very useful to the British at the time of the take-over of Kashmir, by Gulab Singh. When the British, on conquering the Punjab, persuaded the Sikh Court in 1849 to sell Kashmir to raise money for the British East India Company, it was Gulab Singh, the ancestor of the Maharaja of Kashmir, who bought Kashmir for the small sum of £ 7500. When he was a young boy called Gulaboo, he was a dish washer working at three rupees per month in Jhelum, at a time when Ranjit Singh ruled in Lahore, Gulaboo's brother, Dhian Singh, was an A.D.C. at the Sikh Court in Lahore. Dhian Singh called his brother from Jhelum in order to improve his prospects. Dhian Singh gradually rose to be a general and a minister of Ranjit Singh. Gulaboo became Gulab Singh and was appointed A.D.C. and later became a general. As such, he used to raid the Buddhist monasteries in the Himalayas and robbed them of gold, silver, jewellery and other precious ornaments and offerings. Thus

he amassed enormous wealth. When General Harding demanded war indemnity from the Sikh Court, there was no money in the Treasury and the idea struck him that if something could be sold to General Gulab Singh, he could put up the money for the Directors of the East India Company in London. Thus the Kashmir State, comprising 80,000 square miles and the most beautiful land in the world, was sold for the paltry sum mentioned above. At the Sikh Court there were factions and some did not agree with the sale, partly because they were against Gulab Singh and partly because they did not want the young Sikh King to lose this beautiful area. Therefore, they went on telling the Governor of Jammu and Kashmir, located at Srinagar, not to hand over the State to anyone, and the Governor Imamud Din, could not be moved out of Srinagar, until Malik Fateh Khan Tiwana was asked by the British to go there with his 40,000 horsemen to enable a peaceful transfer of the State.

Ranjit Singh left only a natural son called Dalip Singh, who was ten or eleven years old when the Punjab was conquered by the British. He was sent to England for education and never returned. There was a time when an ex-King of Kabul, Shah Shuja, took refuge at Lahore. He used to go and see the Sikh King, Ranjit Singh who somehow, learned that this King of Kabul had, in the folds of his turban, the famous Kohi-Noor diamond. He had his eye on this precious jewel and one day when the ex-King was sitting with him, the Sikh King offered to exchanged turban with him—which is an act of great honour and prestage. Exchanging of turbans in the East is synonymous with becoming each other's brother for life. The ex-King of Kabul could not refuse because he knew that if he did, he would lose the diamond in any case with his asylum. The diamond passed into the hands of the British and was later presented to the Queen of England by Dalip Singh, when he was asked to do so while living in England. Dalip Singh had two daughters and one of them married a Colonel Sutherland, Professor of Medicine at the Lahore Medical College. Sutherland was my medical advisor in the 1920s. Unfortunately, Mrs. Sutherland left no heirs.

But Malik Fateh Khan Tiwana must not be mixed up with Malik Fateh Khan Noon, who was my grandfather. At the time when the British conquered the Punjab, my grandfather was Governor or Kardar in Isa Khel Tehsil of the Mianwali District. I went out touring as a Minister in the late 20's to see Isa Khel and Nawabzada Abdul Ghafoor Khan, son of Nawab Abdul Karim Khan, showed me a dagger which my grandfather had presented to the Nawab's family, on which was inscribed his name. He also showed me a document which purported to be a letter from a Mr. Taylor in Lahore to my grandfather, asking him to recruit five hundred Pathans from Isa Khel and send them to Multan to help the British troops under Major Edwards to fight against Mool Raj Governor of Multan under the Sikhs. The purport of this move was not only to support the British troops at Multan but also to rid the Isa Khel Tehsil of turbulent characters so as to ensure peace for the ordinary citizens. My father once told me that my grandfather had a Jagir (fief) of four thousand rupees a year under the Sikhs in the village Jhawrian near Kalra, District Shahpur, but he had no proof of it. The story was that when the British took over this country all the people who held Jagirs under the Sikhs went to Lahore to have them transferred to their names. A Jagir is a fief which was granted by the King 'in lieu of services to be rendered or rendered in the past,' or in order to support a school or a religious place. It was a Government order that the land tax from a certain village, being the share of the Government, should go to a certain individual either in perpetuity or for life. We call this a Jagir. I had this information in the back of my mind and when I went to London as High Commissioner, (1936-1941) I used to get books from the library of the Secretary of State in the India Office. Once I read the diaries of a Major Edwards who served in these parts *circa* 1849. In them he wrote about his journey from Bannu to Lahore on horseback. He travelled ten miles a day and happened to halt at Jhawrian and wrote that this village was the Jagir of Malik Fateh Khan (Noon). When everybody went to Lahore round about 1849-1850, to have the Jagirs trans-

ferred to their names, my grandfather did not go. The story goes that he was very fond of reading the Holy Quran and when asked by friends to go to Lahore for the transference he replied, "If God wishes to give me anything. He will give it to me here," but apparently God did not wish to give him this Jagir because he did not get it. Another Malik tried to get it. His name was also Fateh Khan but there was somebody standing nearby who pointed out that he was not the Fateh Khan who owned the Jagir. Therefore, he could not get it. About the year 1860, when the British were well settled in the Punjab, my grandfather took 4,000 acres of land on lease and constructed an inundation canal from the Jhelum river to our area—Nurpur Noon—which lies 10 miles southwards. Later on my father purchased the proprietory rights in this land from the Government. When my grandfather came to this place and founded the village Nurpur Noon, in 1861, there was a Wann tree which still exists in front of our grain stores and we do our best to preserve it. All the other jungle was cleared away. On this tree my grandfather used to hang his wheat flour in a bag because, if left on the ground, the jackals used to eat it. He brought his own tenants with him from Mitha Tiwana. These were probably his retainers who were now willing to settle down to a more permanent profession.

Nurpur Noon is a village to which I am much attached and always run back to whenever I want peace of mind and rest. It still stands looking not much different from what it was in 1860. There was a large room with fire baked bricks outside and sun baked bricks inside the walls, four wooden pillars, a wooden roof and two wooden windows and a door, which were all carved. The projection over the door was also carved. As children we were told that either my grandfather or his nephew, Hakim Khan, used to sit with the carpenters and take part in the carving. My grandfather also built the mosque which still stands and built the godowns for grain and cotton, which have been rebuilt. He had very large stables and used to

breed horses. These stables are now gone and we only keep horses and ponies for riding. Breeding is a very small part of our activities as cavalries are out of date. My grandfather founded this village, Nurpur Noon, at the northern end of the land at the southern end of the land he founded another village and called it Fatehpur Noon, thus enclosing the area for safety purposes. He did not allow anybody to enter this village and its lands at night because people used to steal the cattle and the ploughs which our tenants left in their fields. The crop was taken half by the owner and half by the tenant and this system continued till four years ago, when it became 60% tenants and 40% owners. All the other houses in the village were made of mud like square boxes with no ventilators because of the fear of thieves.

When I was a boy there were many shops in this village but they were all run by the Hindu money-lenders. The Muslim, according to the Holy Quran, cannot charge interest, though there is no prohibition against payment of interest. Therefore, the most prosperous shopkeepers were those who lent money on interest. Whenever a tenant's bullock died, or his son or daughter was to be married or he ran short of food or clothes, he could run to his money-lender and take money from him. No Muslim shopkeeper could have competed against this facility which the Hindu money-lender gave. The village was devided among the shopkeepers and one money-lender would not try to entice away another money-lender's client to his own shop. Each debtor was called *Asaami*. Often at the time of harvest, the money-lender would take away all the grain in payment of his interest and the next morning the tenant would have to go to him again to borrow money. Gradually the land of the peasant proprietors in this part of the world was passing into the hands of money-lenders, until a British officer, by name of Thorburn, had a law passed called The Land Alienation Act of 1900, under which money-lenders could not buy land of an agriculturist unless the loan was for necessity and unless the sale of land was sanctioned by the Deputy Commissioner

of the District. That saved the farmer class, because in the British regime there was no limit to the interest which could be charged until 1926, when the money-lenders' Bill restricted interest to a maximum of 18½% p.a. There are earlier reported cases of 75% interest having been upheld by courts. The farmers used to take revenge by stealing the cattle of the money-lenders. They on the other hand, also cheated. Once debtor had annoyed a money-lender who changed in his account books the word *Sundh* which is a small condiment for cooking, to *Sundha*, which means a he-buffalo and thus got a decree for the full amount of the value of the he-buffalo. However, these are exceptions to the rule. Generally relations between the money-lenders and the farmers were kept peaceful by the landowner of the village, the counterpart of the British squire, who was sometimes able to persuade the money-lender to reduce his interest charges. Eventually the word money-lender became synonymous with the word Hindu and this hatred between the money-lender and the Muslim peasantry went on increasing until the Partition of India.

Most of the Hindu shopkeepers and money-lenders are gone. Today shops are all being run by Muslim who have prosperous businesses. But in those days Muslims could have never competed against the Hindu shop-keeper-cum-money-lender. Loans nowadays in the village are interest free.

The Muslim had been systematically curshed by the British since the Battle of Plassey, 1757 and right up to the Freedom Revolt of 1857, which was the finishing below for this community who still remembered their glorious days and could not reconcile themselves to the changed situation. Barring the Punjab Muslims, over whom ruled Ranjit Singh and his European General, like Avitabile, the Italian General at Peshawar (who used to hang six Pathans outside his porch before breakfast and before receiving any visitors) if the British had not come, Ranjit's five European Generals, with their armies trained under them,

would have conquered Kabul as well as Sind and Baluchistan. The arrival of the British saved the Muslims of north-western India.

For fifty years, from 1850 to 1900, the Muslim sulked and the Hindu co-operated with the British in education, services, trade and commerce and grew richer and more powerful from day to day. The farsighted Muslim leaders like Sir Syed Ahmed, Nawab Salar Jang and Mehdi Ali of Hyderabad. Syed Ameer Ali and the Agha Khan, noticing the deteriorating position of their community, decided to launch a movement to forget the past and co-operate with the Government. This produced immediate results. The Land Alienation Act was passed in 1900 and saved the Muslim peasantry's land in the Punjab. Muslims were recruited to the services and to the armed forces. They also were given the right in 1910 to elect their representatives to the Legislatures through Muslim electors only—which has been called separate electorates. From now onward there started an awakened and modern Muslim policy for the protection and advancement of the communal interests. Democracy was born here for the first time in the last quarter of the 19th century when elected members were allowed in the Local Bodies elections, Municipalities and District Boards. These are the first instances in the whole of our history when elected members existed. It was a much abused Englishman who founded the Indian National Congress which led us to freedom. Muslims have always been ruled by self-appointed dictators from the early 5th Caliph, Muawiya. It is under dictators that Islam conquered almost the whole known world. If they had not been thrown back from Lyons in France and from Vienna, Europe might have been Muslim today.

There were no currency notes at that time (1900-1905). Any person who received silver rupees in exchange for agricultural products, hoarded them. So they went out of circulation. Most of the shopping was done by the women in the village by means of barter. They used

to take their wheat or cotton or other products to the shopkeeper, who sold them the goods they wanted. He cheated them in weight, as well as in the price of what he sold. My mother also, whenever I wanted to buy anything, used to ask a maid servant to fill her lap with wheat from the godown inside the Zanana (ladies' quarters) and take it to the shops to buy various things. The only sweets available in the shops used to be dates in the shop of Moti Ram. I used to share these with my playmates. The earliest thing I remember was walking behind my mother in her large room asking her for some sweets. These were kept in a cupboard in the wall and were homemade. They consisted of white sugar in flat layers and we children enjoyed crunching them between our teeth. I remember Brigadier Gulsher Khan Noon as a child, going to his mother and asking for the same in his village. She gave him some for sweetening his milk. He asked for more and the mother said, "I have just given you some," and his quick reply was, "Mother, that was for crunching between my teeth only."

Another very early thing I remember is that I had a fall from a horse. I and my brother Ali had our own ponies and our cousins from the neighbouring villages, Sardarpur Noon and Kot Hakam Khan, used to meet us either to ride together or for tentpegging. One day we were learning tentpegging by setting, a slipper in the middle of the road and using pampas grass reeds as lances. I was the first to start. My pony came galloping towards the peg which was unfortunately placed near the stables and he ran away with me, took a jump over a ditch across the road and I fell. I was picked up by a weaver who was at his handloom nearby. The next thing I remember was that I was in the lap of my mother being offered hot milk and she was reciting prayers for my speedy recovery. I still carry on my brow the mark of this fall.

Alas! my mother is dead now. On the night of her death in March, 1949, she woke up at two o'clock in the morning and asked my sister for some water. Just as

Sabran Bibi was bringing her a glassful, my mother passed away in a sitting position on her bed. She had been bed-ridden for about twelve years and used to spend her monthly pin money of four hundred rupees on feeding and clothing about thirty orphans and widows of the village and the people used to say that God was keeping her alive for he benefit of these unfortunate people. I was very lucky to be present in the village on this occasion. When my father died in March, 1941, at Lahore, I was on my way to the United States of America on duty from London, where I was High Commissioner for India. I received the news of his serious illness in London and I was unhappy at having missed seeing him for the last time. The Holy Quran says, "*All Jannat O Min Tahte Aqdamul Amhat*" "Heaven lies beneath the feet of they mother." As my dead mother lay on a bed in the open courtyard of her house, I held both her feet in my hand and prayed for her. She was in purdah and had rarely gone outside her courtyard. But she knew all the troubles and difficulties of the villagers through the women, who told her all their secrets and when I grew up, I depended a good deal upon her to tell me in which house help was most needed in which direction. She always knew the truth, which did not always tally with the stories I was told by the men. As I said, she observed strict purdah and even when I was at school at Bhera, only ten miles away, and fell ill with high fever, she did not come to see me. I was only eleven years' old and my father was away in service and he too could not visit me for about thirty days. Eventually he did come and I was happy to see him and recovered quickly thereafter. I probably had typhoid fever and must have been on my way to recovery after thirty days when my father came, but in my childish mind the reason for my recovery was that my father had come to see me. It is a pity that nowadays many parents lead such busy lives that they do not have much time to see their children while they are at school. Typhoid is a terrible disease and I am talking of 1902-1905, but I am sorry to say that conditions are not much better today. The drains in all the towns are open. There is insufficuent water

even for drinking purposes, so that the drains cannot be flushed. The municipal sweepers push the dirty, open drains with long bamboo sticks with wooden mops at the end. The stink is terrible. People have their latrines on the roofs of their houses in the cities and the sweepers carry the night soil from them on their heads to the outskirts, where the municipal committees sell it at the end of the year to farmers. The city corporations are very poor and are unable to provide amenities to the public. The position in the villages is still worse. Even if today there are powerful medicines like chloromycetin, I wonder how many can afford to buy them in the villages? Each pill nowadays costs over eight annas * and a patient needs a course of one hundred. My second son had typhoid and it went on recurring off and on for two years. The doctors in Switzerland told him that some doctors make a mistake of stopping chloromycetin when the temperature is normal. He had to take this medicine for three weeks after his temperature became normal and the fever has not recurred.

From 1900 to 1912 the atmosphere in our village Nurpur Noon was very friendly and it was the same in other villages, too. The relations between the landlords and the tenants were those of father and son. Whenever my father came home on leave, all the tenants used to put on clean clothes and went to greet him. They had all come with my grandfather from our desert home in Mitha Tiwana and had helped to bring the land under cultivation. They were treated more as friends and relations than as tenants. They all belonged to honourable tribes and were very brave men. Our farm manager and guardian was Malik Allah Dad Khan, whose sister was my father's mother. She belonged to a very respectable Awan family of Dhal village and her family were substantial farmers themselves. One day she had come to pick cotton in our village and as she was very beautiful, my grandfather fell in love with her and married her. He had had daughters before but no son. My grandfather went on pilgri-

*_i.e._ fifty naye paisa.

mage to Mecca (1857) and never came back. He was buried in the Holly Land. My father was brought up by his stepmother, Maee Dhudhiani, (God bless her) since his widowed real mother re-married when my father was two years old. I remember once Malik Sikander Khan Tiwana, who was a Risaldar Major and rose to be Honorary Captain, called all his handsome and able sons and told them to take him to Mecca, kill him and bury him there. They asked the reason why. He said, "Whenever anything good is about to happen to this country, Malik Fateh Khan Noon, who is buried in Mecca, rises from the dead and with folded hands asks favours from the Almighty for his descendants. When he does so in the future, I, as a rival will also beseech the Almighty to grant the same favour to my descendants."

Malik Allah Dad, my maternal granduncle, used to catch hold of me by the hand and bring me from my mother's quarters to see my father on his arrival on leave. * He used to call me *Deeva*, the lamp of the family which I must say, was a very pleasing term to hear. Now his sons live in Nurpur Noon and have their own farms. Both these villages, Nurpur Noon and Fatehpur Noon, I have gifted to my three sons and two daughters, my share of my father's property which was one third, as I have two brothers. During the days of the British, customary law prevailed in certain families. Converts from Hinduism followed the Hindu customary law and only the sons inherited land but after the Partition of India, the Muslim law of inheritance applied and now he daughters get their share, which is half that of the sons. This ordinance exists in the Holy Quran and has existed for the last thirteen hundred years. Originally too it made no difference, because if the daughter did not take any land to her husband's home from her family, the bride who came to her brothers, did not bring any land either and thus fragmentation was avoided.

There was a mosque at Nurpur Noon and the priest

*My father had only one wife.

(who is called Imam in our language) was Qadi Mohammad Siddique. "Qadi" in the Arab language means a Judge and Mohammad Siddique's family had inherited this title from previous generations. One of their ancestors might have been a very learned man to whom people came with their legal problems and he gave them his *Fatwah*, (decision) which they voluntarily accepted. Qadi Mohammad Siddique came to Nurpur Noon as a young man. Following the custom, my father's education was started at the mosque, where he learned the Holy Quran as the first lesson from the Qadi. By the time I was ready for the mosque and the lessons, Qadi Sahib was an old man with a red beard. He used to dye it red with henna. Henna is a bush plant which grows easily and takes very little looking after. It grows in our village too, but since the price fluctuates heavily nowadays from forty rupees to ten rupees a maund, we are hesitant to grow it. The branches are cut, dried and the leaves pounded into powder. This is made into paste and applied to the beard. At the time of marriages and weddings the bride puts this henna on her palms, fingers and feet, especially on the soles, which makes them look red and pretty.

Qadi Sahib was a pious man and lived to an age of nearly ninety years. He was highly respected in the village. He led all the prayers and after his death, as is usual, his son, Qadi Mohammad Shafique Ullah, who was a non-commissioned petty officer in the cavalry with a small pension, succeeded him. There are many superstitions which surround the power of the priest. I remember one day, a man was carried on a cot to Qadi Mohammad Siddique. This man was said to have been bitten by a rabid dog. Qadi Sahib made the hurt man's relations knead some flour and we heard that if out of it came a dog's hair of the same colour as that of the dog which had bitten the man, then he was sure to be cured and, lo and behold! a grey hair did come out of it. The man was taken away and lived. Our people are naturally frightened to rabies. As ninety per cent are bitten by non-rabid dogs, so there was a good chance for our priest to be right

when he prophesied recovery. Though anti-rabic treatment is now available in Government hospitals many people still believe in the healing powers of holy men. The Qadi Sahib also used to give talismans. He used to write on a piece of paper some words from the Holy Quran and people used to carry these words away and the paper was tied to the arm of the patient. Whenever here was rinderpest or oher disease among the cattle, the farmers used to come to him and he would give them the Holy Book, which they used to tie up and hang across a village street and the cattle were made to pass underneath it. It still happens. This was supposed to give them immunity from the disease. I also remember a day when drums were beaten and people went outside the village reciting their prayer for rain in the morning when the sun was up, which is not a usual prayer time. I remember in the Kullu Valley in the Kangra District, which is now India, that there was a superstition amongst the Hindu farmers that if you collect all the Brahmins and make them stand out in the sun all day long, the rain will come. Mr. Emerson, who was a revenue officer, recorded in one of his reports that on one occasion the Brahmins were made to stand in the sun all day long to pray for rain, but the rain did not come. They were made to stand together the next day also and lo and behold! the rain did come!

There are two mosques in our village now because people do not like to walk far to a mosque and sometimes tenants fall out with each other and also with the man who leads the prayers, so they build their own mosques and find new Imams. The main activity of Qadi Sahib was to teach the Holy Quran and lead the prayers. I and a few village boys of my age used to sit on the floor of the mosque in rows and used to say our lesson loudly, rocking forward and backward. One day I was not reciting my lesson loud enough and the Qadi Sahib hit me on the back with a reed which was very light and brittle. Unfortunately I had a boil there which burst and a lot of blood came out. He was really unhappy and I was taken to my mother who was not angry at all because under the Isla-

mic traditions, after God, the Holy Prophet and parents, the tutor comes next in the hierarchy of people to whom deference is to be shown. I remember on one occasion one of the leading tenants died and his relations demanded that Qadi Sahib should give him the customary bath before burial. He refused because the man who does so, according to Islamic laws, cannot lead prayers in the mosque. He was a man of high principles and would not do a wrong thing. He also performed the marriage ceremony of all couples who were married in our village and many people from the neighbouring villages also came to him regarding disputes about marriage, guardianship and property cases. * He gave them his decision *(fatwah)* and people accepted it and did not go to law courts.

There are no Sunday or Friday collections in our mosques. The fear of the contribution would keep many people away, but whenever money is needed for repairs of the mosque, it is always forthcoming from well-to-do people.** The average income in the village even today will not be more than ten rupees per head per month, that is inclusive of women and children. No official or reliable figures are available in this respect. The average income in the country including the cities and the industrial area, will be about four dollars (twenty rupees) per head per month.

The village Imam is a great institution throughout this sub-continent and in other Muslim countries. *** He gets no salary and depends on what is given to him. Qadi Mohammad Siddique used to send some of the boys round the village houses from whence they always brought food

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*There are marriage registers now and you cannot marry a second wife without the previous consent of your first wife or the local Union Council, which is a body elected for every ten thousand peoples.—Family Law Reforms, 1963.

**Now mosques are constantly going up through contributions and munificence of rich Muslims. One Government Servant in the North-West area embezzled 1,50,000 Rupees from Govt. treatury and spent 80,000 on a new mosque. He was caught sentenced. He must have been greatly surprised that God did not reward him for the good deed by staying off the criminal case.

***They did the marvellous propaganda work in favour of Pakistan and Partition in 1947 plebiscite.

for him. If the bread was more than what he needed, it was usually fed to his cow and if it was still in surplus, he could sell it. Grass for his cow was also cut by students, none of whom paid any fees. The Imam is usually one of the poorest in the village and an illiterate person. He only knows how to read the Holy Quran without understanding it and leads the prayers. There is no priestly class amongst the Muslims. There are no deans, bishops, and archbishops. The mosque are not aided by the State. They are all voluntary institutions and Government control would be strongly resented by the public. The Muslims have always claimed that politics cannot be separated from religion because the Holy Quran is full of both and many a time in our past history the Imam of mosque have played a great part in propagating, for and against certain kings. If the Imams could be organised and instructed in political matters, they could be of great use or harm to political parties. The people are very illiterate and ignorant and any surreptitious propaganda by the Imams against the Government or anyone else can be very dangerous. I think educational qualifications should be fixed for all Imams, their salaries made a charge on local people and they be forbidden to preach politics or allow their mosques to be used for this purpose.

As a child on many an occasion early in the morning, I saw people coming out of the mosque after morning prayers. Certain individuals would be standing at the door of the mosque with little pots full of water in their hands and they would request each member of the congregation to blow his breath on it to sanctify it. They would take this water to the patients in their homes. The breath of the Imam was supposed to be the holiest of all and most curative. This practise has not ceased, even after fifty years of education and numerous hospitals.

Besides the priest, the other important personality in our village is a hakim. Almost every village has one or two hakims. These are medicine men. Hakim is an Arabic word which means 'wise man'. The system of medicine

which these hakims practice is called Yunani. *Yunan* in our language means Greece. It is a system left to us by the Greeks, who ruled here for three hundred years. Historical events relating to the period before Christ fascinate me even more than mediaeval history and it is a marvel how Alexander and his six thousand men marched to India on foot from Greece. Alexander, the Macedonian, invaded north western India circa 326 B.C. When his men reached the Sutlej, the eastern-most river in the Punjab, they said to him, "Now we have reached the place from whence the sun rises and we have been away from home for two years. We want to go back." So Alexander built seven pillars along the Sutlej River and went back via Multan and south, to the sea. At Multan he had to fight against a ruler who was very brave. The fort could not be conquered until Alexander climbed a wall himself and jumped over it. He was wounded by an arrow and word went round that he had been killed. The whole army was demoralised but Alexander had not been killed. His generals put him on a dais the next morning, his wounds bandaged, and the troops marched in front of him and saw him with their own eyes and they gave out loud cheers and marched onwards. When they reached the sea, half of them went by sea to Mesopotamia and the other half by land. * This land, from Karachi right up to Basra and Baghdad, is a complete desert today. There is no drinking water, nor any fodder for the cattle, nor any villages for food and rest, but when Alexander's army went along this route, I presume there was water for men and beasts. I was once presiding at a lecture by Sir Aurel Stein, the great archaeologist, in London, when I was High Commissioner for India and I posed him this question. We both felt that probably in those days the monsoon used to go to the his area and since then it has changed its course, otherwise there is no reason why this area should have become such a desert.

Alexander the Great reached Babylon, settled there

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*The Kafiristan beauties in our northern mountains are said to be descended from the sick and wounded soldiers that he left behind. They took shelter inside these mountains. Today they number only nine hundred. The rest have accepted Islam.

for two years and allowed every man in his troop to marry two wives. He himself died of fever in Babylon and never returned to Greece. Even though he himself left India, he appointed Governors in the North Western parts that he had conquered. Their capital was at Taxila near Rawalpindi. Taxila was discovered by our archaeologists about forty years ago and there is a museum there which contains the coins and other valuables from these ancient foundations. The Greeks ruled this country right down to Delhi and Ajmer and unlike the later European invaders, they settled here and intermarried with the people. They did not find it difficult to do so because they learned that where the Greeks had their Sun God and Moon God, the Hindu also worshipped the Sun and the Moon and this similarity brought about the mixing of the two races. Even now you can sometimes see a face here and there which reflects classical Greek features.

So the system of medicine introduced by the Greeks is still called Yunani System. There is no other name for it. Against it we have modern surgery and the allopathic system of treating diseases. But the modern doctors are few and far between and cannot be found in most of the villages where only the hakims exist. The medicines which these hakims prescribe are very easily available and are cheap herbs.

After Local Bodies elections, circa 1883, the British took the country further on the road of democracy by nominating Indians on the Viceroy's and Governor's councils. The Morley-Minto Reforms came in 1910 for this purpose. But the big advance came when in 1920 legislative assemblies were created, with 75% elected members and elected ministers. This I call Step No. 3. As compared to this, our Indian Maharajas were still ruling as if the country was in the middle ages. When an elected representatvies' legislature was established in the Punjab in 1920, Sir Fazli Hussain was the leader of the ruling party. He established a rural dispensary for every ten square miles, which was a great blessing for the people because

the Government provided medicine free. The doctors in charge of these were not graduates but only licentiates. As time went by the Government policy was to have only graduate doctors and the Licentiate Schools were closed, with the result that not enough doctors were available for all rural dispensaries which were being looked after by compounders. But when I became Chief Minister in 1953, I restored these Licentiate Schools. The graduates do not like the village life and prefer to live in towns because of the various amenities such as schools for their children, electricity and good roads. When I was a Minister in charge of the medical department, from 1927 to 1936, great pressure was brought on me by the supporters of hakims to give them recognition and support. There was yet another group who wanted to stop these "unqualified quacks," as they called them, from practising. Some hakims are excellent physicians and followed modern methods. Mr. Beazley of the Indian Civil Service was the Secretary in the Health Department during my time. He said that if we forbade these hakims from practising and giving medicines to the people, we would automatically make it illegal for a mother to give a pill to her child if it were ill. The hakims formed an association and a great agitation in the papers was created and I felt that something had to be done for them. Therefore in order to appease their supporters, I got the legislature to sanction a grant of four thousand rupees per annum for the Yunani School at Lahore and four thousand rupees a year for the Yunani School at Delhi. The Delhi School was run under the patronage of Hakim Ajmal Khan's. Ajmal Khan's family had come down from the days of the Moguls. They had a very wide reputation all over India and a lucrative practice among the ruling princes for a certain weakness. I happened to visit this school in Delhi myself. As I entered a class room I asked the teacher to tell me what was written on that particular page of the book which he was teaching. He told me that it read that the blood system of the human body starts at the navel. When I asked him what were the functions of the heart, he said, "No, the blood system starts at the navel."

The Ajmal Khan family were famous for their aphrodisiacs, but these and other medicines were family secrets and usually were passed from father to son and if a famous hakim had no son, probably the secret died with him. These aphrodisiacs are made even now in the village by many hakims. They are made out of burnt gold, silver, iron and other metals or mica. A small quantity of these is put in a small earthen pot about 5" in diameter, sealed with mud and put in the middle of a fire made of cow dung cakes and left under a slow fire for a week or so. When it is taken out, the pot is broken and the metal has usually turned into dust. This dust is given to people every morning in very small quantities about the size of a pin head wrapped up in butter. I had a friend in the Punjab Legislative who was a very stout man, and who could hardly walk. One day I asked him at a very intimate moment what was the matter. He told me that some years back, since he had no children, he had consulted one of the roving medicine men "sanyasis", who gave him an aphrodisiac. After taking it for a while his knees began to pain and stiffen. There was no remedy. He came to the conclusion that the hakim did not burn the metal sufficiently and it had accumulated in his knee joints.

I went to my village, Nurpur Noon, the other day. The hakim there is Hayat Ali, who is the elder brother of my son's valet and was himself a domestic servant a few years ago. One day a brilliant idea struck him. He felt that most people suffered from fever, which is usually malaria. So he hunted for Howard's quinine pills, these being of excellent quality, powdered them and put the quinine into capsules. Many people were cured of their fever and his fame spread far and wide. Now he has a very good and lucrative practice. He also uses patent drugs such as Aspro pills, which in the villages are considered to be a wonder drug and can be found everywhere. In a way these hakims perform a very good service in the country and cannot be abolished in the near future. Firstly, in medical treatment they are invaluable, as they give con-

fidence, if nothing else to the patient. Secondly, they are cheap and available where doctors are not to be found at all. When Martial Law came in 1958 the hakims were stopped from giving injections. This is a very good step, because there have been cases of death due to wrong injections or injections with unclean water without proper precautions, when proper medicine was not available. I remember in 1907 when there was bubonic plague in this country, going to my cousin's village, Kot Hakim Khan, where I saw the village chemist boiling sirus tree leaves in an empty kerosene tin. I said, "Ram Chand, what are you doing?" He said, "People ask me for a cure for the plague and since my reputation is at stake and I have no other medicine that could be prescribed, I sell this stuff which is at least bitter to the taste and I make good money."

The Yunani System of medicine cannot be replaced by any other system at the moment because the number of doctors is very small and they would not live in the villages, and modern medicines are unavailable, and if available, they are much too expensive. The fees of the modern doctors are also heavy. Hakims charge no fees but just the price of the medicines which they prescribe. The patient goes to the village chemist who shares the profit with the hakim, which is a few cents in the case of each patient. The drugs are all country products and are not imported. This system of medicine is not all fake. It does cure people of a large number of ailments but it needs organisation and supervision by the Government. I remember a case in 1930 when the Health Secretary himself—who did not have much respect for the hakims, developed a sore on his hand which no modern doctor could cure. Eventually he was advised by an Indian friend to go to a hakim in Anarkali Bazar. The hakim was a barher, who had a special ointment for these scores. This Mr. Beazley applied for a few days and he was cured. He was very pleasantly surprised and thereafter he had respect for the Yunani system of medicine.

Opium is eaten quite a lot in our villages and is smuggled from Afghanistan because we have signed an

International Convention about opium growing and the Government forbids poppy cultivation in this land. I knew a very famous lawyer of Lahore who used to have a small pill of opium at tea time and lived up to the age of eighty years, but as is usually the case with opium eaters, when his end came he got diarrhoea and could not recover. I have myself eaten opium once. I was partridge shooting near Delhi with my friend Baba Hardit Singh Bedi, a member of the famous Sikh Guru family, in 1944. When we started the afternoon beat, he called his servant, who handed him a glass of water and a small pill. He persuaded me to have one also. I never shot better in my life and ended the day as fresh as I had started. Since that time I have never touched opium again because it is a very dangerous habit forming drug. Baba Hardit Singh still lives in Delhi and is active. He must be well over seventy five.* We had a cousin, a retired Risaldar, Major Malik Sher Ali Tiwana, who lived up to the age of eighty-five and the secret of his long life was that he used to eat a small pill of raw arsenic every day.

Not far from our village is a village called Sheikhupura, near Bhera Town, where the hakims have been famous for generations past. They were always called to our village for treating members of our family. They alone had the privilege of going and seeing our womenfolk. Other men were not allowed to go inside the Zanana. Every March a large crowd gathers at Sheikhupura for bleeding. This is a practice which is being kept up from times immemorial. The superstition is that by letting the bad blood out of your system, you become a healthy man.

As recently as 1959 my cousin, Malik Saif Ullah Khan Noon, who had fallen ill, had to move to Bhalwal town, ten miles from his village to stay in his father-in-

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*The most orthodox Muslims themselves eat opium but object to drinking alcohol. The word in the Quran is "khamar" which means that which puts a curtain on your brain and thus opium is as bad as alcohol. Pig blood is forbidden, "haram." About alcohol the words are "avoid it."

law's guest house because the doctor lives at Bhalwal and a chemist shop is there also. There is one doctor for a population of two hundred thousand people living in and around Bhalwal and he cannot go out to the patients to pay them visits in their villages. He has no car or other conveyance. He is like the proverbial one pomegranate for a hundred patients'. Therefore, people have to flock to his place if they want treatment.

The British set up many hospitals in the District headquarters and also at sub-divisional headquarters, where treatment is all free and so is medicine, as well as operations. When I was High Commissioner in London, (1936-1941), I told Lord Horder, the King's physician, of the nationalized system of our hospitals. He was surprised because such a thing did not exist even in a country like England at that time. But many facilities are lacking in our villages where the people live who are the backbone of our country. The attraction of the town is denuding villages of all monied people. Movement into town is not only for amusements such as cinemas which do not exist in the villages, but has also become a sheer necessity, as it was in my cousin Saif Ullah Noon's case. All the cinemas, our only form of entertainment, are in towns and I was told of one or two boys in our village who stole bicycles and travelled twenty-five miles to Sargodha to see a movie and got back home by the morning. It is said that some women in town sell their ornaments in order to be able to buy a cinema ticket.

The concentration of all amenities in the cities is due to the influence of the town people which they wield through the press. The press belongs a hundred per cent to the town people. The farmers have not a single paper of their own and these city newspapers have played a very active part in creating a cleavage between the city people and the village people and landlords and tenants and have successfully biased public opinion in influential circles against rural interests. The freedom of speech and of the press, I regret, has been abused, especially the freedom of

the press because of sales increase in the case of papers which are irresponsible. Many lies are printed in our press which knows that no-one would like to undertake the trouble of going to a court of law, therefore, the lies have gone unchallenged. If one lie in a paper has been contradicted, the proprietor of that paper sits back laughing and quietly prints another one. Most of the daily vernacular press is owned by single proprietors with the necessary capital. I remember the case of a ruling prince who had been attacked by a certain newspaper. Another paper started defending him. The owner of the paper which was defending him, went to the prince and asked for a reward and received four thousand rupees. However, after a while he approached the prince a second time and told him that it was possible for him to stop also the attacks against the prince. He was paid another four thousand rupees with the desired result, but it was later discovered that both the papers belonged to the same man!

I have myself paid money to a newspaper only once in my life-time. I was a Minister and staying in Simla at Wood Ville in 1930 and my friends, the late Sir Sikander Hayat and Sir Zafarullah Khan, who both belonged to my Unionist Party, came to me and asked me for a donation of four hundred rupees to a newspaper which had written against me. It did not attack me for a week or ten days and then it started attacking me virulently again. I suppose the people connected with the paper thought that they had found a good milch cow but I learned my lesson cheaply because that was the first and last donation I ever gave to a newspaper.

Between 1900 and 1912 the villages were full of factions and I am sorry to say that—fifty years later—the conditions are the same. People are divided into tribes and castes and there are many quarrels over crops when animals stray into neighbours' fields. First there is abuse and then there is fighting. There are sometimes land quarrels and there are quarrels over women and over cattle. *

*These cases can now be settled locally under a new law by the Union Councils that are playing an excellent role.

During the period of which I am writing, 1839-1905, few quarrels from the village went to courts. They were settled amicably in our village and the word of my father or his manager or later, when I grew up, mine, was the law and everybody willingly accepted it. If such quarrels are not settled on the spot, people waste a great deal of time in going to courts and are ruined by paying lawyers' fees and other expenses. Any Government which wishes to be popular with the people has to look to this aspect of the people's life and prevent them from going to courts. The other day I went to my village and discovered that our farm managers had quarrelled with each other. It was better in my father's time because he was the solitary owner of the land. Now there are three. As a matter of fact, there are more owners because I have gifted my share of land according to Muslim Law to my three sons and two daughters. The managers of my two younger brothers have a combine against the manager of my children. Luckily our relations are very good between ourselves but even then these managers do create a great deal of trouble. Dosa, the manager of my eldest son, Nur Hyat, was nearly killed by the labourers of my youngest brother. The labourers were sent to jail for four months but have served their sentences and are back at their work, as labourers are difficult to come by. Life in the villages is full of worries and dangers for the villagers with their narrow horizons, their dependence on poorly paid and badly educated petty and corrupt officials, who are just as faction-ridden as the people they serve and often abuse their powers which make or mar the happiness of the villagers. A good and just landlord can be a blessing to them as he sees that no injustice is done either by petty officials or by one villager to another, while a bad landlord is a curse. The reader will be surprised to read my remark that labourers are difficult to come by, but this is a fact. In the villages the labourers do not like to work hard. They all like soft jobs but farming is difficult and hard work. There are certain classes who are accustomed to hard work but if you go outside these classes, the others who are not farmers by birth are lazybones.

The Muslim landlords do no charge interest. Certainly we never charged any interest from the tenants for the money which was due. It was usually for grain purchased to eat or fodder purchased from our half share for their cattle or money needed to replace a dead or stolen bullock. * At one time the total debt from our tenants to my father was nearly fifty thousand rupees and before going to England for studies in 1912, I went through the accounts and remitted most of it, as in any case it was not going to be realised.

My grandfather had a little fruit orchard. Some of the mango trees are still standing after one hundred years. My father planted more, I also did my bit, but my eldest son beat us all. He has an orchard of nearly one thousand acres. Almost every kind of fruit is grown in our village, mangoes, tight skin oranges, loose skin oranges, small apples, pears, plums, mulberries, bananas, leechees, guava, even pomegranates and grapes grow in the villages, but these are better in the higher plateaus like Quetta and Peshawar. One farmer advertised: "Come and buy my blood-red oranges, they are becoming bloodier and bloodier every day." The biggest difficulty about our fruit gardens is the wild parrot. In my grandfather's time the gardeners used to have a long rope which they twirled over their head and which made a big crack like the sound of a hunter's whip. This frightens the parrots, who fly away from one tree and sit on another. This practice has not been improved upon. Today also this is the only method of keeping the parrots on the move. My sons sometimes give a gun a retainer to shoot parrots but the cartridges are too expensive at seventy five rupees per hundred. Moreover, it is very difficult to shoot a flying parrot, as it is a small and very fast bird. You can shoot them sometimes sitting; but once they perch on a green tree, it is difficult to spot them. I wish someone would make small bore shot guns with small

*Cattle theft cases will now go to peoples' courts (*Jirgas*) but unfortunately the punishment is only 3 years in jail. It should be death—as it was in England—or at least ten years' rigorous imprisonment, cattle theft is the biggest curse in our village and even the Government with all its powers has not been able to stop it.

and cheap cartridges capable of killing no more than one parrot at a time.*

We sell our fruit to contractors because we cannot watch for thieves day and night as the contractors do. Fruit thieves would strip the trees bare even before the fruit ripened. Thieving is a great curse in the villages. After the parrots there are two other great pests in the villages. One is the stray dog and the other is a thorny weed called *pohli;* it is like nettle and grows in wheat and cuts farmer's hands, because they harvest with small hand scythes which are used while squatting on the ground. Even if one farmer is sensible and cuts *pohli* while it is green and his neighbour does not, the wind will in any case blow the seed on to his land. Unfortunately co-operative spirit amongst farmers does not exist. Sometimes when people say that we should have co-operative farming, they do not know what they are talking about. Sometime ago the Punjab Government installed nineteen tubewells in order to give irrigation to certain small farmers. Later they handed over these tubewells to the farmers on a co-operative basis. When I was Chief Minister I enquired about these. They were all lying derelict. The reason given was that one farmer would try to steal the water of another farmer, another would bribe the mechanic to put the tubewell out of order in order to hurt his enemy and then this mechanic would want to be tipped before he gave water. The farmers were sick and tired of the whole affair and they stopped taking water from the tubewells.

Dogs are a great nuisance in the villages. They are almost all ownerless dogs and breed without any control. Nobody kills a puppy or a dog. My wife had ninety stray dogs killed with the help of the health authorities a year ago. Their places were immediately taken by other dogs

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*Once I gave cartridges to my son's cook. He killed 100 parrots. I was told that Peshawar orchards are 15 miles long. Not a single parrot can be seen. I wish all the orchard owners would invest in 100 cartridges a year and we should have no parrot in our area.

from the neighbouring villages. The dog is an unclean animal amongst Muslims and if a Muslim touches a dog he must wash his hands immediately. If a dog touches any food, it must not be eaten. If it touches the clothes of a man, these must be washed before he says his prayers. This was a sanitary rule because in a hot country, rabies are rampant, but it has been carried to the extreme. Even when Muslims keep dogs in their houses as pets, they seldom touch them; they are not kept as in Europe or America. Nevertheless the villager has a great dislike for taking life except when he is killing as enemy in revenge.* I often tell my servants to kill the stray dogs with guns but they hesitate and are unwilling and when I tell them that the Holy Prophet had stray dogs killed in the streets of Mecca, they say, "Is that so" and still they do not go and kill a dog. Therefore this filth and danger in the villages continues. During the War, when I was Defence Minister in Delhi, it was reported that the dog sausage factory in. Burma had closed down because the dogs were finished. They were exporting the sausages to China. I wish somebody would put up a dog sausage factory in Pakistan, and earn some foreign exchange.

The dislike of taking life takes various forms. There is the community of Jains, a Hindu sect finding its origin in Hinduism. When they walk about, they put a cloth in front of their mouths and noses for fear that they may kill germs by breathing them in and thus destroy life. Today there are no Jains left in Pakistan; I remember going to Multan as a Minister in charge of Health in the 1920's when there was plague there and I learned that the Jains were catching plague stricken rats in cages supplied by the municipality and were letting loose in the neighbouring parts of the city. Thus plague was spreading fast towards other areas. We had a very largely attended meeting and I explained the situation to the people but it had no effect. We had to get hold of municipal authorities to do the work which could have been easily performed with

*A thousand murders a year in West Pakistan.

the co-operation of the people. Unfortunately due to lack of education and proper training nothing happens in this country unless it is done by order of Government. If the killing of parrots, dogs, and cutting of *Pohli* were ordered by Government and there were punishments for those who did not carry out these duties, we might succeed a little better. People have become very dependent on the Government for everything. Union Councils are now awakening people to their responsibilities and things will, I hope be improving.

Marriage is a very simple ceremony in Islam. You need only two witnesses to be present to testify to the fact that the man and the women said 'yes' when asked by a Muslim if they accepted each other as husband and wife.* It need not have been registered. In villages there are no expenses involved in the ceremony as the priest who marries the couple does not get more than about one rupees.** This, unfortunately used to lead occasionally to the poor woman being claimed by more than one person as his wife, especially in cases where a woman runs away with the man she loves and the parents do not like it. A fake husband was usually put up and it was a toss up as to who got the girl. These cases are very rare but not unknown even nowadays. Under our law, a girl of sixteen years is a major and legally free to marry anyone she likes but, in fact, all marriages are arranged.

The invitation called knots *(gadh)* is sent out to relations and friends to come to the wedding. Such events usually take place in either March or November when the weather is mild and people can sleep in the open without any bedding. Meat curries are cooked in large metal vessels placed in rows over a trench. The fuel is borrowed from friends and so is the meat in the form of live cows or bullocks. If the relations do not have an animal to present, the host appeals to a friendly cattle thief who,

*Under a new law all marriages have to be registered in the villages and in the Union Councils.

**One must differentiate between wedding ceremony and wedding feast.

on the marriage of his own son some day, would be entitled to a return of the courtesy. The invited guests are outnumbered by he uninvited, who are well known from the neighbouring villages. It is very difficult for the host family to insult the trespassers by turning them away from the food spread on the floor. It was a common practice before partition of India that, at a pinch, the host helped himself to the cow of a Hindu money-lender in the village. I was told of one such person who had finished milking his cow and gone into his house to leave the milk. But when he came out, the cow was gone. He guessed what had happened but the thieves knew that as a Hindu he would not look at the sight of the cow lying cut-up and dead. He was kept talking for a while and when the cow had actually been killed, he was invited to look for it. He started spitting on the ground, as a Muslim does when you mention swine flesh, and went away, abusing the mothers and sisters of all concerned. The host crowd considered the whole affair of the money-lender's cow as a great joke and roared with laughter. They were in a holiday mood and did not even think of the enormity of their conduct. It was no use for the money-lender to go to the police station ten miles away, for the police would find no trace of the crime by the time they arrived. The money-lender carried his rage and venom in his mind, more than ever determined to charge higher rates of interest. The Muslim wedding party, consisting of farmers and tenants, continued sitting on their bedsteads and smoked their *Huqqas* (water pipes) with the satisfaction that they had had a little bit of their own back.

This 'knot' system must have some very old and historical origin. No doubt it is the love knot which is supposed to bind the bride and the bridegroom together. It is similar to the knot which was on the top of the jewel box which the Hun Emperor in China—*circa* 100 B.C.—presented to his sweetheart and beloved wife, the Lady Yang, on their first night, in addition to a precious hair pin which he brought out of his sleeve and which the Lady Yang was expected to wear in her hair constantly so

long as she loved him. Other emperors also observed this love knot sign. In the Punjab areas *Gadh*, the knot, is confined only to the form of an invitation. The village minstrel carries a small handkerchief in which is tied a small piece of paper on which is written the lunar date for the wedding. He presents it to the invitee who pays him a rupee or two according to his financial position or proximity of blood relationship with the host. Each guest is expected to pay *Tambol* which is a cash gift for the host, *circa* twenty rupees or more, according to the status of the party. This collection covers the cost of the wedding. The uninvited guests usually melt away this time arrives.*

For several nights before the wedding, the village women and the bride's girl friends gather in her house after their evening meal, climb to the roof of the house and sing until the early hours of the morning. They take an empty pitcher and beat it with a slipper, which makes a noise like a muffled drum. Some women pick up brass plates and beat them on the back with their heavy silver rings. The songs are mainly in praise of the family or a repetition of the local version of Romeo and Juliet, Heer Ranjha, Sohni Mahinwal or Sassi Punnoo. But the prettiest scene comes when one morning the unmarried girl friends of the bride—all gaily dressed—go in a procession, with the bride walking in the middle, carrying empty pitchers to fetch water from the well just outside the village. They sing love songs, some giggle and jostle each other. This ceremony is to show that the bride is capable of bringing a pitcher full of water on her head for her household. On the way back home all the pitchers are full of water and fairly heavy. The girls are not chirpy except the ones who carry the empty ones. The bride's small pitcher must be full. Often the water spills on her head cloth; her blue muslin shirt and her red loin cloth become soaking wet

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*In 50 years this custom has changed and in educated circles, instead of cash, presents are given. Only in still backward and rural areas among closely knit tribes would you find this custom to prove that the net of friendship still exists.

and stick to her body, thus exposing her form in all its natural beauty. This return journey is the most fascinating sight. But unfortunately no young man—or old—has the chance to go very close to this procession as looking at women who are not closely related to a person is to be avoided, if one wishes to save one's head from being cracked. These girls in the procession are all virgins.* The village code is so strict that a man will consider the killing of a guilty one as a point of honour. It has happened on occasions that the sister of a young culprit has been openly and defiantly raped in order to take revenge. There is a custom among some tribes in the North-Western Pathan areas, according to which the father of the bride shows the blood-stained bed sheet, to claim that his daughter was a virgin until the previous night.

Marriages are still arranged. Some of the girls in the villages are very beautiful. A fair colour of skin is considered desirable. People say that such and such a girl is so ravishingly beautiful that she must have been brought up on honey and milk, away from the heat of the sun, under the constant and cool glow of the moon of the fourteenth night.

The other day I went to my village and the daughter of my son's cook, Mohammad Ali, was getting married. He has borrowed eighty-five rupees from my son and, I am sure, more from others who were in a position to lend. Wedding feasts are a great curse for the poor in the country. The expenses are always beyond their means. Mohammad Ali will be heavily in debt for several years but he is happy that his fourth and last daughter had been married. His salary is fifty rupees per month, plus one bushel (30 seers) of wheat a month and a rent-free house. No one pays rent in our villages in any case. The landlord gives the piece of land and the person who wants to build a house puts up mud walls and buys wood for the roof and the doors. He has the right to take away the wood at the time of abandoning the house. In Mohammad Ali's case, the marriage expenses will be equal

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*The last 50 years have seen a little change.

to his income of a year—that is what most people reckon they have to spend and it is usually with borrowed money. The bridegroom is one of their cousin's sons from Sardarpur Noon, two miles away. Usually when a young boy marries a girl, the girl's brother wants the bridegroom's sister in return and thus wives are found for people, as there is a great shortage of women in this country. Anar Ali, who is my son's valet and Mohammad Ali's brother, told me with a smile that his brother will save a lot of money because they had sent word to the bridegroom's father that on account of Gulzari's death they could not allow the band which was being brought nor a large number of guests in the bridal procession. People ordinarily do not like to waste money and are happy for any excuses to save it but they are slaves of custom and local public opinion and afraid to lose face. It is only with strict Government laws that one can save them from their own folly. There were practically no love marriages and polygamy was easy in case of arranged marriages.* which turned out a failure, because if a man loves a woman he can never think of another marriage.

Among Muslims, marriage is a civil contract and all conditions laid down in it are binding, for instance a stipulation that neither partner can pronounce divorce for ten years, but a mutual friend can pronounce it, or that the husband shall not marry a second wife, *etc., etc.* This last condition is put down in the marriage contracts of both of my daughters. Dowry is an essential part of a marriage ceremony. If the man divorces his wife, she must be paid the dowry. Some people fix it so high that the divorce becomes impossible. Dowry may be prompt or deferred or both. The prompt portion has to be paid at once and the wife can demand payment before she allows consummation of marriage on the first night. Divorce is easy in the sense that you do not have to go to court and no reasons are to be assigned for it. If the husband and wife become reconciled they can come together again within a certain period, thereafter the wife must marry a man, consummate the marriage and then get a divorce be-

*It has been made much more difficult now through the Family Laws, 1961.

fore she can remarry her former husband. This is a great check on easy divorces. No dirty linen is washed in public though under the law a wife can sue in courts for a divorce in certain circumstances if the husband refuses a divorce. In the eyes of God, divorce is hateful according to Islam.

All over the hillsides in the Frontier Province you can see Pathan women looking after their flocks of sheep miles away from home. They carry a knife and a rifle each and woe betide the man who casts a greedy eye on them. If the women does not shoot the offender, her relations surely will. Family feuds have gone on in these parts for hundreds of years. A Pathan never forgives an enemy. It is not necessary according to their unwritten law to kill the actual offender. Any member of his family and at any future time is good enough. A life for a life and a tooth for a tooth—the Law of Moses—is the rule. The British left these customary laws in force. The Indian Laws never applied to the Pathans. Whereas the Pathan will not forgive an enemy, he will do anything to protect a friend. In the matter of taking revenge every ruse is lawful to a Pathan. Enmities never die and it is the duty of the rising generations to take revenge for the wrongs done to the ancestors. It is not easy to deceive or cheat people who are brought up in this atmosphere. They are very thrifty. Some people have alleged that the Pathans are the lost tribe of Israel. There has been little change in their customs during the last sixty years, in spite of more roads, more education, and representatives in the legislatures.

To understand our lives at the time I was born and brought up, one must know something about the British and how they administered our country, the period being 1900 to 1947. The steel frame of the administration called the Indian Civil Service, was nearly all British. They were recruited by a competitive examination held in London. 1870 was the earliest year that Indian were allowed to appear in this competitive examination held in London, but there were practically none in service up to 1920, when the examination was held for the first time in India. Up to then you could count the Indians in the Indian Civil Service on the

fingers of your two hands, as not many could afford to go to England to sit for the examinations, nor did the subjects in which the examinations were held, suit the Indian candidates. It was a coveted service and probably at that time, the highest paid. When retired, the Indian Civil Servants used to get £1,000 a year as pension. The salaries of our Pakistan Civil Service have been reduced, which is very wrong. All over India Civil Service men were posted to one of the provinces, where they stayed their whole service. Then there was the all India Police Service, also recruited in England by selection and distributed amongst the various provinces of India. The police officers in every district were supposed to be under the Indian Civil Servants who were the District Magistrates. All the high offices in the Civil Service were held by British officers who were only about a thousand men in all and ruled the whole of this country, but under them were the Provincial Civil Service and Provincial Police Service to assist them in their work. They were usually very honest, and one never heard of a British Civil Servant taking bribes.

The most important person amongst the public servants in this country is the patwari. There is one patwari for every few villages, who keeps the land records and is responsible for issuing land revenue demands on the people, and records in his papers all transfers of property, which is a most important fact for all land owners. He is very hard working and has to walk several miles a day inspecting crops and fields for tax purposes. He got a very small salary of fifty rupees per month and opportunities for tips were many. When I was Chief Minister, I made the post of patwari pensionable for the first time in the history of this country, but this is nothing as compared to their powers. I recall the story of a British Barrister-in-Law in Lahore, by name Rattigan, who afterwards become Judge of the High Court. He was living with Mr. Fagan, the Financial Commissioner. Rattigan bought a house but could not get the boundary fixed. Mr. Fagan assured him that he would get it fixed for him. Each time the patwari came he gave a wrong boundary between the neighbours and eventually Mr. Rattigan's clerk is alleged to have

told him that if he left it to him, he would get it done in no time. He gave the patwari a small tip and the boundary was fixed the next day. Apparently the patwari had made up his mind not to forego his tip, even from Mr. Rattigan. When the refugees came from India, the patwari reaped a rich harvest. Everyone had to go to him to get details of property left by Hindus. Those who did not tip, got either the wrong field numbers or numbers already given to other refugees, so more than one got the allotment of fields from a higher authority. One refugee told me that the slogan was, "*La Ilaha Il Lilla, Sau Rupiya Fee Killa*" "There is no God but God, but my fee is one hundred rupees per acre." When a beggar is given alms in the villages the highest blessing he can give you is to pray to God to make you a patwari because there is nobody in the village more influential, more respected or more feared. The West Pakistan land revenue record system is unique and should never be abolished. East Pakistan has no such system and they have difficulties so I tried to introduce it there when I was governor.*

In the village swear words are terms of endearment but all foreigners do not understand this. A man's son died and friends went to condole with him. One of the most intimate friends would lift his hands and call upon all to recite the funeral prayer. This finished he would repeat the brave things done by the deceased. "Wasn't he wonderful, he took revenge from his father's enemy. The bastard and son of a pig was a great runner, no-one could catch him in cattle lifting." Everyone sitting round would shake his head in agreement and stroke his beard, which are fast disappearing now, in approval.

A tehsildar in Gujrat was accustomed to calling every one 'son of a pig.' When Sir James Wilson went touring to

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*After I left I am sure nothing ever happened. Bengal had a permanent settlement of Land Revenue since Lord Dalhousie's time and they did not need the patwaris. In the West we have a fluctuating revenue each year and we needed the Patwaris. We have inherited this system from the Mughals and the British perfected it. Government is entitled to 1/2 of the crop but they take only 1/3 in cash. The Mughals claimed to be owners of all land, hence the money was called revenue and not tax.

Gujrat, the respectable ones complained against the tehsildar. When asked to explain his abusive language, he replied, "What son of a pig has told you, Sir?" General Cariappa, the Indian Commander-in-Chief, was on retirement appointed Indian High Commissioner in Australia. On board the ship some Australians made friends with him. At first they were all a little reserved, but after a few days, when the company warmed up a little, the Australians lifted their glasses to him and said, "Let us drink his health for he is a jolly good bastard." His Excellency the High Commissioner was so upset that he is alleged to have kept to his cabin for a whole day. His anger did not abate until one day in Sydney he discovered that the word bastard was a term of endearment in Australia. General Cariappa told me this story himself.

Sir John Maynard was the Settlement Officer in Gujrat, making the forty-yearly assessment of the land revenue. Since he had to walk or ride several times a day, he used to get tired in the evening. One evening his Sikh orderly persuaded him to allow him to press his legs. During the course of the pursuit of this friendly gesture, the orderly suggested that a glass of hot milk would be refreshing. "But where can I buy some milk at this late hour?" I shall buy it for you, Sir," said the orderly. He put the quarter rupee piece in his pocket and within a few minutes he was back with a large glass of hot buffalo's milk. Of course outside Sir John's bungalow must have been at least forty or fifty pitchers full of milk, which it was customary for the farmers to bring for his clerical staff, on whose work and reports depended the land revenue (tax) which each farmer would have to pay for the next forty year term of the assessment which was being made. Sir John was well known for his honesty. He had two inkpots on his table. One for private use with the help of which he wrote letters to his family in England and the other for his official work for which Government paid.

The next important person to the patwari is the police Station House Officer. He has enormous powers for arrest-

ing people and the money that he can extort by way of bribes from the people is anybody's guess. I remember during my childhood a farmer from a neighbouring village related a story that he went to the Station House Officer because his son was in trouble. The police officer demanded money. The next day the man took twenty rupees. The police officer was saying his prayers sitting on a mat and rolling the beads of his rosary, reciting the name of Allah. When he saw twenty rupees before him piled up, he shouted loudly, "You son of a pig, this is not enough. Go and bring more," and then started reciting the name of Allah again. The British depended a great deal on the Station House Officer for the support of their administration and unless there was something very seriously wrong with him, they did not trouble him much regarding how he behaved towards the public at large.

The third most important individual amongst the official class was and still is the tehsildar. There is one tehsildar in each sub-division of each district. He is in charge of the land revenue work and also decides land disputes. The patwari's work is supervised by a qanungo, whose work is supervised by a naib tehsildar, above whom is a tehsildar, in each sub-division. Above them is the collector of each district. The British had established a fool-proof system of land revenue and land-records. The tehsildar is also not well paid. The question of salaries makes a very interesting problem. In the 20's when I was in the Council of Ministers at Lahore, the Council considered the question of making the Station House Police Officer honest and we felt that if we could raise his pay from eighty rupees per month to two hundred and fifty rupees per month, he would probably become more honest, but we were told that in a murder case when innocent people can be involved and forced to buy their freedom by paying a bribe, which they willingly pay up to the extent of a few thousand rupees, the question of salary would make no difference at all and therefore the matter was dropped.

In the first elections in 1920 the patwari, the Station House Officer and the tehsildar exercised great influence

over the farmers' votes in their areas as they do even now. The British administration in this country depended a great deal on the Indian Public Servants of various grades. They were wise administrators and devised ways and means of getting also the public co-operation in the following manner:

(1) They gave jagirs (fiefs) to a large number of people, whole loyalty was thus guaranteed.

(2) In every village a land tax collector was appointed. He was called the village headman and he received five per cent of what land taxes he collected. These headmen were hereditary and assumed great importance in their society. Their loyalty was thus guaranteed.

(3) There were non-official sub-registrars in various sub-divisions to register deeds and documents. Their income varied from one to five hundred rupees per month.

(4) Over eight headmen a zaildar was appointed, who received a cash grant of two or three hundred rupees a year. He was the most important man in his locality.

(5) There were *Sufaidposhes* (wearers of white clothes). These were also given cash grants of one or two hundred rupees a year.

(6) There were *Kursi Nashins* (sitters on chairs). These were entitled to be given a chair in the verandah of the office of the officer to whom they went for interview. In this manner a very large number of people became dependent on the British bureaucracy and their loyalty was guaranteed.

(7) There were honorary magistrates with third class powers to send people to jail for six months; with second class powers to send people to jail for one

year and with first class powers to second people to jail for two years. In this way a large number of gentleman class of people were also placed on the side of law and order and bureaucracy. The magistrates were mostly honest and dealt out justice.

People were jealous of these public servants because they were nominees of the British. Let such be nominated by our Government. There are honourable men in the villages who can dispense justice on the spot which will be better than elected Boards administering justice. Since Independence came, all these posts have been abolished except the village headman. Now no-one helps the police in criminal cases nor does a Government servant who goes out touring, find anyone in the villages who is willing to give him a bed under his roof. All these positions must be restored and, if necessary, let each party who comes into power appoint their own men, but these office holders must be there.

It is important to remember that one cannot rule a country by fear complex for long. One must secure the willing co-operation of the people. The fear complex will last for a short while, as under Martial Law, but then it vanishes. An Urdu poet has wisely said, "I had so much headache constantly that it was no longer a headache." In spite of the fear of Government, a day will soon arrive when the cattle thief will start stealing cattle again, house-breakers will start house-breaking and the robber robbing. To put down crime one has to educate and secure the co-operation of the people and to encourage them in self-defence. The fear complex alone does not help in these directions. When an accused man claims that he committed the act in exercise of his right of self-defence, he should not be arrested or prosecuted without the previous sanction of the District Magistrate. Nowadays the police arrest any person and leave it to the court to release him after trial and thus everyone is afraid to exercise his right of self-defence and life and property are insecure.

On the Deputy Commissioner depended mainly the fabric of British rule in this country, especially in the period 1900 to 1920, which I call it's hey day. They Deputy Commissioner was a little king in his own district. Whenever he went touring which he did frequently, he went on horse back. Nowadays everyone rushes around by car in order not to miss a game of bridge in the club. The leaders of each area used to ride behind the D.C. on horse back until the boundary of the next area. The D.C. knew everything. Some stayed ten years or more in one district. Mr. Wilson stayed fifteen years in Dera Ghazi Khan. It used to be an honour for a man to be allowed to go with the Deputy Commissioner. Everyone was not allowed to ride behind him. The great men of the district made a point of ingratiating themselves with the orderly of the Deputy Commissioner so as to be treated with respect whenever they went to see the Deputy Commissioner. These British officers also depended a great deal on the advice of their head orderlies who were usually very sensible men, full of knowledge. I remember Nawab Sir Khuda Bakhsh Tiwana telling me that his father one day sent him to see the Deputy Commissioner at Shahpur. When he arrived there he realised that it was a visitors' day for the Deputy Commissioner. These officers used to fix days in the week when they would receive visitors; otherwise they would get no time for work. The young Tiwana arrived at mid-day from his village and the first thing he did was to hunt for the head orderly, whose name was Sardar Khan. He was asleep in a room next to the kitchen. The young Tiwana Malik entered the room with great respect and stood there wondering whether to awake Sardar Khan and thus annoy him, or not. But the matter was urgent. Therefore he pressed Sardar Khan's leg below the knee. Sardar Khan snorted very loudly and turned on his side and continued to sleep. This process was repeated a few times until the man woke up and the young Tiwana Malik addressed him as 'Uncle Sardar Khan' very respectfully. The head orderly told him that it was not a visitors' day. The young Malik's reply was. "That is why I am asking you for intercession." Eventually Sardar Khan put on his coat and turban and lifted the *chik* of the Englishman's office and went in.

Since the great official was at his desk working, he refused to see the young Tiwana. But then Sardar Khan spoke very softly and gently and told the Englishman who the boy was and what his father meant to the British Government and that he had come a long way in the heat and it was very little trouble for the Englishman to see him and that if he did see him, it would put the father of the young Tiwana under a great obligation which would be in the best interests of the British Government in the country. So the Deputy Commissioner gave in and Sir Khuda Bakhsh, then a young boy-*circa* 1890, saw the Deputy Commissioner and went back successful.

The Chief Secretary of Lahore used to be a most important person because he controlled all the Deputy Commissioners and arranged their transfers and all the leading gentry of the province went and paid their respects to him frequently and specially on Christmas day, because in those days, 1900—1912, there were no competitive examinations for the recruitment of young boys to the services in India. An appointment to a service depended entirly on the sweet will of the British and they usually selected boys from the families whom they considered as the loyal element and thus they filled up the ranks in all the department with people on whom they could depend. Thus everybody who had a son used to pay respects frequently to the Chief Secretary. This showed results during the two wars—The First World War and the Second World War, when the Indian war effort in men and material was very considerable. Even Gandhi cooperated in the First World War and gave recruits. These local dignitaries had made a practice of tipping the head orderly of the Chief Secretary and other officials and the most regular in giving tips was Sir Khuda Bakhsh, my mother's maternal uncle. He told me that he used to tip the head orderly of the Chief Secretary fifty rupees a year no matter whether he saw the Chief Secretary or not. One year he remembered meeting him in Anarkali Bazar and gave him fifty rupees. This pay dividends because the next time on Christmas day when he went to pay his respects to the Chief Secretary, the whole of the lawn of the house called Pipals

in Lahore was filled with the gentry of the province squatting on it and wishing to see the Chief Secretary to offer their Christmas Day salutations to him. At about one o'clock the head orderly came out of the house and told everybody, "Gentlemen, your salutations have been accepted and now you can go home". But he whispered to Sir Khuda Bakhsh to loiter about and not to go away and later on he was taken in to see the Chief Secretary personally. Who would not have paid fifty rupees for an interview like this?

Thus the British administration had spread a net which ensured support of not only the services but also of the public. Government Service was considered most important because people not only made a living out of it but it was the most honourable occupation available to young men in the country. The public servants were rulers and in a position to confer favours on some people or to do harm to others. One thing must be said about the British Civil servants. They were honest and never accepted any gifts from anybody. I remember going up to Simla to stay with the late Nawab Mubariz Khan Tiwana. One day he went to see the Deputy Commissioner of Shahpur—his own district—who was staying in Simla for a few weeks. The Nawab Sahib had taken a silver tea set which he wanted to present to his Deputy Commissioner. Mr. Atkins admired it enormously, he even called his wife to admire it and he gave tea to the Nawab Sahib and to me and as the Nawab Sahib rose to leave, Mr. Atkins very apologetically handed the tea set back to him saying that it was not permissible under Government rules to accept it. This Mr. Atkins on retirement became superintendent of a leper asylum in Amritsar and his two daughters became nurses in a hospital there, which I think was wonderful service to the people of India. While talking to Nawab Mubariz Khan on the Mall in Simla—I must have been fourteen or fifteen years of age and had never been to the hills before—I said to him, "Uncle, look at these women, they wear turbans like men" I had never seen hill women who tied their head cloths round their heads in turban fashion. Nawab Mubariz Khan snubbed me by saying,

"Why do you look on strange women, keep your eyes down on the ground."

During the period between 1900 and 1914 bureaucracy was most powerful and ruled the country. Those were the days when a rupee was a rupee. The salary of a literate farm manager used to be three rupees per month cash, plus food, plus a pair of village-made shoes every six months, as well as a suit of white cotton clothes, namely a loin cloth, a shirt and a turban. A domestic servant in the village cost only a rupee per month plus food. You could buy an acre of cultivable land for three rupees. My father never bought any land except from Government. His salary in the provincial service at the start was only two hundred and fifty rupees per month. It was the highest class of service open to Indians. I remember the wife of the village shopkeeper, Mangoo Ram, talking to my mother and saying. "Malikane how can your husband spend two hundred and fifty rupees every month? If I were to spread these silver rupees in my shop, they would cover the whole floor!" I remember an old servant talking to my father and saying, "*Lela Lia Oon Nun Ulti Charaey Kapas*"— "a main brought a lamb so as to get wool but the lamb ate up the cotton" meaning thereby that my father was put into service to save money but he was spending his farm income also on himself. It was a four thousand acre farm with a private inundation canal. The price of wheat was a rupee and a half per maund (a bushel and a one third)—now the open market price is twenty rupees, although the Government controlled price is twelve and a half rupees and raw cotton was five rupees per maund then as against thirty-five rupees today. A maund is equivalent to eighty two pounds. There were no notes in circulation and the rupee had 1/8 alloy; the rest was silver. Villagers used to melt these for ornaments. This was cheaper than trusting a silversmith to provide pure silver. The rich men were either the farmers or selling agents for long cloth manufactured in Lancashire, England. Our money was kept in iron chests in the ladies' quarters. It was put into cloth bags of one thousand rupees each and the key kept in the farm office.

Before the railway started in our district *circa* 1900, everybody travelled to Lahore on horse back, which took about a week for the one hundred miles. We used the same horse throughout the journey. People used to say goodbye to their families fully realising they might never return. Robbers and murderers existed all over the land.

In 1902 my father decided that my brother Ali and I should go to school. Therefore, we were sent to Bhera town, ten miles away, where there was a public school like the grammar schools of England. It was financed by the Government and went up to the tenth class. There was no boarding house, so we lived in a building belonging to Malik Hakam Khan Noon, head of our family. His son, Malik Sultan Ali Noon also went with us and so did his grandsons, Malik Mohammad Sher and Gul Sher, from Kot Hakam Khan village. We used to come home on our ponies on Saturdays and went back early in the morning to Bhera School on Mondays. One summer morning after I had picked up my uncle Sultan Ali Noon from Sardarpur Noon, a servant walking behind me shouted, "Snake, snake, snake." My pony had stopped to urinate and as it started walking a snake was pulled out by a stick and killed. In the summer many a bullock, cow and buffalo were killed by snake bites when feeding out in the fields. Today somehow or the other we do not seem to see so many snakes.

I remember one of the teachers who prided himself on wearing white clothes, a big turban and baggy trousers, had the habit of pulling up his legs and putting his knees against the table and swinging himself backwards and forwards on the hind legs of his chair. One day he over-did it and fell backwards on to the wall and could not right himself. We students were astounded for a few minutes and could not help feeling amused at his predicament. His turban had fallen off his head and we found that he was completely bald and his beard was sticking up towards the roof and his arms waved helplessly. The class left him in this position for a while but eventually two senior boys came to his rescue.

Thereafter the rocking of his chair stopped. There was a story current about him that in the days gone by he had sent a student to fetch for him some milk. The boy drank half of the milk himself and filled up the glass with water from a bucket lying near the mouth of well, without noticing that a little frog had gone into the glass. When the teacher had finished the milk and discovered the little frog, he said angrily to the boy. "Look, there is a frog in the milk!" The boy innocently replied, "Sir, you did not expect a camel for the two annas (cents) you gave me."

Bhera* was a small town with a population of five or six thousand people. It was on the banks of the river Jhelum because, before the British came, the only safe mode of travel was by river and towns on their banks were important, especially to the merchants. But after the British built the roads and railways, these towns, dwindled and lost their importance. In the whole district of Shahpur between 1900 and 1912 Bhera was the biggest town. I remember one day, riding through the streets back from the village I noticed a man treading the dough for *rewries* with his dirty feet in a basin, with his hand on a wall. *Rewries* are sweets; children like very much because they are like toffee, very brittle and covered with oil seeds. Another man had reached the second stage of the dough preparation; he had moulded the dough into a very thick rope and, holding the two ends of it was striking with great force against the mud wall on the top of a wooden peg and then pulling it down, thus elongating it; again he took it off the peg and holding the two ends, repeated the process. The wall was filthy and the flies were in millions. After that I took such a great dislike to these sweets that I never ate them any more. I also remember passing along a very narrow street along with my cousins on horseback. We were very frightened of going through that street even though it was a short cut to our house in the town, because there lived in one of the rooms in the upper storey of a building a lunatic, unshaven, with a long beard.

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*Babar says in his diaries that he made up his mind to conquer Bhera north bank of Jhelum River—which has changed its course since. Having conquered it on his first invasion, he went back.

He used to peep out of the narrow window, about two feet wide and shout at the passers-by at the top of his voice. Our servents used to assure us that we neet not be frightened of him because he was tied up with iron chains. He was stark naked. The room was a small one and his food was thrown to him and his room was cleaned by a sweeper as he would clean the kennel of a dog. There were no lunatic asylums in those days, every family had to take care of their patients themselves.

The most powerful persons in the city were the police sub-inspector and the tehsildar, but the most influential person was the doctor and after him came the headmaster. There was one schoolmaster who used to teach mathematics and had the reputation of being very hard on the students who did not do their sums. To punish them he would put pencils between their fingers and press them hard or pinch their ear-lobes with his thumb and finger. The boys used to cry and weep. But no one dared to complain.

*Aitchison College used to be closed for two and half months in the summer and I always came back to my village. As my father was in service, I assumed charge of the family estate and gave orders to the servants as to what to do and what not to do. We had a private inundation canal and people used to steal our water. Every morning I went out riding with an orderly behind me on another horse, and went nearly up to Bhera, ten miles away, and came back for late breakfast and lunch combined. I did this every day in the hot summer, which gave me a good, hardy constitution. One day we were riding along when I saw a man making an open cut in our canal embankment. He did not notice me. He must have thought that I was an ordinary passer-by. I came upon him suddenly and hit him hard with my cane before he realised what he was up against. He jumped into the water and was out of reach and gone; but we went back and brought men and repaired the cut. There were other Malik shareholders in the canal and their servants

*I joined this school in 1905.

used to put branches of trees and plants into our portion so as to steal our share of the water also. So I was constantly having heated arguments with my relations. They thought me a little hot-headed but since I was always in the right and they really loved me, they never had any cause to be angry with me and they never reported me to my father because in that way they would have exposed themselves, and they also felt that they should not make my father angry with me. But since we are closely related they all loved me and never took a serious view of what I did in my youthful exuberance to protect my father's rights.

At the end of the summer, the river used to drop suddenly and the inundation canal, which came out of small creeks of the river, used to drop and the owners used to dam up these creeks to bring late water for the late watering of the cotton and the sowing of wheat. One year I took about three hundred tenants to Bhera for this purpose. They used to accept no cash because they felt they were partners in the water. But they had to be fed well, morning and evenings, which cost a lot of money and they enjoyed this little holiday near the most important town of the district with beautiful shops. We put sandbags at the bottom of the creek and dumped earth and sand and bushes at the top to complete the embankment quickly. Two or three instances connected with this incident come back to my mind. There was one man who would not allow our men to take earth from his land and thereby held up the work. The tenants, who were about three hundred in number and quite tough, started shouting, "Let us bury him in the embankment and nobody will know." On hearing this he disappeared and the embankment was quickly completed! I also recall to my mind the case of a Malik in Mitha Tiwana who educated his two sons and made them law graduates. When the rains came—this area depended on rains entirely—his fields with water. The illiterate son of the neighbouring Malik made a cut in their embankment and took all the water into his fields, while the two educated sons watched and told each other. "Let us go back home and tell father to prosecute this young man under section so and so of the Penal Code and he will go to jail".

When they arrived home and the father heard their story and that these two hefty fellows had taken no trouble to save their property he climbed to the roof of the mosque in the village and started shouting to ask if there was any one in the village who was willing to exchange one uneducated son for two graduates. In the villages one has to be very tough in order to make a living and to lead an honourable life among neighbours who are also very tough.

The tenants and labourers used to leave their clothes on the river bank and one day a man said that he had left six annas (six cents) tied up in the corner of his loin cloth and somebody had stolen them. Everybody thought it was a terrible disgrace and the thief must be found, but there was no way of finding the culprit. But my valet, who was an old man, made me do the following. He made me put on fresh clothes after a bath and made me say my prayers and sit on the prayer mat with a rosary in my hand. He built a halo round me by telling the others that I had inherited some holiness from my grandfather, who was buried at Mecca! He took my handkerchief, soaked it with my scented hair oil and hung it with a rope from the roof of a dark room. There were two doors to this room and he told everybody that everyone was to go in from one door, touch this handkerchief and come out from the other, and none but the thief's hand would stick to it and that if the thief threw the six annas underneath it, no harm would come to him either. He stood at the exit door and smelt the hands of everyone. The thief did not touch the handkerchief and therefore my valet knew who the thief was, but he had thrown the six annas underneath the handkerchief out of sheer fright.

Another incident took place when Hindu men and women used to go to the river for their morning religious bath. The women were fair and as one of them sat down in the bushes, a young tenant of mine could not control himself and she had to shout for help. Other tenants ran up and the culprit, who had actually done no harm, was brought to me. I beat him with my cane as hard as I could and when he could not stand the pain any longer he ran into jungle

where we could not catch him. I sent him back to the village, which was a great deprivation because he missed the holiday camp. He was also put to disgrace and his father was very angry with him. But this raised my prestige and honour in the town very greatly amongst all the shopkeepers and when I returned to town in the evening on horseback from the river, all of them, who originally did not take much notice of me, got up and saluted me with smiles because I had saved the honour of a daughter of the town. I confess I liked it very much.

The streets of Bhera town were narrow and dirty with open drains and the latrines were on the roofs of houses and so is the case even now after fifty years. We have to thank the Almighty for giving us the hot sun, which kills a great many germs. The sub-soil water of Bhera town is sweet and most people have wells in their houses for drinking purposes, so epidemics are not easy to spread through infected water. There are so many germs we come in contact with in one form or another that we develop an immunity, which is not the good fortune of the European who comes out East.



The author, at the age of 18, *with his Sports Challenge Cup and Gold Medals as the best School Boy*—(1912).

Chapter II

1905—1912

Aitchison College, Lahore

Aitchison College is a school founded about 1870 by Sir Charles Aitchison, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. I met his two grey-haired daughters at Oxford in 1914. My father was one of the school's first pupils and all my three sons have been there too. The British had taken over this part of the country during the middle of the nineteenth century. Except for denominational schools and colleges there were practically no high schools to provide the right type of education for the children of the landed gentry and city dignitaries. Nor for the children of the common men.

A book was prepared called "Punjab Chief and Families of Note." Anybody descended from persons whose name were mentioned in this book, was admitted into this institution, which was governed by a private council nominated by the Lieutenant-Governor and presided over by him. It was and has remained up to now a private school. It was built on the lines of public schools in England. There were four of these colleges in the whole of India with the same objectives in view; the other three being at Ajmer, Rajkot and Indore. No other similar school has been set up ever since, barring a few by the Defence Department. During my time there were four British teachers, including the head of the school, who was called Principal. The senior-most of the Indian staff was called the Headmaster.

I joined this school in 1905 and left it in July, 1912. Great emphasis was placed in this institution on character building. Its diploma was considered by the Government equal to a degree of the University for purposes of Government service.

The School was situated in an area of three hundred acres of land within the Lahore city limits. There were three boarding house. Each boy lived in a separate room with a separate bathroom, with his private servant's quarter at the back, but we all dined in a common mess. Parents whose sons could not get in were very envious. Religious education was compulsory for Muslims, Hindus and Sikhs in their separate institutions. Instruction was in the English language. The most beautiful cricket ground in northern India was made in this school. We had football and hockey grounds and tennis courts. We had no swimming pool then, but there is one now. Many boys had their own ponies. I was one of the lucky ones who brought his own ponies from our village home. There was early morning parade, breakfast, school, and afterwards sports, prayers in the mosque, dinner in the mess and after dinner study in private rooms under kerosene lamps. There was a master resident in each house to help the boys if they needed it. We were not allowed to go into each other's rooms. I remember on many an occasion standing in the verandah at the widow of the room of my friend. Sir Jamal Khan Leghari, who used to sit cross-legged on his bed with half a dozen Baluch servants sitting in front of him with long hair and beards, telling him stories about his ancestors. Jamal used to play cricket in loose trousers because, he told me, if he were to put on flannels, his tribe would think that he had become a Christian and might resent him. There was my friend, Sardar Fateh Singh, later on Chief Minister of Faridkot State, who suddenly started pronouncing the word "no" as "neo". He insisted that this was the right pronunciation because the two twin daughters, three years' old Peggy and Molly of Mr. Leslie Jones, the Principal, were heard by him to pronounce the word in that way. But he soon got out of it. The twins were so much alike that the father had to find out from them who was who. We were given food in the mess but one day Malik Ghulam Jilani Tiwana, a six-foot tall young boy came late and as he met us coming out of the hall, we showered a few innocent abuses on Karam Illahi, the cook and told him the food was very bad. Jilani fell into the trap went back to his room and to bed without food. How silly it is in life not to find out

things for yourself. We recited the Arabic saying *"Qulun Taweelun Ahmaqun"* which means all very tall people are fools. In the Punjabi language we have a similar saying that most very tall people have their wisdom in their ankles. Well if that were so all my three sons, who are over six-foot tall, would be fools. Thank God that it not so.

This school has a fair sized and old-fashioned hall in pseudo-Islamic style, in which long black-boards are hung with names of boys written on them who had distinguished themselves. I left my name on these by coming first in the class in the final examination. I also got the cup for the best sportsman of the year and a gold medal for being the best all-round boy. Other school boys used to tease us by saying that at the Chiefs' College if you sneezed you got a gold medal. When I passed my final examination, Mr. Kelly had become the Principal and he asked me to dinner. I was sitting next to a British lady and her neighbour passed her some almonds. "These are very good for the body", he said. I said, "Do you know what we Indians consider them good for? According to our Yunani system of medicine, they are considered to be very good for strengthening the brain." The lady blushed deeply and did not talk to me again. I consulted Mr. Kelly the next day trying to find out what fault I had committed. He roared with laughter and the joke went round the European club and the lady had a very tough time for a few weeks. Ever since I have been very careful of the hidden meanings of the English language.

I remember our housemaster, Maulvi Jalaud Din, a portly and very dignified gentleman who taught us Persian. One day Sir Allah Bakhsh Tiwana and two or three of his friends decided to play a joke on him. They told him that Mr. Lesile Jones liked teachers who were fond of horse riding. For the next Sunday paper chase a mount was arranged for Maulvi Sahib and on our way back home as we were passing by the tentpegging ground, two naughty boys went galloping past Maulvi Sahib shouting at the top of their voices, as if they were racing. Maulvi Sahib's horse ran away with him and as it stopped suddently outside the stable gate,

Maulvi Sahib came down and was laid up for two weeks. The boys took consolation in the fact that they had a rest from Persian lessons for that period.

There were only about one hundred and four boys in the school then. Now there are about one thousand. The restriction as to family is gone but the school is expensive. It is a public school now and I had a long drawn out fight with the Maharaja of Patiala and Sardar Mohan Singh, both old boys and members of the Governing Body, on this account. Shortage of funds forced them to open their gates. I regret there are not enough European teachers now. We all like to see no foreigner and want our own people to get jobs, but as long as we are short of good teachers we must get them from abroad. Mr. Leslie Jones was an ideal Principal, played games with us every day and joined the paper chase on horseback on Sunday. He laid the foundations of my character, was like a father to all students, affectionate and firm and an excellent teacher in the class-room. We all wore uniforms, which gave us a sense of discipline and self-confidence. The most noticeable feature is the turquoise blue coloured, starched turban over a gold, conical cap called the *kulla,* which is still worn by all Aitchisonians, The whole of our day we were kept occupied in doing something or another. When my mother asked my younger brother, Ali, if he ever felt homesick for her, his answer was, "Mother, they leave us no time to be homesick." Even today the school specialises in games and sports. I played for the hockey team. At cricket I was no good and did not like it, since I spent most of the time fielding for others. My score was usually a duck. I was captain of the tentpegging team, and won first prize in athletics such as high and long jumps, hundred yards and 120 yards hurdles. I left records in these. I have a nightmarish memory of a football game when I was near my own goal and kicked the ball when it was high in the air, with the result that it went through our own goal behind me. I wished the earth could have opened up and I could have walked back to the pavilion through a subterranean passage to es-

cape the gibes of my team, because that goal made the opposite team win.

Mr. Corner, the English teacher, laid great emphasis on pronunciation. I remember his making faces while pronouncing difficult words like "door" and asked us to practise the same before a looking-glass. Mr. Corner had some trouble with Jaswant Singh, a student who came from Kapurthala State and who was in the habit of eating pan, which is a betel leaf filled with condiments, amongst which is the betel nut. Betel nuts grow on the betel palm and have nothing to do with the betel leaf plant. These nuts are about the size of a walnut and are wood and very astringent. Biting them makes quite a noise and one needs good teeth. The habit of eating pan is prevalent all over the Indian subcontinent barring the north-western areas. Besides the betel nut, lime and a red liquid paste made out of the bark of a tree, are essential ingredients. A whole leaf is full of vitamins and has a digestive quality. Some people put tobacco into it also. It is most habit forming and many people chew the leaves one after another. The red paste stains one's teeth, tongue and lips alarmingly. An Englishwoman, a newcomer to India, when asked what struck her as the strangest sight after her arrival by ship in Bombay, related to me the story of her abortive mission of mercy when she saw a coolie in Bombay with, what she thought, a bleeding mouth and tried to take him by force to the hospital. It was some time before she lived down her "Florence Nightingale" act.

I know a Nawab Sahib in Lahore who chewed pan continuously. His mouth got full of saliva and when he had to utter a word he put his mouth up skywards so that the saliva would not run out. In Pakistan the most prevalent cancer is that of the mouth from chewing pan as many refugees from India have imported this habit. To prolong the pleasure they put the pan inside the cheek, which causes constant irritation of the gums and can give them cancer. Chewing pan can be a dirty as well as a dangerous habit. The younger brother of Nawab Khusro Jang Bahadur of Hyderabad, Deccan, ate betel nut when in England. While laughing, a small piece

went into his windpipe and entered his lung and was the cause of his death. I knew Iqbal Khusro Jang well, as we competed against each other in tentpegging at Ajmar and a sideway peg competition gave me the victory. Lahore and Ajmar Chiefs' Colleges competed against each other annually in sports.

Let us come back to Mr. Corner and our colleague from Kapurthala who, against rules, ate betel nuts in the classroom. Whenever the biting noise was heard, Mr. Corner tried to catch the culprit, but none of us ever gave away the boy. One day after a noisy bite, Mr. Corner suddenly made us say "door" with our mouths open and well-rounded as he had taught us and by looking at each of us closely, the boy was caught. That cured our colleague of chewing pans in the classroom. No one was ever caned in this school. Love is a better teacher than physical punishment. Perhaps we were all good boys coming from law-abiding and well-behaved families.

One day my mother sent word that a very big basket of homemade sweets had been sent to me by train and our expectations reached a high pitch when my brother and I sent the servant to fetch it. All of us eagerly awaited the sweets. But what a disappointment when we found that they had been replaced by stones by some thief in the railways. On top of it we had to pay octroi duty also out of our meagre pocket money, which added insult to injury. Such a small event remains vividly in my memory as the failure to receive the sweets was a really sad thing. Pilfering in our railways is terrible. Claims by the public amount to lakhs of rupees and they wait for years and years.

Every morning we had quinine parade. Dr. Hashmat Ali was our medical officer-in-charge. Soon the boys thought of a trick to avoid taking the bitter pill, by making a white pill out of dough, hiding it between the fingers of one hand and popping it into their mouths. The trick was discovered, with the result that Dr. Sahib insisted himself on putting the quinine pill into our gaping mouths.

Our annual sports day was always a very important event and still is so until this day. Today our teas do not cater for an incident such as the following. The Baluch Chiefs are well known for their capacity to eat. One of these at such a party given by the Principal after the annual sports, not only consumed several dozen oranges himself but passed many of them on his servant sitting next to him on the ground.

It is very character-forming for a boy to live in a boarding house amongst children of his own age and rub shoulders against them on the sports fields. Unless we have well-paid teachers who emphasise character building, we cannot build up a young generation which will be an asset to their motherland. Ideally there should be a school like Aitchison College in every district.

I could go on writing a lot more about my school days spent at Aitchison College. I loved my time there and am most grateful for the opportunity fortune gave me to attend it. My sons and most of my nephews all went to this school.

Chapter III

1912—20

Ticknall Vicarage, England; Wadham College, Oxford; District Courts, Sargodha.

In July, 1912, my father decided to send me to England. My uncle Sardar Khan and I went up to Sakesar in the Shahpur District to get my passport from Mr. O'Brien, the Deputy Commissioner, who had already moved up to this dry hill station five thousand feet above sea level. There is no water except that which is collected from roof tops during the previous years' rainy seasons. This is supplemented by water brought on mules from a lake a few hundred feet below. We alighted from the train at Gunjial station. Twenty-two miles' journey up to the top of the hills and another twenty-two miles' journey back could not have been performed in one day on horseback, so the hardier animals, mules had to be used. It was hot and by the time we reached the foot of the hills our thirst was so great that we even drank dirty water from a pond. Our work was quickly done and we caught the evening train back home.

My uncle and father came to Bombay to see me off. As the ship moved away they put their handkerchiefs to their eyes to wipe them and I tried to be brave so as not to demoralise them and successfully controlled the lump in my throat. The first thing I did on board was to go and have a bath. The steward showed me the place where all the common baths were. I had never touched sea water before and the more soap I rubbed on my head the stiffer became my hair. When I went back to the steward and asked him to help me, he took me to the barber's shop and there I had my hair washed with fresh water. What a pity that we young boys were thrown into foreign lands for studies without proper advice beforehand. None of my family had ever

seen the sea before. My grandfather did when he went on a pilgrimage to Mecca in 1875, but he never came back. The boat in which I travelled was a small five thousand ton P. & O. ship. I was happy on the deck only for a few hours, as soon as we were out in the open ocean, I began to feel the effect of the rough seas, as we were travelling during the monsoon period. I found out that I was a very bad sailor. Fifty feet high waves on both sides of the ship seemed to suck her into the bowels of the sea and I could stand the sight no longer. I became very sick. The only thing I recollect of the whole journey was little ginger ale instead of champagne and a few dry biscuits. The next thing I remember was being taken out at Marseilles, having been kept alive on the way by saline injections. My ticket was by sea right through the Bay of Biscay which would have just about finished me. Luckily for me, Mr. Leslie Jones had asked his friend Captain Curry of the Camel Corps, who was travelling by the same boat, to look after me and it was he who had taken me out at Marseilles and took me overland to London with him. By this act, I think, he saved my life.

I went to 21, Cromwell Road, London, the gathering place of Indian students. I was astonished to see a notice in each lavatory, "Gentlemen are requested not to stand on the seat when pulling the chain." I racked my brain to find out what it meant. It soon became clear to me that my countrymen, who were unused to sitting upright for this particular purpose, were pursuing Indian habits in London and scraping the varnish off the wooden seat with the soles of their shoes. The London charwoman must have taken several days to decide what to write. If our foreign guests must learn our customs, it is equally necessary that every Asian Government should check each person who is given a passport to see whether he knows the essential and common manners of the country he proposes to visit. More damage to international understanding is done by ignorance than by malice or intent.

Colour prejudice was great in those days and accommodation not easy for the newcomers. Sir Thomas Arnold

and Mr. Sen ran the department in charge of Indian students. The boys who found accommodation and admission into various institutes through them were contented. Those who did not used to allege that this was a department set up to spy on Indian students. This charge would be correct in the case of those students who misbehaved and wasted their time and money and whose reports went to their parents from this department regarding their bad behaviour. On the whole these officials did useful work for the students.

My father was keen that I should get an opportunity to live with an English family. The students' department of the India Office arranged for me to be with the Rev. Mr. Lloyd of Ticknall Vicarage, who got me admitted to his own College, Wadham, at Oxford. He was my guardian throughout my stay in England. I could not have been more fortunate and happier, since I was treated like a son of the family. Before me another Indian boy had been sent there. On arrival he had asked if there was a cinema and a taxi stand and when he was told that neither existed in this small village, he walked to Derby the next day, ten miles away, and took a taxi back to London. But my tutor soon found out that I was a villager and meant to stay put. When I left India, my father had given me a green silk turban with gold tassels at both ends and advised me to wear it in England. One day Mr. Lloyd took me out for a walk in the village. Two village boys saw me and ran towards us, one shouting to the other, "Jack, here goes a blackee". Mr. Lloyd gave them a penny each, they touched their hats and went away. After that incident I did not wear the turban again and no-one took any notice of me. Another day Mr. Lloyd took me out for a walk to the village. We visited two old women each of about seventy years of age. They lived together in a cottage and their names were Nanny and Sally. The Vicar was helping them with some charitable funds which were at his disposal. These women were very surprised when the Vicar told them that he had a bath every day. They also had never seen a train in their lives even though Melbourne railway station was only two miles away from Ticknall. I was very

surprised to realise that even in England so much poverty, ignorance and backwardness existed at that time (1912). Mr. Lloyd bought me a blue serge suit to wear on Sundays and that taught me the significance of the English words "wearing a Sunday suit."

Ticknall is a small village built mainly on both sides of the main road, like most English villages. There were a few shops, some run by tenants in their own homes. The cottages had thatched roofs and I was always puzzled as to why they did not leak. Sir Vauncy Crew was the landowner, who invited his tenants once a year to a feast when they paid their rent in cash and put on their "Sunday suits" for this occasion. Sir Vauncy lived in a large house with an iron gate and gatekeeper's lodge, since there were deer in his park. Mrs. Lloyd regularly attended the Mothers' Meetings of the village. I also attended first aid classes and got a certificate. This helped me to save a servant's life some years later in Simla. He had cut his wrist and would have bled to death if I had not known how to tie a tourniquet. Mr. Lloyd was paid £300.0.0 a year and this he called his "living". Sir Vauncy had selected the vicar for life but he had no power to dismiss him. This power rested with the Bishop and the salary was a charge on the rents. People in the East must organise their religion. A little tax collected with the land revenue would cover salaries. There should be a degree in Divinity in Afro-Asian Universities and only qualified men should be appointed as mosque Imams and politics should be banned for them.

The farmers with their clay pipes and dogs and cattle fascinated me. The fields had hedges, fences and gates, which enabled the cattle to remain out at night. Thus their fields were manured. Our cattle are tied up in the village houses and create filth, files and unnecessary work for the farmers. We have to think of cattle thieves all the time which is such a curse to our rural life. Sir Vauncy Crew's piggery was filthy and I was horrified when I saw his pigs wallowing in the dirt, which they were also eating. Today piggeries in

Europe are kept carefully and the dreaded disease, trichnosis, has been eliminated.

Before I arrived, a Gold Coast boy had come to Ticknall Vicarage for a holiday. He had been a medical student in Edinburgh for eleven years without getting his degree. He confessed to us that his great weakness was gramophones and records and of these he had a copious supply. When he first went to Edinburgh his problem was how to put out the gas light in his sitting room. He tried to blow it out, as he would a kerosene lamp but could not. Eventually he put a chair under the central ceiling light and gave it a big blow. The light went out and having said. "Thank God for that" he went to sleep in his bedroom. When the landlady brought his breakfast and smelled the gas in the room, she put down the tray on the floor and quickly ran out shrieking. Our friend had to leave that boarding house. In the next house he went to, there was a cheerful coal fire in the sitting room. He decided to warm his bedroom also with the hot coals. As he carried a big cinder with the coal tongs, it fell in the middle of an Axminster carpet and burnt it. He had to pay twelve pounds for a new carpet and was turned out of this boarding house also. He was one of the nicest persons I ever met.

When the first Christmas arrived, I was asked to go out from the back door of the Vicarage and come in from the front door. I was told that a black man coming into a British home on Christmas day was a very lucky sign. They could have this luck all the time if they wanted. I was made to stand under the mistletoe hung from the ceiling in the entrance hall under the staircase. Aileen, the younger daughter and I were made to stand together. What a pity I was not aware of the rights of a boy to kiss the girl on an occasion like this!

I went on saying my prayers facing West. While saying our prayers we have to face Mecca which was West of India. I did not realise for some time that while in England Mecca would be East of me. I started turning my prayer

carpet to the East. I have been wondering whether Christian Churches in Asia are making a similar mistake by facing their churches East with the back of the congregation to the Holy Land. But the world is round and God is everywhere. My tutor had a wooden board made for me on which I spread my prayer carpet. I started studying the Holy Quran there for fear of turning Christian. I also studied the Bible and found that the Books had so much in common. The Holy Quran enjoins upon Muslims to believe in the immaculate birth of Jesus Christ and to believe in Abraham and Moses, just as much as they believe in the Holy Prophet Mohammad. According to the Quran these and all other prophets are on an equal footing and have to be believed in, so that every Muslim is a Christian, a Jew and a Muslim at one and the same time. This is why Christian missions have never made any headway in Muslim countries. One day Dr. Lloyd asked me why we did not eat pork and I told him that it was forbidden by the Quran, as it was forbidden in the Bible. He said. "Where?" and I brought down my copy of the Bible. He said, "oh, this is the Old Testament." I said, "If you don't believe in it then why do you bind it in one volume and teach it to all your children?" and he smiled.

We had a servant at the vicarage by name Garnham. Watching him I realised how little work our servants do. In the morning he pumped water to the roof reservoir. Then he cleaned all the boots, all the lamps, the kennel and the stable, and looked after the dog as well as the horse. He broke up coal and put it in all the rooms. As there was no flush system, it was also his duty to bury the closet contents once a week in the garden. He looked after the kitchen garden and the lawn in front of the house, where there was a small bush of pampas grass and when it bloomed, there was great excitement as it did not grow taller than a few feet. In our country this pampas grass is a weed growing abundantly along the river banks and much use is made of it in the making of sunshades, roofings, fencing and ropes. When I told my people in India that one man did all this work in the house, they would not believe me. In our house we would need about ten men to do this one man's work.

All that he received in those days was ten shillings a week, plus board and lodging and he was happy and cheerful.

People say that when persons from hot countries go to a cold climate, if they have any malaria in their blood, they get an attack. Well, it caught up with me with a vengeance. My fever shot up to 106°. By this time Captain R. Lloyd, the eldest son of the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, a Government of India Sirologyst in Calcutta had come home on leave. When I came down the first time for luncheon after my fever was over, I thanked them all for looking after me, mentioning especially Mrs. Lloyd, the Vicar's wife, who had been so kind and had often come up to my room to comfort me. She was sitting at the head of the luncheon table, and at my remark, angrily pushed her shoulders up and down and said "Indeed I did not." I went red in the face and my heart missed a beat. I did not know what mistake I had made. Capt. Lloyd asked me what I meant in my own language and I said, *"Tasalli Daina"*—which literally translated is comforting someone, and means "not to worry". The storm blew over. Only years later, I got to know the double meaning of the Victorian expression of "comforting".

Mrs. Lloyd's brother came to visit us. We were told that he was a very rich man. He owned a copper mine in South America and the first thing he did when he went in the dining-room of any hotel, was to give a ten shilling tip to the head waiter. At that time ten shillings was an enormous sum. But I learned from his habit that tipping must be done in good time and not only at the end of a service.

I often used to cycle to Asbhy de la Zouch. One day in the winter it began to snow on the way home. I had never seen snow before and was afraid of being buried under it. I pedalled home as fast as I could, arriving wetter from sweat than from the snow, which did not fall more than one inch.

One day Mr. Lloyd gave me a cheque to cash at Lloyds Bank, Ashby de la Zouch. I asked him if the Bank belonged to him. He said, "My boy, I wish it did." He gave me a letter

introducing me to the cashier. I told him that I would not take the letter because I wanted to find out if the cashier would trust me. However he gave me the letter, which I brought back without having shown it to anyone. Obviously the cashier found my face trustworthy. My uncle, Sultan Ali Noon, was also a boarder student at Mr. Lloyd's. He, Aileen and I used to mow and roll the grass tennis court in the summer for the Sunday tennis party, but unfortunately it usually rained on Sundays and our labours were wasted and when it did not rain, the balls used to fly into the nearby pond. So altogether the labour on the tennis court was not very rewarding, with the water from above or the water nearby which was not screened off and swallowed up our precious tennis balls.

Within a few days of my arrival at Ticknall Vicarage there was cherry tart for dinner. The pastry was crisp and liable to jump out of the plate if pressed with the spoon. So I used the knife. I was told that I could achieve the same result by pressing the pastry with the fork. The girls did not forget my method and when my father came to see me in 1913, they laid the same trap for him and he fell into it. We had never used knives and forks in our homes and had to learn the ways of Europe the hard way. My tutor told me that a college at Oxford invited a candidate don to the High Table for dinner and cherry tart was served. The poor fellow, not knowing what to do with the cherry stones, swallowed them. I fared better because I waited and saw how the rest of the family coped with the situation. But so far as pastry is concerned they played delaying tactics with me.

My Uncle Sultan joined me at Ticknall and after eating the light English meals we used to feel hungry, as there were no rich curries to sustain us. We pretended to go down to the post office to play billiards but really to eat chocolates and shortbread biscuits which the post-mistress sold. She also ran a billiard table, which gave us the excuse to go there. Many Indian students suffered from constipation—I wonder if because of the different food?

In October, 1913, I was admitted to Wadham College, Oxford. I could not get into Balliol, where the son of Sir James Wilson, a retired Indian Civil servant and a friend of my family, was already studying. My tutor, the Rev. L.W. Lloyd, secured my admission into his own college, Wadham, where I was happy to be. Sir James Wilson, when I called on him in London, told me, "I have told my son not to drink or smoke while at the University and I would give you the same advice." I took this to heart and never indulged in either during the whole of my five years' stay in England with only one exception, which happened in the autumn of 1913, soon after my admission to Wadham. One Saturday evening I was invited by courtesy of a senior Indian student, Ali Khan of Hyderabad, Deccan, to a small study group of half a dozen students of Wadham. Only we two Indians and four British students were present. There was a metal mug of beer on the floor in front of the fire. We all were supposed to drink out of the same mug, a mouthful, turn by turn. When my turn came I bravely took a mouthful not to be unlike the others. The taste to me was bitter like poison and that was all the beer I drank in my five years in England. The talk turned on the subject of selfishness. The argument was that everyone is selfish. I was fresh from India, full of knowledge of tombs and saints. I said, "There are unselfish people in the world." Ali Khan asked "Who?" I said, "What about the saints who want nothing of the wordly goods?" His reply was that these so-called living saints were the most selfish of all because they sacrificed the comforts of this world in order to get them with compound interest in the next world. At another meeting I remember an Indian student saying, "I wish the British Government would appoint Kitchener as Viceroy after Hardinge". "Why?" asked another. The reply was, "The sweet fellows like Hardinge put the subject people to sleep. A military dictator like Kitchener will rule with an iron hand and the people will rise and rebel against the British." There was reason in this argument.

There were thirty-one of us admitted into Wadham that October. We were called Freshmen and in the junior com-



Standing L to R: Rev. Mr. Lloyd, Mrs. Lloyd, Nawab Sir Mohammad Hayat Noon.
(The author's father)
Sitting L to R: —The author, Eilleen Lloyd (daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Lloyd) and Uncle Sultan Ali Noon.

mon room a Freshmen's coffee party was held. One senior boy came dressed in a dressing gown as he always drank so much beer that he had to be carried up to his room by several young students. When put on his bed he could throw them aside as if they were little children. He got delirium tremens which gives much strength to the victim.

I used this junior room regularly every afternoon, because Dr. Datta, Civil Surgeon of Rohtak, a friend of my father, had told me that I must never miss my afternoon walks in England even though it rained. I followed his advice and after many wet walks I enjoyed my cherry cake and hot cup of tea in this room, every day. I still like cherry cake. I also remember the incident when one of the senior boys threw a bottle through the window, which fell on the Dean of the College. He was sent down for three months. The students took out a funeral procession for him and several horse-drawn cabs took part. As the train moved out of the station, the students lined up in their gowns and caps and sang a funeral hymn.

One day a young boy of my year was asked by a senior boy to pass him ink and he replied "Why don't you help yourself?" This annoyed the senior boy and the following Saturday there was a rowdy evening for our colleague. His clothes were thrown out of the window and his tin tub rattled down the wooden staircase. On another Saturday he was debagged and the next Saturday he went home.

My bath tub was a circular tub with a four or five inches deep rim which my scout used to fill with one can of cold water and then one jug of hot water and he used to say, "Sir, your bath is ready." I had to hurry up because otherwise the water would get cold. My room was a haven of peace on Saturdays. A regular visitor was my friend Percy Nichols, who later on joined the Church, and who had been totally blind since his childhood, and yet stood first in the B.A. examination. He had books in Braille and a young man read ordinary books to him also. Another friend who took refuge in my room was Rex Smith as it was a have due to the fact

that opposite me lived a don. I had a very good American friend, Weldon Crossland who also joined the church. He was in love with a girl and used to write to a florist in America to send her flowers on certain occasions. The last I heard of him was when he was at Rochester Cathedral. One day he and I were walking together along the University Park and as we passed a very big tree, someone came from the opposite side and lit a match. On the argument that I put forward, Crossland remarked, "That puts a little light on the matter." This match also put a light on a couple who were hugging each other in the shadow of the big tree. Another student from our College was sent home because while boxing with a friend at Keble College, he burst his ear drum.

Mr. Lloyd introduced me to several people in Oxford and it was my duty to call on them once every term. These calls were a great institution at Oxford. Since there were many people to call on, the students were on their bicycles on Sunday afternoons trying to do three of four teas in that time. The hostesses knew and were very understanding and quickly gave you your tea and a piece of cake so that you could go and call on the next lady. But in spite of this haste, the atmosphere in their drawing-rooms was always very cheerful and calm. One was an old lady, by name Miss Hill, whose father had invented the Penny Postage in England. Quite a number of us used to go there to call.

My father had told me not to mix with Indian students and I am sorry I took him at his words. His idea was that I could see a lot of Indians in my own country but when I was abroad I must learn something about foreign people. This deprived me of many opportunities of meeting my own countrymen quite a number of whom are prominent today, Suhrawardy and Dewan Chaman Lal among them. These people were my contemporaries at Oxford but I did not meet them. We used to play football and the college field was five miles out and we had to cycle there. (I do not see any reason why our colleges in Pakistan should not have their playing fields five miles outside the town. They can never find money enough to buy fields inside the muni-

cipal limits.) I used to play hockey for the Isis Club. One day a few friends of mine went out swimming and I went with them to the river in the University Park. When I did not get into the water, they just threw me in and I had to swim for dear life. That took away my fear of the river, on which I enjoyed punting most.

My tutor was Mr. Geoffrey Wells, who was Warden of the College. I was very lucky to be his pupil. I used to have two to three lessons a week with him and there was no other student present. This is the beauty of Oxford education. They do not prescribe one book in which you are to be examined in any subject. Instead they prescribe the subject and suggest four of five books. You can study as many books as you like.

Pranks are always played by students. One night some bright student climbed to the top of Martyrs' Memorial and put a "Jerry" there. The Fire Brigade had to be called the next day to get it down. On Freshmen's Coffee night in our College, some bright student climbed to the roof and wrapped all the bromo paper round the statues of Wadham and Dorothy Wadham. Next morning the poor scouts (college servants) had to climb to the roof to remove this paper. In those days we had to walk to the rear of the college for the toilets. One day I went to sleep in front of the fire in my sitting room in the College and when I woke up at two o'clock, I felt miserably cold. Thereafter I never tried to enjoy the warm cinders till the very last moment. A word about proctors: we called them bulldogs. We were supposed to be back in the college by 11 p.m. at the latest and have our gowns and caps on when we were out in the streets. There was many a race between the proctors and the students, but on the whole the University was very law-abiding.

I remember students making great fun of a cartoon in the window of Blackwell, the bookseller. It depicted two American ladies with parasols trying to get into an electric train and telling the conductor to take them to the Oxford University. Oxford University consists of many colleges

spread over the whole town. In America and many other countries a University is usually one building or a number of buildings on a campus. I feel the joke was on our students who did not know about American campus universities.

From Oxford I used to go to London every term to attend dinners at the Inner Temple. My proximity at the dinner table was sought after because I was a teetotaller and every four students had a bottle of sherry between them. Dr. Hubbard was my tutor. I studied only his notes and practically no books, and easily passed my examinations. Coaches in London are a marvel. It used to cost £300 a year at Oxford. My father allowed me £400, which made things very comfortable for me. Nowadays it costs £700 or more.

When I was made an honorary fellow of Wadham College I felt that a great honour had been conferred on me. I believe I was the second Indian, if not the first Indian, to be made an honorary fellow of a college at Oxford. I am proud to have studied there. Wadham College has produced great men in the past like F.E. Smith—who become Lord Birkenhead; Fry the great cricketer; Sir John Simon, afterwards Lord Simon, Chairman of the Simon Commission that came out to India, *circa* 1927, for political reforms in the country.

I was called to the bar in 1917 and returned to India in September of that year, while the First World War was still on. The 1914 summer vacations I also spent in India because my mother had insisted on my father buying me a return ticket so that she could see after two years. From Aden to Bombay we were chased by a German ship called the Emdon, but we escaped. At the end of the vacations there was a possibility of my getting into the railway service as an Assistant Traffic Superintendent, but I refused and I was very glad that I did. It was very fortunate that in spite of the War my father and mother decided to let me go back to Oxford at the end of September, 1914.

I used to go to Cambridge for Persian lessons with Professor Browne, author of the "Literary History of Persia", in

four volumes. There, I was told of a Muslim missionary who addresed a students' audience at Cambridge on the beauties of Islam. The Muslim was tall and big. A thin-looking Christian missionary asked, "Why do you marry more than one wife?" His answer was, "A thin man like you can be satisfied with one biscuit, I may need four." At this all the women students walked out of the hall. How necessary it is for such important work to choose men who are conversant with the ethics and moral standards of the people he is to work with. One man in England accepted Islam. He was visited by an Ahmadi Qadiani missionary that night and told that until he accepted Mirza Ghulam Ahmad as a prophet *(Nabi)* he was not yet a Muslim. The man said "I had accepted Islam because there were no sects. Since you have sects also. I am going back to Christianity". Maulvi Sadrud Din was our best missionary for Europe.

The tutorial system and the method of teaching at Oxford was excellent. The libraries are superb. I got my B.A. degree in History in 1916. During my stay at Oxford I did not attend any of the meeting of the Indian Majlis, which was a sort of a parliamentary organisation of Indian students, a counterpart of the Oxford Union into which Indian students were not easily admitted. I used to study for about eleven hours a day and was never afraid of the final examination. It is a great mistake to think that you can play about as there is plenty of time for work and you can do concentrated study during the last few weeks. A boy followed this policy and during the last week before examination, he used to tie his hair to a rope hung down from the roof so as to wake him up, with a jerk if he went to sleep! Education is a steady progress, it is knowledge sinking into your mind continuously and being absorbed.

Having got my degree I moved to London and took up residence at 52, Parliament Hill, Hampstead. It was a beautifully clean and well-furnished house run by a charming lady and uncle Sultan lived there too. I finished the balance of my law examination in nine months and having become a Barrister-at-Law of the Temple, arrived in India in September, 1917.

The system of education in England has this beautiful side of it that the examiners try to find out how much the student knows. Unfortunately in our country the effort of the examiner is usually to find out how much the student does not know. Quite a number of brilliant students have failed because they fell short by a few marks. A thing like that would not happen in England because the tutor and masters would sit together and pass the student on the basis of his work throughout the year. Before my leaving Iondon, Sir Thomas Arnold asked me if I would accept a nomination to the Indian Education Service. I said "no" because I believed in hard work and rewards accordingly.

On my return from England I started my practice as a lawyer in the District Courts at Sargodha, in January, 1918. Luckily my father owned a half share of a house in Sargodha with my father-in-law, who loved me like his own son, so I got a rent-free house. Mr. Thompson, the Chief Secretary, in Lahore wrote me a letter asking me if I would like to be considered for nomination to the Indian Civil Service. During the first year of my life at Sargodha I had earned an average income of Rs. 450|- a month, including the vacations. If I had accepted the Civil Service I would have gone to England for two more years' training and then started at Rs. 400|- per month. It is a very mercenary way of looking at things but I always had, a feeling that I should remain a free man, so that I could advance in the world according to my hard work and desert.

I had started my practice at Sargodha while the War was not yet finished. The first case I received was when a man came to me and said that his younger brother had been arrested and would I appear on his behalf in the court of Sheikh Shah Nawaz of the Provincial Service, who was then Revenue Assistant, and get the young man released? He offered me a fee of ten rupees, but I refused to accept this case which was more of an executive nature than a judicial. But my cousin, Malik Mohammad Sher Khan Noon, who was present put my stick into my hand pushed me out of the verandah of my house and said, "What is the use of

sitting here in the verandah. Go and do something." So I went to the court and got the young man released. The case was that recruits were needed for war and every time a man was recruited for the army, the person who brought him was given a certificate that Mr. so and so had produced a recruit. In order to secure the certificates people took their sons and nephews to the recruiting offices in order to obtain a war certificate, so as to be able to claim rewards from the British Government at the end of the War. Some zealous and foolish Government servants used to arrest people under Section 107 of the Criminal Procedure Code. Under this section it was the intention to cover cases where, if two factions in a village were about to start a riot, the Police could arrest them. Some petty officials started using this section foolishly and without the knowledge of the higher British officials, in forcing people to go into the army and thus create a record of war services for themselves. The young man that I got released had been wrongly and unfairly arrested under these circumstances.

In Sargodha there was a weekly publication called *Haq*—the Truth, it was a Government-sponsored magazine depicting the war effort of India. There was a committee which distributed it. To their great annoyance they often learned that people, instead of reading the magazine, used to sell it as waste paper to the chemists. Other people felt that it was Government propaganda and therefore did not want to read it. Opposition to the Government by the people and the press became so ingrained in our nature that even after Independence our press and the public have continued to attack all our Governments which came into power. I remember Maulana Zafar Ali, proprietor of the daily "Zamindar", who used to express his views in poems. His satire had the punch of Akbar Allah Abadi who wrote famous couplets like *"Fateh English Ki Hoti Hai Qadam German Ka Barhta Hai"*: "Victory belongs to our Government but the forward movements are made by the Germans."

I remember the famous riot case of Lak village. I was engaged as a lawyer to defend the accused, along with a

senior lawyer, Sir Fazli Hussain. This village had refused to give recruits and Government servants went to the village with a posse of police to arrest the ringleaders who were non-co-operating. They found the whole village gathered on the top of a mound, led by a fanatical, religious man. The police fired blank shots and this fanatical Mullah took off his turban and, running down, told his men to charge the police because through his prayers the guns of the police had been blocked and would not hurt them. The men charged and many were killed. I was a wrong rule to instruct the police to fire the first time at crowds with live ammunition. Now the law has been changed. The police give warning and then fire to do damage, which in the end saves lives as the magistrate's order to disperse is obeyed or, if not, the consequences are known. There was a case of a Tehsildar who was murdered because of his unseemly part in forcing recruitment. The British officials heard of this and were most unhappy because a foolish servant often brings disgrace to his master. I do not say that they were not happy with their officers' services to produce recruits by using certain methods, but they certainly did not ask them to do illegal things which brought disgrace to the administration. When Mr. Gandhi came to Sargodha he addressed a public meeting and on seeing the people of the area tall and handsome, expressed great surprise that they were such cowards and allowed forced recruitment for the army.* It was not all forced recruitment because quite a large number of poeple were doing this work for the rewards which were expected. I remember the case of Malik Yaqub Khan Tiwana who, having rendered war services, came home after the war and went one day to Lahore to put forward his claim for a land grant because of his services. As he went in, he saw his enemy and elder step-brother, coming out of the same officer's room. When he went in and asked the officer for the grant, he said, "How can I reward two men for the same

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*The British gave a lot of freedom of speech and of the Press. Defence of India Rules created by the British during the War and repealed by the British thereafter, are now regular Penal Laws. Mr. Gandhi is alleged to have said once: "I resent a foreigner sending us to Jail but I do not mind an Indian Magistrate doing the same."

services?" adding that his elder brother had just gone out and had told him that it was he who was responsible for sending his younger brother to the army which, of course, was incorrect.

Nawab Saadullah Khan was he Senior Judge at Sargodha. He and I used to go out riding every morning before court. One day he said to me, "Let's go to the railway station because I am expecting a parcel of oranges from Nagpur, in the Central Provinces". As we gave our horses to two coolies and went on the platform there were quite a number of baskets lying in one place and a railway *cooly* was bending over them and helping himself to something out of a basket. We approached him from behind and Nawab Saadullah held him by the arm and said. "Leave a few oranges for me." It so happened that this was really his basket. Pilfering in our railways is disgraceful and the law is such that justice is very tardy, cases are deferred and pile up and are not decided for years.* One day Nawab Saadullah was ill and I was sitting with him. A certain lawyer entered the room at dusk from behind and not from the front of the house. He sat for a few moments, had a pull at the water-smoking pipe called Huqa and, without saying anything, left us again. Nawab Saadullah told me that he suspected some mischief. The next day certain accused for whom this lawyer was appearing were produced in the court to hear the sentence. Nawab Saadullah gave them double of what he otherwise would have given. The faces of the accused fell as if to say, "You have taken our money and you are sending us to jail"! Nawab Saadullah's hunch had been that this lawyer had taken a bribe in the name of the Judge. The lawyer must have been accompanied to the house of Mr. Saadullah by the accused, who naturally wanted to make sure that the lawyer was not cheating them. Lawyers do not ordinary do that sort of thing to make an extra penny but this one had a bad reputation.

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*Pilfering on the railways is still a curse and justice as tardy. We need a High Judge with wide powers to decide these cases. He need not write down all the evidence and that there shall be no appeal on facts. Similarly I feel the Income-Tax Appeal should go to a Judicial Tribunal and not a Tribunal consisting of department officers. The U.S.A. has Judges for this purpose.

The War ended towards the end of 1918 and there were the famous riots of Amritsar, where General Dyer had indiscriminately shot and killed a large number of my country-men. The Hunter Commission was sent out from England to enquire into this firing. Commissions of this kind were always useful to divert the public attention from the bitter atmosphere which prevailed in the country after riots and firings. This enquiry went on for a long time in the Lahore High Court Building. Two British nurses who had served the people of Amritsar city for a long time, had been murdered in a revengeful mood by the crowds. As punishment the famous Crawling Order was passed by a British Civil Servant, which meant that every Indian going along that street where the nurses were killed, had to crawl on the ground on all fours when passing that place, for several days.

The war effort of the Punjab was tremendous as compared to the rest of India. People volunteered to go into the army because men of certain areas of north-western India had adopted soldiering as their hereditary profession.* It was the Indian Army which stopped the first on-rush of the Germans in France in 1914 and lost about 40,000 men, killed and wounded. The riots and the tense atmosphere in the Punjab were followed by the Montague-Chelmsford Reforms of 1919, which established elected Legislatures in the Provinces and at the Centre with twenty-five per cent nominated members. It was not adult franchise but there were certain qualifications laid down for voters. I stood for this election in November, 1920 and was elected. I had fifty thousand votes in my constituency. After our election I decided to move to Lahore to start my practice at the High Court.

In the third year of my practice at Sargodha I paid income-tax on an income of Rs. 750/- per month, including vacations, which was very satisfactory from the point of

*They had nothing better to do. Jhelum District receives lakhs of rupees by way of Army Pensions. Recruits came mostly from areas which had no irrigation canals and depended on a few inches of rain a year and were very poor.

view of a young lawyer. My father also gave me an allowance. Besides that my house, my horse and my milch cow were free. So was the grain for horses and wheat for my servants. I enjoyed my three years at Sargodha. I lived in my own house, had my own horses and never missed a morning ride. The elder Maliks looked down upon me for no Malik had up to then adopted the legal profession. Their objection was that for the sake of money one had to appear before petty officials and "sir" them all the time in court. They were ignorant and did not realise the dignity and power of the law. This they did in later years when they saw me succeed in life, then they gave me plenty of admiration. Nothing succeeds like success. Even those who did not like me at first used to take pride in claiming close relationship of friendship with me. When one of the Maliks, an Honorary Magistrate in our district, realised that a lawyer was defending a really guilty rouge, he said to him, "You lawyers are like prostitutes, you belong to anyone who pays you money." He was complained against to the Deputy Commissioner, and had to apologise, otherwise he would have lost his powers as a magistrate.

At Sargodha, the Bar Association had only thirty-five members in 1918; now there must be one hundred and fifty or more. The bar room had a poor library but my father gave me all the money I needed for my private library in my home. Seven thousand and five hundred rupees sufficed for this purpose. Thus I had this initial advantage over many others. One of my colleagues had only a Webster dictionary and a diary on his table and his clerk used to tell the clients that if they wanted law out of the bigger book they would have to pay more.

Rallia Ram, Advocate, told us one day that a young English Indian Civil Service officer had on first appointment as magistrate, to try a camel theft case. Rallia Ram was defending the accused and asked the young Englishman to

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*At every stage the British gave us a severe punishment if we broke the Law. But thereafter they gave us Political Reforms on the road to self Government which no other colonial European power did.

go out and see for himself if a small human being could steal a big animal like a camel. If it were the theft of a watch or some jewellery the case would have been different. When this young Englishman saw the camel he returned to his court and without further trial wrote his order of acquittal. One day I had to appear against Rai Bahadur Brij Lal, President of the Bar Association, in a civil case. I consulted my friend, Shanti Narain, as to what to do. He asked me if I had prepared my case well and I said "yes, very well". He said, "Then go in with this feeling that the other lawyer is as big a fool as you yourself." This gave me courage and I won the case. Brij Lal had a loud voice and used to interrupt other lawyers whom he could outshout. His clients thought he was wonderful. He had started his practice in 1885 and was going strong in 1920; I think he lived up to nearly a hundred years in Delhi after Partition. One day Qureshi Ali Mardan, a lawyer, borrowed all kinds of books from his friends and arrived in court with two headloads of them. The magistrate asked him what these were for and he said, "For the same reason as R.B. Brij Lal brought his books to court—to impress the clients." There was a very good civil lawyer, Bhagu Ram. There was also Malik Wazir Chand, an absent-minded advocate. We were sitting in the sunny verandah of the bar room and a voice was coming from the court opposite, calling Wazir Chand. He heard the voice and repeated the words. "Malik Wazir Chand" several times, but continued to sit in his chair shaking his right leg, which he had crossed over the left and then gave a big jump and said. "Oh, my case." But by the time he reached the court, his case had been dismissed. On another occasion we were both in the train, and he was to get out at Phularwan station. It was dark when the train stopped. There he read loudly the word "Phularwan" on the kerosene lamps on the platform several times but did not get out. When the train moved out and reached the outer signal he shouted, "Oh, that was Phularwan". But he did not pull the chain to stop the rain—the penalty was fifty rupees. There was a corrupt magistrate who had developed a technique. When he was trying a case and there were several accused, he would pick up the file and go to the Superintendent of Police, Mr.

Slattery, and say, "Sir, I can convict eight but there is no proof against these two." The Superintendent of Police would be content to get eight convictions and the magistrate had picked the two who could afford to buy their freedom. This magistrate later got into trouble and was dismissed.

In 1919, Sir William Birdwood, Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, came to Sargodha and the leaders of my family gave him a dinner party and asked me to make the speech in his honour. But I dropped an awful brick. I had been impressed by his polish, good manners and cordiality and said, "I never thought an army officer was so polite." There were several, "Oh Firoz, Oh Firoz." It took me a few seconds to comprehend what I had said. I am afraid I dropped many bricks in my life later on, to the despair of my friends. But was young and all guests took it in the right spirit. Later when I was a minister, Lord Birdwood came to dine with me at Woodvile, Simla Mrs. Das, wife of the Law Member of the Viceroy's Cabinet, was also there. The dinner was over, it was getting late and guests were beginning to yawn. Mrs. Das was waiting for the Commander-in-Chief to leave first. But eventually Sir William told her that it was for the senior-most lady to leave first. Everyone left laughing.

Sir William Birdwood went touring to the Salt Range to see old retired soldiers. At one place he was given a large garden party. Noticing a red-bearded Risaldar Major with medals all over his chest, he asked his A.D.C. to find out his name. This was done, he walked up to him, shook hands with him and said, 'How are you, Maney Khan." The man was swollen-headed for a whole year and kept talking about the Commander-in-Chief. I think Dale Carnegie can learn a lesson from Sir William which could be incorporated in the next addition of his book, "How to Win Friends."

I dropped another brick in an after-dinner speech in Sargodha in 1929, when Sir Malcolm Hailey, (now Lord Hailey of Shahpur) the Governor of the Punjab, honoured Sargodha with a visit. This time all the dignitaries of the

town were the host. I was then a minister at Lahore. The lower Jhelum canal had been opened in 1896 to irrigate this area and Hailey, then a young Civil Servant, had been appointed the Colonisation Officer. He had been deputed to go out every day to cut a bush or two with an axe to set an example to the local leaders and show them the dignity of labour. In my speech I said that the people of Sargodha will remember that the Colonisation Officer used to carry an axe which two donkeys could hardly carry. Sir Malcolm Hailey interjected, "Who was the second donkey." I said, "It must have been a minister." But my mind told me, "'Beware of the pitfalls of the English language. Count not three but ten before you utter a sentence."

Later in Simla I was dining with a friend and Sir Denys Bray, Political Secretary to the Government of India. Mr. Bolton, Chief Commissioner, Peshawar was also present. Mr. Bolton, addressing Sir Denys said, "Which is the animal that brays?" Sir Denys just smiled his usual smile but this time for a change I came to his rescue and remarked, "In certain countries it is an animal that you bolt on".

Chapter IV

Beginnings of Democracy in India, 1920—1936

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Elections are a great institution in this country. There are many kinds of elections; for the District Boards—our equivalent of County Councils in England—for Municipalities and for the Legislature. The British were wise administrators. Whenever they faced a public demand which they felt was just, they gave way. They first introduced elections in Local Bodies, i.e. Municipalities and District Boards, with non-official majorities in 1882. In 1910 the Morley-Minto Reforms brought in elected Legislatures in the Provinces and the nominated Legislatures at the Centre with separate electorates for Muslims. In 1920 the Montague-Chelmsford Reforms replaced them with Legislatures, with a membership of 25% of which were nominated. Then came the Government of India Act 1935 and by 1937 the Legislatures had become fully elected, with responsible ministries.

From 1910—1919 the Punjab was administered by a Lieutenant-Governor, who had the assistance of a small Advisory Council of about a dozen people. They were the most loyal, elderly men belonging to the well-to-do classes, who had rendered political and administrative service to the British Government and they had no political opinions except those which the British liked. They were not elected because they were brilliant orators, nor because they had attained high University degrees. They were elected or nominated for their good common sense, which they could bring to bear on their country's problems. They were well-to-do people who were in a position to help people to approach Government officials. It was customary for these

gentlemen to engage University graduates as their secretaries, whose duties included writing speeches which their masters delivered in Council when called upon to express their views on a particular item of the agenda. Once I was told that a member at Lahore who had forgotten to bring his own speech with him, just picked up his neighbour's and read it out quickly.* The neighbour felt very embarrassed but held his peace, and when he, in his turn, was asked by Sir Michael O'Dwyer, the Lt.-Governor, to express his views, he remarked. "I agree with my friend who has just spoken." All the members were good friends, and worked with single-heartedness. The main binding force among them was a common loyalty to the British Government.

None felt any disgrace in serving a foreign ruler. Geographically, nationalism did not exist outside Europe, least of all in India and Asia. Religion was a stronger binding force than blood or geography. The Indian subcontinent had never known elections of the British type by virtue of which the common man shared the attributes of sovereignty with the ruler. Greek republics of *circa* 300 B.C. did not have their influence on Europe until the seventeenth century. The kinds ruled their by Divine right conferred on them by the Pope. It is through the course of three centuries that the people in Europe succeeded in securing their democratic right of having governments of their choice.

Here, in this subcontinent, Government had been established by the sword. The Aryan or White Hun invasion from Central Asia captured the country by force. So did the later kings, rajahs, nawabs, and sultans. So did the Moghuls and so did the British after the Moghuls. All settled here and became Indians, but not the British, otherwise we would have had to face the same difficulties as Algeria. Whoever could conquer a country, was accepted as its legitimate ruler, irrespective of his religion or birth. Even the sons of a king fought and killed each other to capture the

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*The neighbour was Rai Bahadur Ram Saran Das. The other gentleman was a relation of mine, Sir Umar Hayat Tiwana.

throne. The British had no more and no less right to rob or rule India than all the other rulers who had held the country by force before them. Under most rulers whatever loss and economic squeeze there was remained within the country. But the European took it away to his home, outside India; but so did Mahmood Ghaznavi, Mohammad Ghori and Ahmed Shah Abdali, about whom there is a saying that what you eat and drink and wear is yours and the rest belongs to Ahmad Shah Abdali. The urge for national freedom had never existed in this country until our people went to British universities and began to read the speeches of Burke and Fox. It is natural that until you see something better, you are contented with your existing lot. The Aryans, and later the Moghuls, and others, such as the Persians who invaded and conquered parts of India, were as foreign to the people of India as the Europeans. You cannot applaud the invasion of a country by one race and condemn it by another; all invasions are equally bad. The Aryans had fair skins and blue eyes; the Moghuls from the Steppes of Mongolia were as strange and foreign to India as the British were. We are liable to condemn Changez and Halaku but forget about the barbarities of Tamerlane because he was a Muslim, though a Mongol and cruel like the others, if not worse, if you recollect the sack of Baghdad by him. The Mongols had to hesitation in recruiting and using local troops, nor was there any reluctance among the nations of the subcontinent to serve and fight for them. As late as the eighteenth century there were Muslim Pathan troops fighting on the side of a Sikh Guru against the Muslim King in Delhi. India was conquered for the British with the help of Indian troops fighting against Indians. Indian nationalism was born and developed only when the British were ruling here with a democratic and elected parliament in London. It was not until our people understood the working of the British Parliament, that they began to dream of ruling the people of India, by and for them.

History has shown that those who destroyed the Muslim power were the Muslims themselves. Succession to the throne was always in doubt and had to be decided each time

by force of arms and thus proved a source of great weakness. Whenever harm has come to Islam and its rulers, it has always come from within. Its history has been "Let him rule who can."* The people never shared sovereignty with the rulers in the modern democratic sense. One ruler was as welcome, or unwelcome, as another. Islam has inculcated social democracy and practised it, but never political democracy. In the case of war, people never felt that they were defending what was theirs. They fought for the man who paid them most. Such was the order of the day throughout the subcontinent.

Hindu historian have sometimes claimed that the seeds of a modern democratic system lay in their *Panchayat* system. *Panchayat* was a council of elders in a village tribe. But it only enabled the elders of a tribe, or village, to sit together and arbitrate on petty personal disputes, e.g. whether a cow belongs to A or B. These were, at most, people's courts for settling minor quarrels in which the ruler was not interested and the members did not share sovereignty with him as in a modern democracy. The elders, or *Panches* acted as arbitrators, sat together and made decisions. They were not elected by votes. If it was a seed of democracy, it fell on an unfertile soil and never progressed.

Similarly, we Muslims are proud of what we sometimes describe as Islamic democracy, and we claim that the equality of man is emphasized in the Holy Quran. What religious book does not contain similar provisions or laws? It is the method of applying them which is important. It is said in the Holy Quran that God has created all human beings from Adam and Eve but in various classes so that the work of society may be facilitated. Sir Mohammad Iqbal, our great philosopher poet, has wisely said that the brains of two hundred donkeys do not equal the brain of one man. On the death of the Holy Prophet, (peace be on

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*The First Turkish Sultan who conquered Constantinople put before a meeting of Muslim Divines and Muftees an old Turkish rule that the King can kill all his brothers to be able to rule with peace of mind. They gave at *Fatwa* in his favour and he killed all the forty of them. Where self-interest clashes with justice, the former always wins in an autocracy.

him), his companions and others of Medina Town, sat together and selected his successor—Abubakar. It was like a few generals sitting together to select one of themselves to be the successor to the King. It is not in any way an election by the people in the modern sense. But even this semblance of public approval never took place thereafter. Muaviyah, in the matter of his son and successor, Yazid, defied even this custom of selection by a few leaders present on the spot. While he was himself the Caliph by self-appointment, he sent messengers to all the important cities to have his son accepted as his successor. Thereafter, throughout the hisory of Islam, no ruler has ever been elected. Yazid wanted Hussain, a grandson of the Holy Prophet, to accept Yazid as the Caliph, *i.e.* as temporal and spiritual head. Hussain would not accept him as the spiritual head. Hussain and his family were persecuted, chased and mercilessly killed. Thereafter the people in power eliminated generation after generation of the descendants of the Holy Prophet by murder and incarceration in jails.

After Abu Bakar, the three Caliphs who had the honour of being companions of the Holy Prophet, Omar, Osman and Ali were all murdered. We only have to remember the sad end of Hazart Ali, his two sons, Hassan and Hussain and Hussain's son, Zainul Abedin and his son, Imam Mohammad Baqir. Imam Jaffar Sadiq died in jail and his heirs for the next six generations all died violent deaths. It may be due to this history that the British type of democracy cannot flourish in Muslim countries.

Hazrat Ali, the fourth Caliph, was murdered. He had married the only surviving child of the Holy Prophet, Bibi Fatimah. His two sons, Hassan and Hussain, were both murdered; Hussain at Kerbala, along with his family. Four other sons of Ali by a second wife, were also murdered. Only Hussain's son, Zainulabidin, died a natural death. His son, Imam Mohammad Baqir, was murdered; his son, Imam Jaffar Sadiq, was in jail for a while but died a natural death; his son, Imam Raza, was poisoned. His son, Imam Musa Kazim, was fourteen years in prison and was poisoned during

the time of Al Mamoon, the Caliph. His son, Imam Mohammad Taqi, was murdered. His son, Imam Ali Naqi, was murdered. Imam Hussain Askari was murdered. Of his son, Mehdi, tradition says that he is alive and will appear before Jesus Christ, who is alive in "the fourth sky."

The danger in giving life tenure to persons in high office is that there is no way of getting rid of them except through murder. The modern system of giving a term of five years to the head of State is best not only in the interests of the country but also in the interests of the individual concerned. The public get tired of a man, no matter how good, after a lapse of a certain period. No man is infallible and the longer he lasts in office the more people he displeases. Even God cannot please all people for all time.

Elections in the modern sense appeared in this subcontinent only in the twentieth century under the British. Turkey today is the only Muslim country where a democratic form of government exists in the modern sense, though the Martial Law and the end of Menderes leave one with a shock that will not be forgotten in history. A country gets the Government it deserves. The Quaid-i-Azam is alleged to have remarked that the Pakistani Muslims secured their freedom far too easily. We may have lost a million men and women killed by robbers and thieves, and religious maniacs, but not through a rebellion *i.e.* fighting rulers to wrest our freedom from them. The Muslim and Hindu politicians together fought political battles against the British. They pushed the British out of India by suffering sacrifices and crowding the jails for long terms of imprisonment. But the main burden of this political struggle was borne by the Hindus. This was natural because they were three-fourths of the population. That is why, probably, the Quaid-i-Azam is alleged to have said to a Muslim deputation, who recalled their struggle and sacrifice in securing Pakistan, "Nonsense, I won Pakistan for you with the help of my secretary and his typewriter." Political awakening does not mean gathering together on occasions, losing one's temper, or breaking out into riots and causing bloodshed. The love of freedom

has to be deep-rooted and sustained constantly by the vast majority of people. Then they will have a government of their choice. It took an agitation spread over long years before the Congress Party, under Mr. Gandhi's lead, could create a political awakening and a demand for freedom from foreign autocratic rule for the first time in the history of this subcontinent. Nations may achieve freedom quickly, but they need decades of freedom before they have the quality of remaining free.

Some people of Asia visit Europe and say, "Why cannot we be like this." The Europe of today is built on the conquest and wealth of Asia over three centuries. In the name of social justice there will be continuous demand on the part of the poor in Asia to improve their economic position not merely by taxing the rich and by industrialisation but by confiscating the property of the rich and giving it to the poor. History tells us of a ruler in Tibet who did this three times during his reign but after each time some grew rich again and others became poor. So he knew that by merely depriving a few, the people cannot get rich. Development is the answer, but our hurdles are many and we have only meagre resources. Our minerals lie undeveloped to a large extent. Industrial potentialities are being explored, but results are still small, a large percentage of our people are illiterate, efficiency is low and the population increases rapidly. It is continuously outstripping additional national income and production. There is little sense of public responsibility among our public men and services. Such is also the case with many other Asian countries. It is only a genuinely enlightened and broad-minded outlook on economic and financial problems that can save the sectarian-minded people of Asia. Our salvation has to come from within—through thrift and saving—even though foreign assistance may be given in very considerable amounts. We must remember that the people of Europe won their political freedom from their rulers by sacrifices and suffering through many long years.

It is against this background that we were taught the first steps of the democratic system of Government. Demo-

critic, responsible legislatures made their appearance in India in January, 1921, thus leading to complete independence in August, 1947. After the First World War, at the end of 1918, the Indian Armies had come back from Europe and other theatres of war including the Middle East. They had seen the world and fought European troops with great success in Europe. The fear of the white man had been dispelled. There was a great feeling in their minds that their country should be free like any European country. In India itself both the Hindus and the Muslims had co-operated with the British in their war effort. Mr. Gandhi himself had recruited troops for the Indian Armies to fight the British battles in Europe and elsewhere and both Hindus and Muslims of India expected results in the form of self-government and freedom; but soon after the war was over, the Viceroy's Government in Delhi enforced a law called the Rowlett Act. There was a Security of India law during the War conferring wide powers of arrest on the Government of India; this law lapsed at the end of the War but the British authorities derided to re-enforce it. Mr. Rowlett was the Chairman of the committee which had drafted this law. The whole of the country was up in arms against it because, instead of giving greater freedom to the people of India, this law took away whatever little freedom they had. Consequently meetings were held all over the country and there were riots and a period started of non co-operation with the British Government. A big meeting was held in Amritsar to protest against this law and General Dyer fired recklessly on the unarmed crowd to teach Indians a lesson and killed a very large number. This increased the bitterness between the British Government and the people of India. The Hunter Commission was sent out from England to enquire into this firing and to decide whether the right to use force had been exceeded. If nothing else, these commissions diverted public attention from the agitation of the public to law courts and usually had a sobering effect. But in view of the announcement of Mr. Montague, Secretary of State, in the London Parliament in 1917, regarding political reforms for India, the British Government had themselves to do something. 1917 was a very critical year for Britain and her allies

and the British Government wanted to assure Indians that their war effort would not be in vain. Following up this statement, the Secretary of State himself came out to India towards 1918 and I remember seeing him at a garden party at the Government House, in Lahore. Chelmsford was the Viceroy and Governor-General at that time.* These two brought out a new scheme of reforms under which elections were held at the end of 1920. Meanwhile in 1919 the whole country was on fire and Martial Law had to be declared in the Punjab to suppress the public's demand for freedom. While on the one hand the British Government suppressed the riots, on the other hand they gave a sop to the people by giving them seventy-five per cent elected Legislatures, in which half the ministers were nominated by Governors and the other half were selected by them out of the elected members. We entered the stage of diarchy.

I stood for these elections and was elected to the Lahore Legislative Council from Bhalwal Tehsil of the Shahpur District. I had about 50,000 voters in my constituency and won with a majority of nearly 10,000 votes. Since I was elected to he Provincial Legislature and had already gained experience as an advocate at the District Courts for three years. I decided to shift to Lahore and start my practice at the High Court. The first thing I had to do was to find a house. I persuaded my father to buy me one. I looked at many and eventually I came across two houses which belonged to an English widow—Mrs. Evans—whose husband had been a policeman in the North-West Frontier Province and had been stabbed by a Pathan while giving evidence in a Court. She was a very eccentric lady and the house agent. Ali Mohammad, told me that it was no use looking at these houses because the lady always went back on her bargains. I left him sitting in the tonga on the road and went into her house myself. She agreed to sell the two houses for a hundred and twenty thousand rupees. I gave her a hundred rupee note and took a receipt from her, as

*The villagers called him *Chillam-Phok* which means in our language a man who sits quitely all the time smoking his water pipe till it bursts.

well as a letter confirming the bargain. The next day she wanted to back out of it. But her lawyers told her that the bargain was complete and if I sued her, I would get a decree. So I bought the two houses. No. 17, Lawrence Road, belonged to me, to which I added a wing later on and No. 18 belonged to three other Noons, who were very close relations.

I remember making use of my knowledge of law in my own favour once before when I landed in Bombay in 1917, after finishing my studies in England. I had booked a seat in a second-class compartment, a lower berth, and as I went into the compartment, there was my name and I occupied the seat. A little later a petty railway official came in with an Anglo-Indian and tried to put his name on my seat after removing mine. I told him that this seat had been reserved for me and he could not give it to anybody else. Those were the days when Anglo-Indians carried great weight in the railways. He said that was a mistake and my name should not have been there. I told him that supposing my name were not there and there was no name on the seat, even then according to law of common carriers, I had occupied a vacant seat and he could not turn me out. He went out and consulted two or three friends and did not trouble me any more. Knowledge is power. In the legal profession, other people make mistake and pay the lawyer money to get them out of trouble. An expensive way to learn how to avoid trouble.

The first election held at the end of 1920 was a new experience for our country. First of all the electorate was not on adult franchise but was restricted, yet a very wide electorate was assured. Any person who owned or cultivated land, no matter how small the area, was given the vote;* so were all the soldiers and ex-soldiers and so was everyone else who occupied a tenement, the rental value of which was two rupees per month. Actually it was not even neces-

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*So that tenants and landowners both got an equal vote. Holdings were very small, an average of five acres, therefore there were many voters.

sary for him to be paying two rupees a month. Any person who was literate also got the vote. Consequently it was a very broad-based franchise and many electors were completely illiterate and did not understand the purpose of democracy or legislatures at all. The voters were not able to judge the quality of the candidates. They were influenced by the feelings of tribes, caste, friendship or by the ability of the candidate and his relations to influence officials in various directions in favour of the voter.

My uncle Sardar Khan, who was canvassing for me in my first election, went to a neighbouring farmer who was cutting his turnips, to ask for his vote. The farmer said, "Yes, I will vote for you but first put these turnips in your car and take them to my hamlet and secondly, please give a ride to my little children also." He never asked a question about me, the candidate, nor about the problems at issue. Another man came to my father from a neighbouring village and said that two years earlier he had lost a she-donkey and his suspicion had fallen on a potter who belonged to our village, Nurpur Noon. He demanded that his she-donkey should be returned by the potter or my father compensate him for it, else he would not vote for me. The vote was not to be used for the service of the country or community but for the redress of personal grievances and for securing personal gains. A rival candidate of mine once made a suggestion to a group of friends. "Let there be a wrestling match between Firoz and myself and whoever wins, should be returned to the Legislative Council." He was of course trying to be facetious but the fact that he made such a remark was itself significant. The criterion for election was never the ability to represent the people.

But this was the first time in the lives of these little men that there came into existence some feeling of equality of man. The incidents as related may appear to be small but they were signs of a great change. Up to this time the small man always went to his more well-to-do and influential neighbour, now the so-called great man had to go to the poor man for a favour. It gave the small man a power which

he had never possessed during the past hundreds of years. Everyone had to compete in winning the goodwill of the poor, winning it through humane conduct, sympathy and help. But there were good voters also. There was Rahmat Khan Badrana, who was a most influential gentleman living at Badar on the banks of the River Chenab. He decided to vote for me because he felt I could be of service even though he had never seen me. He had only heard of my family and its reputation. I saw him only once in later years and thanked him. He said, "I believe in doing a good deed and throwing it into the well," which means doing it and forgetting all about it, and that is what he did. Neither he nor any of his family ever asked me a favour during the whole of my forty years of public life.

During the 1920 elections, and it is no better now, the actual process of voting posed a great problem for the administration, because ninety per cent of the voters were illiterate. The arrangement was that the marking of the ballot papers in such cases was to be done by the Presiding Officer. A member of a British delegation of Sir John Simon's once remarked that the result was that one man, the Presiding Officer, elected the member. He could mark the ballot paper any way he liked. In one of the polling booths, the Presiding Officer used to walk up to the door and ask the elector who he wished to vote for. He would then take the ballot paper and mark it while walking to the ballot box, without showing it to the elector. Obviously he was working in the interests of a particular candidate.

There used to be a great struggle amongst candidates to have Presiding Officers of their own choice and the Election Commissioners were pestered with requests on this subject. Sometimes ballot boxes were opened, seats broken while in police custody at District headquarters before counting, and forged ballot papers inserted. Nowadays the counting takes place on the spot at the end of the day, and a certificate is given to each candidate, telling him the number of votes polled in his favour. I had personally a great deal to do with bringing about this change. The

secrecy of the ballot cannot exist in an illiterate country, where electors cannot mark the ballot papers. In any case ninety-nine point nine per cent of the voters come to the polling booth along with the candidate of their choice, so everyone knows which way they are going to vote. It is only about point one per cent of the electorate who are literate who prefer to hide their choice of vote either because they like money and can sell their vote, or because of official pressure, or for fear of bad characters or hoodlums. It is unwise for the sake of the secrecy of one man's vote to jeopardise the whole election by permitting the Presiding Officer to mark a voting paper without showing the marking to representatives of all the candidates. One candidate told me that he caught a woman in a *Burqa* (veil) who admitted having voted against him ninety-six times.*

Many voters, especially in Municipal Elections, did not cast their vote, but took it out of the polling booth to sell. Then several of these purchased ballots were given to a voter who put them all into the box at once. The selling of votes in this manner can be eliminated only by letting the agents watch the actual marking being done by the Presiding Officer, who will then himself put the ballot papers into the box. Democracy has to go continually through a process of trial and error. No faultless form of democratic Government can be established ready-made in newly freed colonies.

Some of my voters in the 1920 elections had to walk or ride on horseback as much as eighteen miles to the polling station. The Government had made a rule that it was a corrupt practice to provide food or conveyance. Such are the laws made by a bureaucracy without consulting public opinion. Every voter was in fact fed and transported. But this was done by friends of candidates who stood in no awe of election petitions. The only effective way of affording

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*I was told that in the September, 1963, elections in Iran everyone brought his ballot paper already marked by a friend. An excellent idea in spite of the many objections one could raise.

equal opportunity to rich and poor candidates, is to take the poll where the voters reside. This however would so multiply the number of booths as to be a very expensive process but it would be worthwhile to do so. There should be a polling booth for every place with a population of one thousand people. There may be shortage of police to keep the pecae at all the booths but elections could be spread over several days.

Inside the Legislatures we have passed through many vicissitudes and had to surmount many difficulties. Work in the 1920 Legislature was easy because there was in it the stabilising influence of the twenty-five per cent nominated members, a group of officials and non-officials, with full right of speech and of vote, both of which were naturally always used in favour of the Ministry in power. The existence of this group gave the Government stability as also the fact that the Governor presided over all Cabinet meetings, and saved it from votes of censure. An American Ambassador once remarked to me, "You chaps have no off-time in which to do constructive work. You are constantly opposing votes of censure." Unfortunately, the elected representatives attach more importance to occupying ministerial chairs than to the service of the country. There is a continuous process of criticism and attack. You will seldom find an Opposition saying a good word about anything that the Government has done. They consider they are there to oppose, whether what they oppose is right or wrong. Unless Oppositions in Asian Legislatures are large-hearted, and place national interests above party and personal interests, the western type Democracy will prove but a feeble plant in Asian soil. Luckily, in India and Pakistan, because of English education and long association with the British administration here and in England, the British type of Democracy is well understood. But in view of the irresponsible conduct of the Opposition it will have to be modified if it ever comes into existence again.*

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*The 1955 Constitution was abrogated by the *coup d'etat* of Seventh October 1958 and has since been replaced by one not based on British lines.

I fought my second elections also successfully in 1925 winning by a good margin. When the third election was drawing near in October, 1931, I came down from Simla by train and before I reached Lahore, I learnt that Nawab Sir Khuda Bakhsh, my mother's uncle, was dead. The weather was still warm. He had eaten a evry heavy meal, ending with melons, and gone to sleep. He woke up at four o'clock and died almost immediately of a heart attack. A wave of depression went through me and I felt very pessimistic regarding the coming elections, since Sir Khuda Baksh had arranged my previous elections. But suddenly a thought arose in me and I said to myself: "You foolish Firoz, it is God who does everything. He employs men as a means to carry out His will. In order to prove to you that has done everything in the past connected with your success. He will probably have you returned unopposed." To my great surprise, a few months later, Choudhari Ghulam Hasan, my inveterate opponent, walked into my house at Lahore all alone and said "I have decided not to oppose you in the coming elections." I was returned unopposed. In 1938 I was talking to an agnostic young lady in London, who said to me. "If my God had been as good to me as yours has been to you, I would have believed in Him too."

The work inside the Provincial Legislative Council (1920—36) was as interesting as it was new. The Congress Party had not co-operated with the elections and everywhere they put up candidates who were of low caste. From Gujranwala City they put up Bansi Lal, a Municipal sweeper and from Lahore they put up Raja Ram, a barber. Both of these succeeded. Bansi Lal's position was difficult because he was of low caste and the high caste Hindus would not mix with him, so my party decided to invite him to their tea in the refreshment interval because a Mussalman does not believe in a caste system and cannot get polluted by eating at the same table with people of other religions. That experience made Bansi Lal very uppish and he started being difficult with his Congress Party bosses. Eventually the Hindus Ministers started inviting him to their tea parties also so that he would not vote against them. Raja Ram, the

barber, was a most civilised man and when he put on his black coat he looked as respectable as any other member. Once a Pathan member went to his shop in Anarkali and after having had himself shaved, gave him a five rupee note. As Raja Ram went to bring the change, the Pathan asked, "Where are you going?" He said, "To bring you the change." The Pathan replied, "When ordinary people come to your shop for shaving, you can charge them what you like but when a Pathan of the Frontier Province comes, you should not charge him less than five rupees." Some of the Pathans are very vain and don't mind paying for it.

Sir Fazli Hussain, a leading lawyer of the Lahore High Court, was the leader of the Muslims in the Legislature. During the Martial Law days—in 1919—he had suffered a lot of pin pricks from the Martial Law authorities. A great industrialist and banker, Lala Harkishan Lal, was in jail. He had been convicted of high treason because during the Martial Law days he had supplied flour to certain people in Lahore who were hungry. When Sir Fazli Hussain was called upon by the Government to become a minister because he had been elected leader of the largest party, the Unionists, he insisted on Harkishan Lal being released and appointed a minister and he succeeded. In this way he formed a good, strong ministry.

The biggest contribution in support of democracy made by any individual in India was made by Sir Fazli Hussain when he founded the Unionist Party, which ruled in the Punjab from 1927 to 1947. Sir Fazli sent me a telegram to my village that an important person, a relation of mine, had told the Governor that I would support one of his diehard friends, a white-bearded Government contractor, as leader of the party. I wired back immediately that that would be a calamity and that in my opinion Sir Fazli was our obvious leader and fit to be appointed the senior-most minister. Thus he became the Premier of the Punjab in January, 1921. All the members had been elected through their influence but Sir Fazli Hussain combined the Muslims, Sikhs and the Hindus in one non-communal party and call-

ed it "the Unionists". Their binding force was a determination to protect the interests of the village folk. On this platform the representatives from the rural areas, irrespective of religion, combined together to form the ministry. It was a very brilliant idea on the part of Sir Fazli Hussain and he was the undoubted leader of the whole Legislature. When he took over as the leader of the section of the ministry which was in charge of transferred subjects, he had his work cut out for him because until now the rural areas had been neglected. There was a great feeling of hatred between the urban and the rural people, which was heightened by our passing of the Money-lenders' Act, which restricted the rate of interest from unlimited amounts to eighteen per cent for unsecured loans and twelve per cent secured loans. By that time the people of the rural areas had not been properly represented in the services, especially from the Muslim community and Sir Fazli reserved places for them. He opened schools and other educational institutions in rural areas and more roads were built there. He introduced a scheme of having a rural dispensary for every ten square miles, which was a great blessing to the countryside. The more the Hindu press attacked him, the greater a hero he became among Muslims. For the first time the bureaucracy had to serve under public representatives; but the Governor, who presided over the Cabinet, assured that co-operation between the public representatives and services was carried out. No minister ever dreamt of asking any officials to show favour of their friends. The presence of the Governor in the Cabinet was a great check on this tendency.

Where the Government collected eight million dollars a year by way of land revenue, the money-lender was gathering a harvest of eighty million dollars, (rupees forty crores) a year from the same people by way of loans recovered. The Contract Act had been passed by the British Government which established a sanctity for all contracts. In this way land was passing gradually into the hands of the money-lenders and the old owners were becoming mere serfs. In the year 1902 the British Government passed the Land Alienation Act, which prohibited transfers of agricul-

tural land by members of the agricultural classes to the non-agricultural, usually the money-lending classes. This Act at first did much to stop further loss of land by the peasants. But soon loopholes and legal quibbles were found to defeat the law. The judiciary by and large also belonged to the money-lending classes.

Sir Fazli Hussain was supported by Sir Sunder Singh Majithia, from among the Sikhs, and Sir Chhotu Ram from among the Hindus. Sir Chhotu Ram had, as a young boy, accompanied his father, a petty cultivator, to a money-lender in Rohtak. It was during the hot weather. The money-lender was rude to his father and treated him with great discourtesy, forcing him to pull the fan which was suspended from the roof, for hours. This menial task was a great indignity. Chhotu, too, had to take turns with his father at this thankless task. Throughout his life he never forgot this incident. His dislike of the money-lender was deep and it increased as he grew older. It was this common interest of protecting the villagers, that made Chhotu Ram a dauntless supporter of his leader, Fazli Hussain.

Sunder Singh Majithia was descended from a very important family, who had been rulers in their own areas. There were sixteen of these 'king-maker' groups among the Sikhs—Ranjit Singh was the only ruling King that the Sikhs had in their short history—and the cause of the disappearance of the kingship was the rivalries between these influential families among whom power was dispersed. Ranjit Singh is alleged to have followed the policy "Keep the peasant poor and he will remain peaceful." As a barrister, it had also been by experience, that most of the murder cases which came to me occurred after the peasants had reaped their wheat crops in May. The feeling of money in their possession, plus the summer heat, would turn their heads and they would riot and in the process commit murder—usually not premediated—and be up for trial three or four months later. Wealth combined with illiteracy, itself the mother of shortsightedness, does tend to mislead some people into believing that if they beat up their enemies, they

can escape punishment by paying heavy lawyers' fees and bribes.

I was, for a few months, Sir Sunder Singh's Parliamentary Secretary. One day he complained to me that the Speaker would not let him read his speech, for the composing of which he had sat up all night. During those days written speeches were not seriously objected to. I was present in the House when the following incident took place. Someone before Sir Sunder Singh's turn had made a speech which altered the nature and direction of the debate. And reading the prepared speech made no sense but was merely embarrassing and a waste of time. This occurrence tought me never to rely on written speeches.

Apropos of Daswanda Singh, many Sikh stories were invented or embellished. One day a Sikh friend with Sir Sikander Hayat in Simla. After dinner, as it was raining hard Sir Sikander asked him to sleep in his house. The gentleman disappeared, went home and then returned with his pyjamas. The same gentleman is alleged to have asked his gardener if he had watered the flowers and when he said "no," he Sikh gentleman wanted to know the reason why. The gardener said that it had been raining all the morning. Whereupon his master scoldingly remarked "why have I given you a mackintosh and an umbrella?"

When the Money-lenders' Bill was introduced in the Assembly, the Hindu press and Hindu leaders were up in arms against it, because almost all the money-lenders were Hindus. The Holy Quran forbids the charging of interest though not the paying of it, so Muslims were out of this lucrative profession.

Mrs. Lakshmati Jain, one of our lady Members of the Legislative Assembly spoke for two and a half hours, opposing the Bill. She spoke to the point and held the attention of the House. Her last point in addressing the Speaker and pointing to the Muslim benches, was "Sir, look at these men. We don't ask them to borrow money. They take our

money and buy these beautiful clothes and perhaps marry several wives and then die owing a lot of debts, while our poor menfolk sit all day on the floor of their shops, lead a frugal life, and save money, which these fellows borrow and waste". A voice shouted, "Tell your men to follow our good example." When she sat down, we all clapped in admiration of her eloquent performance. Jack Hearn, I.C.S., who sat as a nominated Member next to me, remarked, "A wonderful speech, but a bit too long". A voice from behind us said in a loud whisper. "I am sure her husband is glad she is here." After her contribution some of our supporters were heard saying in the lobby. "Let us tell the Hindu money-lenders to enjoy themselves and marry several wives who will help them to spend their ill-gotten wealth." I personally had much admiration for this plucky lady who discharged her responsibilities in a most admirable manner. But there is no-one, not even the best of speakers, who can always escape being ridiculed by his opponent. But in spite of such eloquent speeches, the Money-lenders' Bill was passed, which saved the peasant from unlimited exploitation.

Before I became a minister I decided to make a bid for the Speakership of the Legislature in January, 1926. Sir Fazli Hussain, our leader, must have felt that I was too young to be put on the shelf from which most people go into retirement. Yet he did not wish to ask me to step down. He was a great tactician. He sent most of my supporters in our party to advise me not to seek this honour. I was in a fix. If I said "no", I would lose their support. So I said I would think about it. Suddenly Chaudhry Shahabuddin, the other candidate from our party, turned up and said, "Firoz, I do not mind lowering my moustache before you. You are still young, give me this chance," which I did. I have used these tactics myself later in life when I had to please more than one friend and yet keep the party together.

I was very fortunate to have been a minister in Sir Fazli Hussain's Cabinet. He had been a political worker in the Congress Camp, and was fully trained in statecraft. He had his own wonderful way of training his younger col-

leagues, who included Sir Mohammad Zafarullah Khan, Sir Sikander Hayat Khan and myself. I never forgot the advice Sir Fazli gave me very early, an advice which I have followed throughout my life. He said, "Never write anything on a file, unless you are willing to read it in the press next morning." Nothing is secret even when written on a secret file. You are in office today, and tomorrow your adversaries replace you. Then where are the Government secrets?

Civil Servants rose to be Governors and they had executive instruction from the Secretary of State to accept the advice of ministers who were in charge of transferred subjects. That gave them a great sense of responsibility. Members of the Executive Council were in charge of reserved subjects. By accepting office they became officials and could be overruled by the Governor. We were very lucky in the appointment of Governors. In the Punjab Sir Malcolm Hailey, Sir Geoffrey de Montmorency and Sir Herbert Emerson, were all very great men and had high administrative ability and understanding of the country. Thus the reforms introduced in January, 1921 were, in my opinion, a great success. The twenty-five per cent nominated element consisting of high officials and responsible non-officials was a very stabilishing element, and there were no votes of censure as became a matter of daily occurrence later on after Independence, from 1947—58.

I remember amongst the British official members of the Legislative Council, Mr. Dunnet who was a most fluent speaker in Urdu. I have not known any Englishman or foreigner speak our language as well as he did.

The most pleasant recreation I enjoyed in hose ten years, was hunting. There was a pack of hounds kept up by army officers and Britsh civilians. We had no foxes but we used to chase jackals. We had to get up very early in the morning at four o'clock and our horses had to be sent out earlier, because the hunting started a few miles out of the town. In the winter it used to be so cold that in spite of gloves, my fingers would get frozen and I would tie the reins

around one of my wrists. I was surprised that we found jackals in every sugarcane crop to which we went. I discovered by accident one day that the hunt authorities had engaged jackal catchers who would go and sit there all night with a caught jackal and let him loose before we arrived there. But they did it so cleverly that I did not know it for some time. After the first jackal was killed, we usually hunted a second animal, which would be wild. There was an English lady, the wife of a British Civil Servant, who started two things rather late in life; one riding and the other, piano playing. I do not know the results of her efforts at the piano but her attempts at hunting usually ended in disaster. One day she was last to start and so were I and another man, a British merchant. We had hardly gone a few hundred yards when her pony took a jump over a ditch and down she came. We had to escort her back to the car, after which both of us galloped hard to catch up with the hunt. We suddenly came to a canal which the jackal and the hounds had crossed. I did not realise that there was a bridge two furlongs down the canal over which the field had gone. I thought that I would be brave and go through the canal just as the others must have done. The British merchant was wiser. He stayed still and I whipped my horse in the heat of the moment and made it jump into the canal. It was deeper than either my steed or I had imagined. My hunter took a somersault and so did I. My hat was gone and my glasses also, but luckily the stirrups came off the saddle, and I escaped drowning. After a little while I waded to the bank but the horse refused to come out and I had to go in again and pull him out. The water was freezing cold. It was January. I asked the other colleague not to miss the hunt and he galloped away. I came back to the car, took off my clothes, dried myself with my chauffeur's turban and wrapped myself in his blanket and came home in bare feet in my closed car.

There was another British merchant who loved hunting. He was a short man with very fat legs, always beautifully dressed. Before the start of the hunt he would walk gaily up and down the road hitting his riding boots with his

cane and calling out "Good morning" to everybody. But as soon as the hunt started be would be found missing. His difficulty was that with his short, fat legs he could not get a grip on the horse and the slightest unusual movement brought him down.

One day the Jackal, a powerful animal went into a small patch of jungle after a five-mile run, where he ran round and round; the hounds were puzzled and could not catch him and as soon as the sun came out, the scent disappeared. Sir Donald Boyd, my colleague in the provincial Cabinet and I had followed. He asked me in which direction Lahore was. I showed him the way and we rode straight back. It was nearer home that why than from the place where our cars were waiting. I always wondered why Europeans in India could not tell directions until I experienced the same difficulty when I went to England when I could not tell which way was south or west.

Our hunt used to be on Thursdays and Sundays. I loved this sport in spite of the rare toss or the loss of a cherished hunter.

On other days I used to ride before breakfast, which was very pleasant. There was a tan ride along The Mall as well as along the Canal Bank and many of us used to go out riding. When the Simon Commission was here about 1929, the Hon. Mr. Cadogan, M.P., was staying with me as my guest. I used to take him out riding in the mornings when the sweepers would be sweeping the roads and he was always puzzled as to why clouds of dust were raised in the morning, spreading disease. As I was the Minister in charge of Local Self-Government, I passed on order that the cleaning must be done at mid-night and not just before sun-rise but all the sweepers and their superintendents threatened to go on strike if I kept them awake during such early hours. Happily there were wiser people than myself and I found my suggestion defeated.

There was a judge of the High Court by the name of Mr. Fforde. He was an Irishman. I found him a very charm-

ing person and often met him during my morning rides. One day we found a Pathan leading a string of camels carrying bricks. One of the camels was very lame and walked almost on three legs. We stopped our horses and tried to argue with him that this was cruelty to animals. When every argument appealing to his finer qualities of mind failed, I told him that was the Englishman's law. His reply was, "If the Englishman's law says one thing and I, the camel owner say another thing, then let the Englishman buy my camel." But eventually we succeeded in making him unload the camel, under threat of police action. I am sure the S.P.C.A. today misses such kind of help.

One day Sir Donald Boyd and I were riding together. A lady was coming from he opposite side and I thought she and her husband had dined with me the previous evening, but I was not quite sure. I asked Donald would it not be very awkward if I greeted her and she was not the lady, and if, I did not great her and she was the lady might she not think I was rude? He told me that it was the lady's duty to greet me first. I kept quiet which was lucky as she was not the one who had dined at my house the previous evening.

Dr. Jiwan Lál, who was my medicial adviser, told me that after a ride I should have an oil massage. Many well-to-do people got someone experienced in this art to massage them but the doctor told me that if I did the massage myself my blood would circulate beautifully and I would build up a good body. Consequently I always massage myself after a ride every morning with olive oil starting from the ankles upwards and also from the wrist upwards, before taking my bath. The idea was to push the blood towards the heart and I am thankful for his advice because it has given me good health and body. He also told me that if a man exercises himself well up to the age of thirty-five or thirty-six years, his body will last him for the rest of his life. I often invited my young friends to try to pinch the flesh on my thigh but they could not, it was so hard. I could go down to sitting position on one leg and rise on the same.

My second hobby was shooting. Sometimes on Sundays I used to go out shooting. Mr. Hearn of the Indian Civil Service, Mr. Percy Marsden and sometimes Justice Coldstream, used to come with me or I went with them. We also had some Indian friends who joined us occasionally but they were not so fond of going out regularly of walking for long distances on Sundays. We used to shoot partridges, grey and black ones. I think the black partridge is a beautiful bird and its calls early in the morning are most delightful. The village boys used to say that the black partridge recites the following words of the Holy Quran. *Subhan Teri Qudrat:* which means "how wonderful is Your (God's) Nature and Creation." Its call does sound like these words. There was a small lake near our village. We used to engage a watchman during the duck shooting season to keep poachers away. One day an Indian merchant brought a German to shoot there. As the merchant wanted an agency out of the German, he brought him for good shooting to our lake. The watchman tried to persuade this man not to shoot but he would not come out of the water. He had left his beautiful leather cartridge-box on the bank of the lake, so the watchman picked it up and galloped away with it to my uncle's village. As it also contained the German's food and drink, he turned up in my uncle's village about eleven of twelve o'clock, hungry and tired and begged for the box. He was offered some food but he refused and wanted to go to the shops of the village for it. He was told that there were no shops in the village for this purpose and he had to eat my uncle's food and promise not to come back unless invited by us.

Percy Marsden once went out with me for a shoot on this lake and we got three hundred and fifty duck for ten guns which was a record for us, though that was nothing as compared to four thousand duck a day in shoots arranged in Kashmir or Bahawalpur or Bharatpur States. We thought that three hundred and fifty duck was a very good bag for a small lake like ours. One had to start shooting very early in the morning because the moment the sun is up the duck fly away to other places. Some people let a small hawk,

which we call *Bahri,* fly over the small lakes and that keeps the duck down, flying round and round. I think this is not fair so that is why we never did it.

In those days there were no game preservation laws and I piloted a bill fixing the times of the year when birds could be shot. This helped a lot, but later when Pakistan came into existence in 1947, in the moment of victory the Government gave licences for shot-guns freely and since then the public has nearly finished off all the game birds. But now stricter laws are back again and the game wardens are on duty.

In later years when I was in Delhi, one day I went shooting with Sir Patrick Spens (now Lord Spens), the Chief Justice of India and Lady Spens. The local officials took us to a place where they thought there was good shooting. Afterwards I learned that his was a game preserve and nobody was supposed to shoot there. I was extremely sorry for what we had done in ignorance but I never dared to tell Sir Patrick who would never have forgiven me. Many years later after Independence Mr. Abdur Rab Nishtar, while Governor of the Punjab, was taken by the Game Warden to a game preserve. He scolded the officials for having done this. How foolish people are who think they are doing a good turn to their superiors by making them do illegal things. Sir William Birdwood is reputed to have thrown down hs gun and gone home when he picked up a partrige with a string round its leg in a State shoot in Bahawalpur.

I had a very successful time at the High Court. Being a member of Parliament and making speeches helps one in the legal profession; not only does it gives one training in addressing audiences but it also gives one publicity in the papers. I practised at the High Court from January, 1921 to January, 1927, before I was appointed a minister. I these years I built up a very lucrative practice and I was in a position to demand what fees I liked. My fees were about Rs. 1,000 per day for every case, which is about Rs. 5,000 today. The majority of cases were not earth shaking but

concerned the day to day life of the people enmity in the villages, cattle thefts, murder and abductions. The local police could make or mar the life of the best of people in villages. They are experts in involving innocent people, either to make money or to please a superior. Naturally there are honest policemen about, too. So no offence meant to the whole service!

I remember Mr. Justice Harrison of the Indian Civil Service who, at one time, as a young officer had been posted with my father in the same district and he took a paternal interest in me. One day I had a case before Mr. Justice Harrison from Montgomery District. A camel had been stolen. The thief had been found and had agreed to return the camel, but he was afraid of being prosecuted if he returned it in person. One of his trustworthy friends was found by the police and asked to return the camel. When he was on his way with the camel, to the police station, the police caught him and prosecuted him for being in possession of stolen property. The poor man was convicted and his appeal rejected. I put in a revision petition and argued before Mr. Justice Harrison that the petitioner's possession was on behalf of the police. He was only an agent. Mr. Harrison smiled, admitted the revision petition and later released the man.

One day a respectable country gentleman from Dera Ghazi Khan District, who had walked the three hundred and fifty miles on foot to evade detection and travelled from village to village, told me that the local police were hand in glove with his enemies and they were out to disgrace him by arresting him and putting him in he lock-up, even for one day. He did not want to evade justice but he did not want to be disgraced. Would it be possible for me to get him out on bail before arrest? I put in a petition with Mr. Justice Moti Sagar and it took me five minutes to secure him bail before arrest for which there was provision in the Indian Penal Code. This law has to be resorted to, even today, especially during the time of elections.

There was Mr. Justice Broadway. His father was a retired policeman living in Sargodha where I had lived for three years, and had asked me to see his son in Lahore. Mr. Broadway senior was about ninety years' old, with a long beard and knew all the farmers of the Shahpur District. When I called on Mr. Justice Boardway, he was sitting in his office in his house on a Sunday morning. The first thing he asked me was "What is the *matlab*?" which means "what is the object of your visit"—in other words "what do you want from me?" I said I wanted nothing. After a few minutes he again repeated the question and I gave the same answer and when he asked me the same thing a third time, I told him that I had only come to see him because his father, whom I knew, had suggested that I should pay my respects to him. He was very pleasantly surprised and took me to his drawing room where we sat for about twenty minutes. It was a pleasant experience for him too, because no Indian ever went to see any British official unless he wanted something out of him. My countrymen were not clever enough to be friendly first and then come out with their request at the next visit. However, it is much better not to have any request at all. The European officials usually kept their distance from Indians for they felt that Indians never came to see them unless they had a request to make.

Sir Shadi Lal was then the Chief Justice. He had risen from the bar since he was a very successful lawyer. Mr. Wilson Johnson of he Civil Service, Deputy Commissioner of Jhelum, told me one day that Sir Shadi Lal and he had appeared in the I. C. S. examination in the same year; he had passed and Shadi Lal had failed. Shadi Lal was the Chief Justice of the High Court and Johnson was only a Deputy Commissioner.

Mr. Abdul Raoof had been a Judge of the Lahore High Court in the nineteen twenties. He was rather elderly, and had been transferred to Lahore from Allahabad. The Muslim lawyers of he Lahore High Court had a grievance against the Hindu Chief Justice for ignoring them, especially Sir Mohammad Iqbal. The Judges used to honour me, at a time

when I was only a young lawyer, though Member of the Provincial Parliament, by accepting my invitations to dinner. Mr. Abdul Raoof also, on one occasion, accepted my invitation to dinner. About half an hour before the guests were due to arrive, he rang up and asked me if I would excuse him, as he felt very tired. He was old physically and not very strong. I told him that his pleasure was my pleasure and I hoped that he would recover soon. But I was sorely disappointed at heart because it was a rare occasion for a High Court Judge to honour a young lawyer in this way. It was a lesson I never forgot throughout my career. Having accepted an invitation, I always kept my appointment, especially with friends who happened to be in a lower station in life. In my country, people far too easily break appointments and cause avoidable unhappiness, and heart-burning. Some people feel that, because a host is a good friend, he will not mind their absence. This is wrong. My father once told me that my best attention should be devoted to my best friends, so that the bonds of friendship become stronger than ever.

Sir Abdul Qadir and I had a very interesing case. He was the senior lawyer and I was his junior. A very rich and important Chief had been thrown out of his province by a British officer because of his queer conduct. He came and engaged us to make peace between him and the British officer and promised that he would do anything that he was told. He asked Sir Abdul and myself in confidence that when the young boy was willing because he paid him well to make him happy—how did it hurt the Englishman? Why was he angry with him? Sir Abdul Qadir in his own tactful way and with his usual charming smile, convinced the gentleman of the sin of his perversion. Sir Abdul Qadir had a most wonderful memory and his masterly handing of facts of his cases was superb.

Sir Shadi Lal, the Chief Justice, was a Hindu. Once a man went to see Mr. Montague, the Secretary of State for India and complained of the lack of Muslims in high places. The Secretary of State told him that he had just appointed

a Muslim, Shadi Lal, as the Chief Justice of Lahore High Court. What more did the Muslims expect! Ignorance in the India Office in London about Indian affairs was colossal because most of the men who served in the India Office had never served in India.

Some small incidents that I remember still make me laugh. The Prince of Wales, (later King Edward VIII), came out to India in 1921. I was on the Reception Committee which made arrangements for his stay at Lahore. All the leading gentry of the Punjab were lined up in Minto Park to be introduced to him. At the head of this line stood an old gentleman with a long red beard and white flowing robes. The Prince shook hands with him. The dignitary started reciting. "Main Dabal Nite Hun" which means, "I have been knighted twice". The Prince asked Sir Montague Butler (father of R.A. Butler, now Lord Butler) who was doing the introductions. What the gentleman was saying, and in his tactful manner so as not to make the old gentleman look foolish, he replied "Sir, he hopes that you like his country".

In 1929 the Simon Commission, consisting of Sir John Simon, the Hon. Mr. Cadogan, Member of Parliament and Lord Burnham, came out to India. They came out to make suggestions for further political reforms for this country but, I am afraid, they went back unsuccessful because the Hindu Congress did not co-operate with the Simon Commission and quite a number of Muslims behaved in the same manner. In many a place in India Sir John Simon was greeted with the slogan: "Simon, go back", by the Congress Party. However in Lahore the Commission got a good reception, thanks to Sir Fazli Hussain and there was a large crowd outside the railway station, some friendly but others unfriendly. There was one Muslim gentleman who sat in Sir John Simon's car to accompany him to his residence. As the carriage came out someone from the crowd is alleged to have started shouting at this Indian, "O dalley, O dalley", (Oh, you pimp, Oh you pimp) and this gentleman in his tactful way, is alleged to have bowed his head as if he were

acknowledging the greetings and shouts of welcome. Sir John Simon asked him "What does it mean?" and he was told that the public were saying that they were delighted to see him. Sir John Simon remembered this word and he is reputed to have asked Sir Fazli Hussain, later on what "Dalley" meant and he was told the true meaning. In the evening when Sir John Simon met the gentleman who had accompanied him in the morning at my house at dinner he shook hands with him and said "Oh Dalley". Our friend merely smiled feeling that Sir John Simon was only offering him polite greetings.

When Mr. Cadogan was leaving, I presented him with a very insignificant pair of cuff links made out of some stones which my father had brought for me from Kashmir. When I went to London later as High Commissioner for India, he very kindly asked me to dinner and I noticed that he wore the cuff links. I was very pleased that he had appreciated my little present. I wish more people would take care of the presents which their friends give them and let them feel that those presents are appreciated and keep them and not give them away.

At the High Court I made friends with two lawyers, Mr. Salim and Kunwar Dalip Singh. Salim was a tennis champion player. He is still going strong and on the top of the law ladder, having refused judgeship many a time. Sir Dalip Singh retired as a Judge of the High Court. He was a great gentleman and his father was very rich but gave him no money. Dalip, once in an intimate moment, said that if his father Sir Harnam Singh had given him a little money then, it would have been greatly appreciated, but if he died and left him a fortune when Dalip was old, it would not be of much use to him. As it was, his father died after Dalip Singh had retired from the High Court and left him ten lacs of rupees which was owed to him by some impecunious Nawab or Raja of the United Provinces and I am sure Dalip did not see a penny of it, but God had given him brains and he rose in his career. He married late. One day we were walking along the Mall in Simla, and I asked him "Dalip,

why don't you get married?" "Where is the girl?" he asked. At that moment Mrs. Gupta, the wife of the Secretary of the Central Legislative Assembly and a universal Auntie and her beautiful daughter, Rewa, were walking in front of us. I said, "Look, here is one in front of you. Seek and thou shalt find." I was very pleased that within three months their engagement was announced. Salim and Dalip were both men of high principles and never allowed touts anywhere near them. One day one of my clients was snatched away from the railway station by a tout who must have been paid thirty-three per cent of the fees which his lawyer received. This was the usual rate. I was talking bitterly one day to Dalip against such lawyers who employed touts. He said, "Suppose you were a poor lawyer with a wife and some children who had no food for the evening, would you accept a case brought to you by a tout or not?" I confess a little private income helps to keep one on the road of high principles.

In pursuance of the Simon Commission Report, a Round Table Conference was held in London to which Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Jinnah also were invited. Mr. Gandhi came back after a while but Mr. Jinnah stayed on. The net result of the Round Table Conference was the scheme of reforms which was sanctioned by the London Parliament in 1935 and in 1937 fully responsible governments with fully elected legislatures and all ministers elected members, came into existence in this subcontinent for the first time in our history.

When the third election in November, 1936, was over and the new Ministry was being formed, one elderly gentleman led a deputation to Sir Geoffrey de Montmorency; three other members of my party went with him and said that they wanted as their minister anyone except Firoz Khan Noon. When Sir Geoffrey asked them the reason, they said that Firoz had interfered in the elections and helped his friends to get in. Sir Geoffrey told them that was a strange argument because a Hindu deputation had waited on him and told him that they wanted a new minister like Firoz



1937. *The Punjab Cabinet.* Left to Right. *The Author, Sir Sikander Hayat, Sir Geoffrey de Montmorancy (the Governor), Sir Henry Craig, Sirdar Joginder Singh, Mr. Gokhal Chand Narang.*

Khan Noon who was influential and who had run about and helped people to win seats. He told them further that Firoz was being supported by twenty-six members of his party out of thirty-six. But if members of the party wanted anyone else of these four, they should say so. I was told that later the Leader of the deputation agreed to me and told Sir Geoffrey that he could appoint me. The reason was that he was able to secure only one signature out of the three men that went with him. The other two who had been told separately that they would be supported to replace me, fell away from the leader as soon as they discovered the truth.

Before the order of appointment came to me I had dreamt that I was following hounds on my sorrel hunter who was a very powerful and beautiful animal. My horse got mixed up with the hounds, a great mistake in hunting, and fell into a quagmire ten feet by ten feet. But I urged him with my voice and he struggled out of the quagmire. In the morning I told my dream to some of my friends and in the afternoon came the announcement that I had been reappointed minister in the Punjab Cabinet for a second term of five years. Earlier Sheikh Ali Mohammad, retired Sessions Judge from Amritsar, a holy man, had told my father that he had been to Data Sahib's Darbar and was authorised to say that I would be re-appointed but I must mend my ways in certain directions; which directions I was not told. Perhaps means that I was not regular in my prayers.

Man definitely has a latent quality which is very little developed. It is this vision of the mind, whether we call it telepathy or premonition. The knowledge of the spirit is lagging behind the development of man's other faculties. The rivalry and race in the directions which lead towards material achievement is great because it pays dividends immediately, either in the shape of defending our freedom or providing comforts to humanity which lead to our happiness and prolongation of our life. If the great Powers of today had spent funds on research work in affairs spiritual,

could not the spiritual faculties in man, if properly developed, help to preserve our freedom?

Sir Malcolm Hailey (now Lord Hailey) was a wise and most successful administrator. He was Governor of the Punjab and had his own kind way of helping me in the art of administration. He had selected me to be a minister to represent rural interestts in his Council of Minister on January 1, 1927. I was, I believe, the youngest minister in India.* That winter Lord and Lady X arrived to stay with the Governor. They had travelled the whole day and were tired. After dinner I was captured by an A. D. C. to talk to Lady X. She was so sleepy that she failed to respond to my attempts at opening a conversation. I decided to give her a shock by going completely silent. That suddenly woke her up and she asked me. "And what are you?" "I am a minister," I said. She sat up in her seat, must interested, and asked, "Which Church?" and when I told her that I was a member of the Provincial Council of Ministers, she remarked, But surely you are too young for that?" I begged her not to talk too loudly lest Sir Malcolm Hailey should hear. She kept awake for the rest of the evening.

One day, Sir Malcolm Hailey said to me that he had made only one mistake in his whole career, and that was when he was young. Feeling not quite clear in his mind about a certain matter he consulted a senior friend and acted on his advice even though this was against his own inclination. It turned out that the advice given by his friend led to a wrong action and Sir Malcolm never forgave himself for it.

I have made it a principle throughout my political career that I would listen to everyone but do only what I thought was right; therefore, I have sometimes been called strong-headed—a polite word for obstinate. God has given me the power of quick decision, a power developed by horse riding, in which sport unless you make quick deci-

*May be that my friend Dr. Subharavan—a Wadhamite like myself and Minister in Madras, was about the same age.

sions, you come to grief. I have always kept my desk clear since I cannot sleep unless I have finished what I have to do. While I was Prime Minister at Karachi one secretary gave me the impression that he felt I wanted to have the work finished quickly and was unreasonably pushing him and I told him that I would relate to him an incident and I hoped he would not be unhappy. I was only a boy of seven and my mother bought me some bright-coloured cloth for a shirt. We had a tailor in our service, Karam Ilahi, whose salary was fifteen rupees per month and a bushel of wheat. I went and made him stop his other work and sat with him for hours until he had finished making me my red shirt. This was my nature and I expressed the hope that my secretary would not be angry with me. If it is a weakness in me to expect Government work to be done quickly, then I cannot help it. "After all", I told my secretary, "we are not given much time by Providence to achieve things in this world and the ministers in Asian countries change quicker than the fashion of the clothes we wear." He smiled and always did his work ungrudgingly thereafter.

The story of a man running in Oxford Street London and a friend asking him why he was running and being answered, "This is my wife's new dress and I am afraid the fashion may change before I reach home", illustrates the condition of the ministerial length of office. My friends sometimes blame me for hasty decision. I may make mistakes, perhaps in five per cent cases, but I do not approve of the conduct of those Government servants who cannot make up their minds out of fear of making a mistake. Many read a file and put it away and read another one until their desk is piled up with undecided cases. A wrong decision is better than no decision at all. If a man exercises his own judgment and makes a mistake and suffers for it, he has only himself to blame and as he has learnt a lesson, he will not go on regretting it. But to act on the advice of someone against your own judgment is an unpardonable sin. Secretaries to Government, who are officials, do not like ministers who have minds of their own. They prefer pliable characters. But the responsibility for decision is that of the ministers,

who must accept it and suffer if he goes wrong. I have been told of ministers who asked Secretaries to write their notes in such a way that a decision, desired by the minister, could logically follow. This they did out of fear of a law that ministers could be dismissed for indulging in favouritism. Such laws destroy initiative and self-confidence. Ministers such as these cannot possibly deserve the respect of their subordinates. They must have the ability and the courage to disagree, if necessary, with the Secretary and to pass orders accordingly. Similarly, I have known Secretaries, who did not agree with orders recorded by their ministers, refrain from issuing the Government's orders in the hope that either the portfolios will change or the minister will go, or the case will be forgotten.

When I was first appointed a minister, I was given the department of Local Self-Government, in which Mr. Beazley of the I.C.S. was the official Secretary. In a certain matter, he was strongly of one view, I of another. Sir Malcolm Hailey accepted my advice yet when issuing orders, Beazley's draft set out my views with most admirable lucidity. This incident enhanced the respect I always had for the discipline which was the cardinal principle of service among all British public servants and left an indelible mark on my mind.

One day, I was sitting in the Karachi Aerodrome waiting-room, waiting or some dignitary. A Japanese diplomat was leaving at about the same time. He stood in the corner of the room and as the staff of the embassy arrived, they would stand at attention in front of him and bow many times. The diplomat would do the same. I said to a friend standing next to me, "You see the sense of discipline. That is what has made this nation great. They have traditions and there is no feeling of inferiority in the mind of any of the bowing staff. They pay respect to each other and take pride in it." Unfortunately the inferiority complex among some people prevents them from paying full respect to each other, to the man in authority as well as from the man in authority to the man who serves him. Those who give res-



1927—*The Author with Lord Hailey of Shahpur (Then Sir Malcolm Hailey Governor of the Punjab) and Lady Hailey, after the author's first appointment to the Council of Ministers.*

pect get it. This is a lesson which our people have still to learn.

One day Dewan Chaman Lal, a member of the Indian Central Assembly, was making a speech and Sir Malcolm Hailey was the Home member, listening to the debate from the Treasury benches. Sir Malcolm shook his head once to drive away a fly which sat on his bald head. Dewan Chaman Lal thought Sir Malcolm was shaking his head at him and vehemently objected to his conduct. Sir Malcolm in his quiet and gentle manner addressed the Speaker of the House and said, "Sir, I was only frightening away a fly."

Volumes could be written about Lord Hailey's achievements and qualities. I was very fortunate to have him as the first Governor to work with and I learnt a lot from him as well as from Sir Fazli Hussain. Both of these I consulted frequently. All my life I have never been afraid of asking a question regarding a matter I did not know. No-one comes out of his mother's womb fully educated, and shy people never learn.

I was afraid that I being young and new, the Governor would have his own way in my sphere of administration. But never did he even once turn down my advice in cases connected with my department. This does not mean that I claim infallibility for myself, but it does mean that he was a constitutional* Governor and honoured the executive instructions of the Secretary of State that in the subjects transferred to the elected ministers their advice was to be accepted by all Governors. The ministers were allowed to live and learn. He encouraged and nourished the newly elected Legislature, whose success was to be his success and also the success of his Parliament in London, which had embarked on this experiment in Democracy in an Asian country which had never known elected Parliaments during the whole of its history, going back thousands of years.

*The Governor upheld the prestige and respect for a minister amongst the services of the Province and never made any remarks about them. Whoever heads the Government must not say anything against his colleagues while they serve with him.

Sir Malcolm Hailey once told me that whenever a visitor came to see him, he would let him have his say fully and the visitor would go away contented. His way of talking was very tactful. He never said, "Do this or that". I found by experience that if a Government servant lets his visitors unburden themselves, thereafter he need not do a thing for them—unless he wants to—and they would be contented and happy.* I found an excellent example of this in Simla when my cousin, Sahib Khan Noon of the Provincial Service, came for an interview with the Governor, Sir Geoffrey de Montmorency. He had many grievances to mention. When he returned from the interview he told me, "Now I do not mind whether he does anything for me or not. He gave me a long and patient hearing and I told him everything. I am happy."

In 1929 I was going by car from Firozpore to Ludhiana. On the way, there were a large number of bullock carts going on the wrong side of the road. Being very annoyed at the loss of time and the danger we faced, I told the chauffeur to stop the next time he met a man driving his cart on the wrong side of the road. We did not have to wait long to find a culprit. We were crawling along behind a Sikh bullock cart driver and hooting until he jumped off his cart, came to us, and offered the usual salutations. I was very angry with him, but he said that the bullock in the right hand yoke was young, and shied at motor cars. Not long ago he had done so and had pushed the other bullock into the ditch and smashed the cart to atoms. I recalled to myself the Persian saying *"Diwanah Ba Kare Khud Hoshiar Ast"*—"A man who may appear a fool to you, may be really clever when it comes to things concerning himself." Some reformers, and many of them are in any case before their times, try to blindly achieve their objectives however difficult the circumstances. The result it that often they merely strike their heads against a wall of ignorance. For their own peace of mind and happiness, they ought first

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*Some visitors are very annoying and waste a lot of time. But a Civil Servant is paid for seeing them and must keep the people satisfied.

to judge whether the people are really ready for the reforms they advocate.

I remember one day I was sitting in my village talking to some Pathan labourers. A Pathan, newly arrived from his home in Afghanistan joined us, and started to exchange news. The fresh arrival was telling us about the changes introduced by Amanullah, the King of Kabul. He said, "Amanullah D-Er *Nakhra Kareda*" which literally means "Amanullah is playing great jokes on us." By this he meant the opening of schools, hospitals and roads. Amanullah was of the view that by making the Pathan cut his long hair and beard, discard his own dress and put on second-hand striped trousers and top hats, he would make his nation modern. The trouble was that Amanullah was before his time and far ahead of his people. As a result he was defeated and had to flee the country. We should not attempt to change our villages into 'Rome' overnight. It takes hard work and years of peace to change a people. What you cannot cure you must endure with what patience you can muster, and continue the effort for the desired change. Mian Taj Mohammad Mela, a leading farmer of my district, once told me apropos of Amanullah's flight from Kabul, that one day, one of his villagers had to go to Lahore in connection with an appeal in the High Court. The clerk of the lawyer showed the villager the roof which was used as the toilet in the morning. Villagers are accustomed to walking out a long distance from their houses for the same purpose. On his return home he decided to repeat this performance in his village, to save time. It was summer-time and his neighbour's womenfolk were on the roof of the next mud house and they showered abuses on him. Their menfolk came with bamboo sticks and beat him hard. As he lay bandaged in his house, a friend asked him, "What on earth made you do a thing like that?" He answered, "I wanted to turn this village into a Lahore but the people here do not understand!"

Dewan Chaman Lal is a lifelong friend of mine and comes from Bhera, ten miles from my village. One day he

asked me to dine with him at the Cecil Hotel, Simla. He was a member of the Central Assembly and I was a minister in the Punjab. I turned up at the hotel at the proper hour. Sir Abdul Hamid, then Chief Minister of Kapurthala, saw me walking up and down the hall and asked me for whom I was waiting. When I told him, he said that he had seen Dewan Chaman Lal go out to dinner half an hour earlier. So I dined with Hamid.

The same thing happened to me also. Sir Rahim Bakhsh started life as a tutor in the Aitchison College, Lahore. The Nawab of Bahawalpur, who was a student there, took Rahim Bakhsh to his state with him when he left, and Rahim Bakhsh became the Chief Minister. When the political reforms came, he was made a member of the Punjab Legislature, *circa* 1929. As my father had been one of Rahim Bakhsh's students, he used to take a specially kind and friendly interest in me, his young colleague in he Legislative Council. He very kindly asked me to dinner. I completely forgot the appointment, and kept my host waiting. When we met in the Assembly, he reminded me of my missed dinner. I was appalled when I realised my mistake. But I told him the truth. I said, "I forgot to look at my pocket diary." He said, "What is the use of a diary if you do not look at it?" Since then I have made it an invariable rule to consult my diary several times a day, and to the best of my knowledge I have not, in thirty years in public life, repeated this unfortunate lapse.

As Education Minister I one presided at a meeting in 1933. At the end of it I said to Mr. Sanderson, who was Director of Punjab Institutions, "Please remind me of this next week." Sanderson turned round to his clerk and said, "Please remind me of this." My friend Charles Ogilvie of the Indian Civil Service, who was also attending this meeting, remarked, "What a pity the clerk has none to remind him." Thereafter I never asked anyone to remind me of anything. I depend on my own diary, and notebook for this purpose.

Among the Arabs, the word Syed connotes a person of respectability and perhaps no more than a "Mr," But among the Muslims of the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent, this word has come to mean a direct descendant of the Holy Prophet, and thus worthy of respect. We have Syeds who truly are descendants of the Prophet. But there are people (in thousands) who have assumed this title without any right to it, just as many edcuated *mirasees* have started calling themselves Qureshis.

When in 1920, Mr. Gandhi started the Hijrat Movement, which means migration because of persecution in a country and tried to persuade the Muslims of he North-Western Province to leave India—a place ruled by the "Satanic" Government, the British—and to move into the home of Islamic Afghanistan, a young man tried to make a short cut to Kabul.* When night came, he reached a lonely Afghan village where he was asked who he was. In order to obtain good food and lodging, he claimed he was a Syed. The villagers consulted together and decided to kill, and bury him there and build an impressive mausoleum over him. They reckoned that people would come with offerings for the holy saint buried there and the village would become rich.

But the North-Western areas of this subcontinent are full of Syed whose ancestors were holy men. Every year people flock in large numbers to their graves, and give offerings to the descendants, who sit there and live comfortably on this regular income Sir Montague Butler coined a suitable name for them when he called them "Gentlemen Mendicants."

During the first General Elections in 1920, and the two subsequent Elections, these custodians of the tombs of dead saints exercised very great influence over the electorate.

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*The conditions in the N.W. Province were then as normal as anywhere in India. Gandhi never asked any of his own people to migrate and not one Hindu migrated. But the Pathan was fanatical, illiterate and easily excitable. Mr. Gandhi rightly felt that he could find enthusiasts in this area. His party were spending large sums of money on their Pathan agents.

The village people stood in considerable awe of them lest they utter a curse on those who did not obey. But now their influence has decreased a great deal. Laws have been passed to make it a criminal offence for a Syed, or Pir, to try and influence voters. But, in the past, quite a number of Syeds, who were also large landowners, found their way into the Legislature. Pir Syed Mohammad Hussain of Shergarh was one of them who was elected to the first Punjab Legislature in 1920. He was six feet tall and preferred Indian clothes to European. Unfortunately, he wore them carelessly, and his achkan—(long coat)—buttons were usually open, his fat stomach protruding. He had a very loud voice, was fluent in Urdu as well as in English and a fearless orator. He was open-hearted and jolly. Alas, he is now dead. One day Mr. Fagan, who was the Financial Commissioner, shook hands with him. He noticed that Mr. Fagan had offered only the thumb and two fingers, and Mohammad Hussain felt insulted. His day for revenge came when Fagan gave a garden party at his house to his colleagues of the Legislature. Mohammad Hussain had warned us that this was the day when he would pay back Fagan in his own coin. We were all watching. As Mohammad Hussain approached his host with a broad smile, his white teeth shining through his jet black beard, and his right hand shaking from the wrist in the fashion of Moghul salutation, Mr. Fagan again tended a thumb and two fingers, since the other two fingers were by nature a little stiff and bent—Mohammad Hussain retorted by offering one finger only by way of a handshake. He felt very happy, and, in those days, when the power and influence of such senior civil servants was all pervading, it was an action that required some little courage.

Many misunderstandings take place by reason of people's not knowing each other's customs. Such knowledge is specially necessary for Europeans who travel abroad, no more as rulers of conquered races but as businessmen. They must also realise that Asians sometimes feel slighted when no slight is meant. People in these parts consider that a full handshake is a sign of sincerity and open-heartedness. In many parts, especially in the Frontier areas, people put for-

ward both hands, which not only means sincerity but also respect. On the other hand, I remember my friend the late Sir Henry Spurrier, Managing Director of Leyland, who told me that whenever a man tried to shake hands with him using both his hands, he always felt an instinctive distrust.

The habit of looking a man straight in the eyes is supposed to be a sign of manliness and of a clean mind. Great significance is attached to this in England, as well as in this country, especially among the Pathans. Like many such ideas, it is not always correct. In my life I have met men who were virtually criminals but who had developed this habit of looking you straight in the eyes. But I have usually found that men who have shifty eyes are not trustworthy.

The Dutch appreciated better than the British how much harm could be done by sending to their colonies administrators ignorant or contemptuous of the customs and values of those over whom they were to rule. They set up a training institution in Holland where they taught the Holy Quran and Muslim customs and law to people who were going to Indonesia. Marmaduke Pickthall's translation of the Holy Koran costs only 2/8 per copy, about 50 cents. Every Westerner who goes to a Muslim country to work for some time should read it. The Americans, who are the least acquainted with Eastern customs and who cannot now recede from the leading world position they occupy, should pay special attention to the customs and habits of people they have to work with. The people of Asia are simple-minded and not difficult to please, provided the visitors' conduct is human and they treat Asians with sympathy and respect and do not use backwardness and poverty which has been inflicted on us by European powers during the last two hundred years, as an excuse for contempt. I would say to any foreign guest, "When you see a person wearing dirty clothes, don't be angry with him; he may have a wife and many children and a daily wage of only fifty cents. For him, it may be a problem whether to buy food for his children or soap." As so often happens, there is a Persian saying that springs to mind,

"*Kuja Danad Haley Ma Subarsarani Sahil Ha*". "What do the people standing in safety along the banks of the river know of my condition in the midstream, where I float aimlessly."

But many a misunderstanding is also created by our oriental way of politeness. A British high official is reputed to have gone to Muzaffargarh on tour. A party was given to him by the citizens. On this occasion his wife was with him. She had just returned from England after three years. At this party a Makhdoom Sahib (A kind of Pir) carried his one year old son in his arms. The story goes that when he met the officer, he was asked, "Who is this boy?" The Makhdoom Sahib said, "*Hazur Ka Sahibzada Hai.*" Which means, "Sir, he is your son". The officer is alleged to have turned immediately to his wife and remarked, "Surely he is not mine?" Now the custom in our country of calling something "yours" is not easily understood by foreigners. When any friend asks whose house is this or whose horse is this or whose car is this, in polite parlance you say, "It is yours" which means: though it is mine, I hope you will honour me as treating it as if it were yours. The only thing about which you cannot say, "It is yours" is your own wife. For a wife you say, "She is your sister."

One day the Nizam of Hyderabad is supposed to have gone to a shop in his capital to buy a wrist watch. When he asked the price of it, the shopkeeper said, "Sir, it is yours." In this case he meant that the Prince could have it as a gift. The Prince asked the price so as to know under what heavy obligation he was placing himself. The shopkeeper exaggerated the price and said, "Rupees five hundred." The Nizam, who was famous throughout this subcontinent for his parsimony, is alleged to have remarked, "Give me the five hundred rupees and you can keep the watch."

Sir Mohammad Shafi was a gentleman who was a most successful lawyer who had never gone to a University but had reached the top rung of the ladder at the Lahore High Court, and proved of great value to the administration. One

day the leaders of Lahore public opinion waited on him and persuaded him to preside at a public meeting outside Mochi Gate. He agreed. The speeches were very anti-British and must have made him feel very awkward. If you agree to take the chair at a public meeting, you must do so with the full realisation that you will have no control over what the speakers will say. The Governor at Lahore is alleged to have sent for Sir Mohammad Shafi and expressed his great disappointment that a friend such as he should conduct a meeting against the Government. He replied, "If I had not presided, then so and so, who is your inveterate enemy, would have presided, which would have been worse for you." But the Governor replied, "I would much rather be criticised vehemently by my enemies than mildly by my friends."

This incident taught me many lessons which I tried to remember all my life: Firstly, even if one sheep tries to sit on the fence, many will actually jump over, which is often done by men in our political parties. Secondly, a politician with integrity should not have his feet in more than one camp. It must also be remembered that if one leaves one's own party, one's new friends will always try to keep one in the background after the propaganda value has evaporated. But Sir Mohammad Shafi was a straight-forward and upright gentleman and the above incident was an unexpected accident. But he just did not have the courage to say "no". A Punjabi saying goes, "*Ek Nan Te Sau Sukh*"—"In one "no" there are a hundred comforts." Thirdly, Sir Mohammad Shafi is alleged not to have possessed a University Degree and yet went to the top of the ladder. A degree is only a certificate of the fact that you are fit to continue your studies. Many famous men, e.g. Lloyd George, Prime Minister of England during the First World War, was not a graduate of any Uuniersity. Hard work and study have to go on one's whole life if one wishes to reach one's goal. Sir Winston Churchill is well known for his oratory but people close to him told me that he usually wrote his speeches out or made copious notes before delivering them. Sir Sikander Hayat, (who we have been told was not even a matriculate) rose to the top through sheer hard work. He

also always prepared his speeches carefully. His was a notable career. It is alleged that while he was in England, he joined the Fabian Society, an act frowned upon by the diehard Government of India. He was recalled to India forthwith and Sir Khuda Bakhsh Tiwana had to rush up to Simla to save Sikander from the wrath of Government. One day Sir Colin Garbett told me that when he was a young officer, Sikander wanted to join the Revenue Staff. Luckily for him, Sir Colin did not recommend him as in later years Sir Sikander became officiating Governor with Colin Garbett as his Chief Secretary. Fourthly, you can never please your enemies, but it is easy to lose the confidence of your friends. The rulers in all land should remember that. Fifthly, when a man is being stoned to death the stone thrown at him by his enemies does not hurt so much as a flower by a friend. Sixthly, "your friends are your friends in any case, try and win over your enemies," is a mistaken policy, for you lose them both if their interests clash with each other. The British suffered a lot by following this policy on some occasions in India. Americans are doing it with India and Pakistan now. Seventh: One should remember that it is difficult to control the speeches made at a meeting but one must share the consequences if one presides.

I have experienced in politics that self-interest blinds most people. On many an occasion I found that certain political leaders would make fasle promises, e.g. for appointments and other favours, and quite a number of members of the Legislature would fall into this trap and even leave their party or group for a job. As all candidates for jobs can never be satisfied many had to suffer disappointments after which they would be too ashamed to come back to their own original group.

It is very necessary for a political leader to keep his eyes open and keep contact with what is happening in the opposite group. There was one gentleman of the Lahore Assembly who was alleged to have been a past master in this art. His important plan used to be to send his trusted friends into the opposite camp as deserters. The newly joined

group would be very happy at their new acquisition—not knowing that every report from their spy went back to his real camp. Even conferring an occasional benefit on such a member would make no difference to him. A member from Jhelum and another from Lyallpur accepted offices from me once. But when their real boss called upon them to resign, they did so.

In politics, as in international affairs, to be well informed is having won half the battle. But ultimately it is the character of a man which will always carry him to success. Those politicians who depend on cheating and lying may achieve temporary success. They may cause great worry, even defeat, to their opponents in a country where there are many ignorant and simple-minded people, yet one day they will stand exposed.

I had the honour of knowing many Viceroys—beginning in 1920 with Lord Chelmsford, followed by Lord Reading, who was a very firm man. I remember the late Lady Reading driving in her Rolls Royce car to the lower bazar of Simla—a very unorthodox thing for a Vicereine to do. But as she was very fond of fruit she insisted on selecting her own, herself. No mention of Lord Reading would be complete without the mention of Miss Charnaud, his secretary, whom he married after Lady Reading died. Miss Charnaud was one of the most charming personalities that ever came to India. I met her later on in London when I was High Commissioner for India. I sat next to her at dinner. During the conversation I made a remark which I regretted immediately having made as it could have been misunderstood. She immediately sensed my embarrassment and made a similar remark only much stronger, which at once put me at my case. I have never forgotten her charm, her polish and her clear head and ability. She has taken wide interest in welfare work. In her country she still continues to do so as the founder of the famous W.V.S. of Great Britain.

Lord Reading was followed by Lord Halifax. He was very kind, most polished and had a personal charm which

in my memory stands unbeaten. His usual smile disarmed everybody and put them at ease. He had made a great impression on Gandhi who possessed some of the same qualities. He was so good and kind that sometimes people used to remark that he was saintly enough to be the Archbishop of England, but that did not mean that he was unfit to be a Viceroy. Lord Halifax had to handle the delicate negotiations of the Indian Reforms during the Round Table Conference period in 1933. I knew Lord Halifax better than the previous two Viceroys because by this time I had become a minister in the Punjab Government and used to go to Simla for five summer months.

Sir Fazli Hussain, while a member of Lord Halifax's Cabinet, showed him a copy of "The Tribune" in which there was a scurrilious attack on Sir Fazli. Lord Halifax advised him not to be thin-skinned. When a week later, Sir Fazli went to see Lord Halifax, Lord Halifax himself produced a copy of "The Tribune" and complained bitterly, in his turn, of being attacked. Forgotten was his good advice to Sir Fazli. Sometimes the press spare the top man in office and abuse everyone else. But unless you are attacked yourself, you do not realise the enormity of the offence or how it can hurt. Usually the top men like believing in the freedom of the press until they are no longer at the helm of affairs. But a patriotic and enlightened press without malice which will condemn wrong doings, no matter who the person is who has to be attacked, is an asset and will keep us moving towards a better world.

Halifax was followed by Lord Willingdon, whom I knew even better because he made my appointment as India's first non-official High Commissioner. His private secretary was Sir Eric Mieville. Everyone must realise that the private secretary to the Viceroy was nearly as important as the Viceroy himself. If Eric Mieville was convinced of a certain matter, you could be assured of success. Lady Willingdon also played a great part as Vicereine. She was a very forceful character. One day in Simla I was invited to a small lunch party and had the honour of sitting next to her. After

lunch she walked arm and arm with me and suddenly pulled the carnation out of my coat lapel and said. "Did you not know that I don't like flowers on men's coats?" Just when she was about to leave India, a deputation went to her asking her to help them to build a club house for a certain golf club. She arranged for the money to be donated within a week. Lady Willingdon's maiden name was Brassy. The story goes that Lord Willingdon used to say, "I wanted a brassy (which is a type of golf club) but I was given a driver!" I was once talking to him and he said that he had never seen Gandhi and I asked "Why not?" he said that Gandhi was so clever that if he talked to him, Gandhi would make him do things which he did not want to do. I think Lord Willingdon was as clever and wise as any man in the world and he had realised that the interviews which the Viceroys gave to Mr. Gandhi enhanced his prestige in the public and gave a fillip to the Congress Movement, Lord Willingdon died when I was High Commissioner in London and I was asked by Lady Willingdon to be one of the pall bearers in the Abbey. Sir John Simon was another pall bearrer and I think Sir John Anderson too, who later became Lord Waverley.

Lord Willingdon was succeeded by Lord Linlithgow, whose secretary was Sir Gilbert Laithwaite, one of the most hardworking and capable secretaries that any Viceroy ever had. In view of this sometimes by way of a joke people used to call it Linlithwaite Government instead of Linlithgow Government, but Linlithgow was a very strong-willed and fair gentleman, who knew his mind. He visited Lahore as Chairman of the Agricultural Commission named after him. In the Gymakhana Club at Lahore there was a very largely attended banquet in his honour and I had the privilege of making a post prandial speech. I said that our main hurdle about this Commission was its name. The first two portions of his name were difficult for us, but when we came to the last portion, it resembled the sound of our word for "cow" and this gave us a ray of hope that this Commission would make some recommendations which would produce more milk for the people of our country from Mother Cow. I will

speak more of Lord Linlithgow when I come to the Second World War period. Linlithgow's great interest and contribution lay in the agricultural field.

Apropos of after-dinner speeches, I remember the non-official members of the Central and Provincial Legislatures gave Sir Harry Haig, then Home Minister, a farewell party on his being appointed Governor of the United Provinces. Sir Hari Singh Gour, being the senior-most member of the Central Parliament, was asked to make the farewell speech. After having showered well earned encomia on Sir Harry, he sat down. I was sitting next to him; nudged him, saying. "Lady Haig, Lady Haig, you hae missed her out." He jumped to his feet again and tried to cover the omission by saying "And, of course, the charming Lady Haig is so well known to us all that the less said about her the better." The whole party of one hundred and fifty nearly brought down the roof with laughter. Sir Hari Singh, quite unaware of his wrong use of an idiomatic phrase, acknowledged the applause by bowing in all directions. The best jokes in speeches are usually unintentional which force people to mirthful laughter at someone else's expense. After-dinner speeches must always be slow otherwise they do not penetrate the heads of the people who have dined and wined well, and should be short and amusing. Sir Hari Singh Gour by the way was a successful lawyer and author of law books. He earned so much money that he gifted a crore and half of rupees to the Nagpur University—three million dollars—and that in 1930.

Lord Linlithgow was succeeded by Lord Wavell, the hero of the war in North Africa. Him I knew even better because, as Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army, he was my colleague in the Viceroy's Council. He was succeeded by Lord Mountbatten, whom I knew very little because by the time he became Viceroy, I had resigned my office in Delhi and gone back to Lahore in September, 1945.

In Simla I got to know a number of Viceroy's A.D.Cs. They used to be mostly young boys from the British Army

and it was a marvel to everybody how they remembered the names of all the Indians when introducing them to the Viceroy. In the big hall in Simla's Viceroy's lodge, fifty or sixty men and women would be lined up when the Viceroy, followed by the Vicereine would come, each having an A.D.C. to do the introduction. In vice-regal protocol the Viceroy took precedence over his wife because he represented the King. These young army officers used to learn Indian names by heart and seldom made a mistake. Madrasi names are very long and difficult to pronounce but I never knew any A.D.C. making a mistake in pronouncing them. I have seen the A.D.Cs. repeating names in the A.D.Cs' room before banquets several times in order to get the pronunciation right, but one A.D.C. did go wrong once. Mr. Charles Townsend, of the Indian Civil Service, Financial Commissioner, Punjab, had the honour to be invited to dine at the Viceregal Lodge, Simla. The A.D.C. introduced him as Mr. King, Financial Commissioner, Punjab. Mr. King also belonged to the Indian Civil Service but his mother was alleged to be a Burmese lady. Mr. Townsend, a die-hard Irishman, could not stand this mix-up and immediately remarked, "My name is Townsend." I don't think that many people would have ever corrected an A.D.C. if a similar mistake had been made in their A.D.Cs. have an interesting but very trying time.

One day, when I was a member of the Viceroy's Executive Council, one of the A.D.Cs. was doing accounts of the previous Sunday's shooting. Lord Linlithgow was a very good shot, one of the best even compared to our ruling princes, whose main occupation in many cases was shooting and hunting. The A.D.C. said to me that if he had to go to hell, he hoped they would not make him do accounts there. This young man used to study Urdu and regularly read a daily newspaper from Lahore. His name was Lord Elphinstone and he wrote often to the present Queen whose cousin he is. I was given this information by the then Princess Elizabeth at one of my meeting with her during one of my stays in London. Even then she was well informed about Indian affairs. I used to see her when I was High Commis-

sioner, as a little girl riding outside Windsor Park with her father and sister.

In the provinces also the Governors took precedence over their wives because they also represented the King. After Independence, Governors were appointed by the Central Government; the custom of the Governor entering the hall first continued until Pakistan became a republic.

Apropos of precedence, I always enjoy remembering the following story: King Frederick Great of Germany was approached by an A.D.C. before a ball to decide as to which of the two high ranking ladies who were quarrelling about the order of precedence for entering the ball-room, should enter first. The King wrote on the chit of paper, "Let the greater fool enter first." A useful story for some of our ladies to remember.

No account of the time between 1920 and 1936 could be complete without talking about Simla, the summer capital of the Viceroys of India and also the Punjab Government's, in whose territory this hill station was situated. The area all around Simla Town belonged to the Maharaja of Patiala, who had leased the Simla area to the British Government. Patiala State being in the Punjab, the Punjab Government also had its Headquarters there. The other provinces were jealous of the Punjab for this reason because close proximity to the Centre gave the Punjab a certain importance and an opportunity to influence the Central Government. The Punjab Government used to move to Simla in May and come to Lahore at the end of September.

Even before I was appointed a minister I went up to Simla for the summer during the High Court vacations, during the years of 1920 to 1927. Then I lived at Summerhill, which was the area where the Central Government houses and Viceroy's lodge were situated. Every morning I rode around Summerhill. When I joined the Punjab Ministry I lived in East Simla, near Punjab Government House and never missed my morning ride round Jacko Hill. On Sun-

days I used to go out with friends to Mashobra, five miles on horseback. Towards sunset, there used to be panthers daring enough to come right on to the road. Once an Englishman coming back at dusk, accompanied by his precious little dog, heard a short bark and found that a panther had taken away this delicious morsel to the jungle below. But panthers never dared to come into the town. There was good pheasant and jungle fowl shooting in the hills. The Maharaja of Patiala used to breed imported pheasants and let them loose in the forest. Once Lord Willingdon was out shooting with him at Chail (Patiala's summer residence) and as the party sat down on the grass to lunch in the forest, they suddenly saw a tiger in front of them, but it happened so quickly that nobody got a chance of picking up a rifle and having a shot at him.

Simla also had a golf club and a polo ground of necessity very small in size.

Most of the Punjab Hill States rulers had their summer residences in Simla and many stories could be told about parties and much gaiety. But Simla was sober in comparison to Mussorie or Poona. It must have been the proximity of two Governments which kept their watchful eye on all which had a quietening effect.

It was cool at the height of 7,500 feet above sea level amongst beautiful trees and surrounded by lovely forests of pines and deodars. During the summer the rain clouds could be unpleasant since they enveloped the hills and came right into the houses. The damp made the carpets smell and warped the furniture but it was a great pleasure to be out of the gruelling heat of the plains. This climate kept the heads of the rulers cool and calm. Luckily not much was known about blood pressure and the effect of height on it. We all enjoyed life, even the old ones. People played polo and tennis as if they were in the plains and no one ever fainted by doing so. Besides horse-riding in the morning, I played three sets of tennis every afternoon.

The air of Simla must be full of memories of all these Viceroys, their Governments and the many people who spent so much time in the quiet and cool of this hill station. For me they are very pleasant memories which a man can cherish.

In November, 1935 I was still a minister in the Punjab, when one day after dinner my friend Kunwar Jasjeet Singh of Jullunder dropped in. With him was a Brahmin clerk from the Military Accounts Department in Lahore. Jasjeet used to like driving at night because at that time the roads were clear. He asked if I had ever shown my hand to a palmist. I said, "No I do not believe in it. These people make up cases which are mostly guesses and untrue." But Jasjeet Singh persisted in asking me to show my hand to the Brahmin. This gentleman asked me my date of birth and time, which was four a.m., May 7th, 1893. He calculated something on a piece of paper and said that next year I would not be a minister. I said, "Then what is going to happen?" Again he calculated and said, "You will go overseas for five years." I said, "What will happen thereafter." He said, "You will come back to your country to an even better position than the overseas one." I told him I had no intention of leaving my country and I was very happy where I was. He also told me that according to his calculation King Edward VIII could not be King of England. I said, "This is a very wrong remark to make because King Edward is the King of England already." But he said, "According to my calculation he cannot be the King of England." We discussed it no more. This was in November, 1935.

The life of ministers was becoming more and more difficult because their supporters were demanding greater and greater favours. Favours shown were favours forgotten, and fresh demands knew no limits. The vast majority of members were still self-respecting, and belonged to a generation of the old type you found among rural dignitaries. who were men who would starve but not stoop. But there were a few semi-educated, ambitious persons who did

not hesitate to use their membership to secure favours. Some wanted jobs for their sons, others wanted land. There were quite a number who wanted ministers to make recommendations to public servants. Nominally they all belonged to one party or another, but they owed nothing to their party organisation, which had neither money nor influence. Every person was elected with the support of his relatives, his tribe and his friends. Votes were not, in general, sold in rural areas, unlike is the case in the city elections. The electorate in the country consisted in the main of simple God-fearing people. The rural voters gave little trouble to the members. But things became worse after 1937 as members began to realise their importance and their powers. They started to form groups inside parties, so as to overawe ministers. A powerful group could blackmail a minister to extract favours. Such group blackmail became worse and worse. (The climax was reached after Independence when the Constituent Assembly became also the Legislative Assembly and was indissoluble until the first General Elections. Then the policy of "make hay while the sun shines" was the order of the day. This I consider as one of the main reasons for the abrogation of the Democratic rule in 1958 and the advent of Martial Law).

In February, 1936, I went to Delhi to attend the All-India Horse Breeders' Meeting, and there I met my friend and colleague, Sir Henry Craik, who had been transferred to the Central Government as Home Minister and I told him by the way that I had been sixteen years in the Provincial Parliament and a minister for nearly 10 years and if there was something interesting elsewhere, I would like a change.

Sir Fazli's daughter had been engaged to my youngest brother Akbar and I realized that we both, Sir Fazli and I, could not be in the Cabinet. The Governor talked to me on the subject and I told him that if Sir Fazli returned from

the Executive Council in Delhi, I would willingly vacate my seat for him. I wanted to go back to my farm. A house and a little bit of income from landed property is a great source of self-confidence and self-respect.

It was in these circumstances that I met my friend Sir Henry Craik in Delhi and told him that I would like a change from my present activities. The Viceroy's Cabinet was looking for a non-official High Commissioner for India. The previous High Commissioners were all retired Members of the Viceroy's Council. The Viceroy (Lord Willingdon) had recommended Sir Abdul Qadir who was already in London on the Secretary of State's Council. But the Secretary of State did not accept the suggestion. Then Sir Liaqat Hayat, elder brother of Sir Sikander, was recommended. He was a former Superintendent of Police and at the time was serving as Chief Minister of Patiala State. His name was also not accepted. The Cabinet were considering two names —Sir Frank Noyce, a member of the Viceroy's Cabinet who was retiring and myself. The Cabinet was rumoured to be divided fifty-fifty and Willingdon is alleged to have turned round to Sir Eric Mieville and said "Eric, you will know what to write." Within a few weeks I was flying to U.K. to take charge of my new office.

It is a strange coincidence that this Brahmin's prophecy came true about me in all the three respects: I went to England for five and a half years, as High Commissioner; came back as a member of the Viceroy's Executive Council for five years; and thereafter I was in the wilderness and that is why he had refused to tell me what would happen after ten years. His prophecy also came true about King Edward VIII, who abdicated. Since then I lost touch with this Brahmin until a few years ago I received a letter from Delhi. He is living in Malvia Colony and has retired from service. He has a crowd of one hundred people at his door every morning and charges them no fees. I must say that since then I have some respect for this palmist. I remember Sir Albion Bannerji, one time Chief Minister in Mysore and in Kashmir, who told me that according to his horoscope he

was to die on such and such date and, therefore, he sold all his furniture, packed up and left England where he had lived for years and went to Bombay to die. I was glad to know that his horoscope was wide of the mark and he lived and enjoyed life for many years thereafter. Working out a horoscope is I think a very demoralising affair and should be avoided. The day of a man's death is known to nobody and that is just as well.

Chapter V

HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR INDIA

June, 1936—September, 1941

My stay in England as High Commissioner from June 1936—September 1941 was a most exciting one.

When I arrived in London I had to make the usual call on His Majesty the King, Edward VIII. I went and wrote my name in the book and I was called for an audience on a certain date.

I told His Majesty that I was his contemporary in Oxford and the nearest I got to him then was when two or three of us were walking through the corridor of his college, Magdalen, and somebody pointed out a certain room and said that was the room of the Prince of Wales. The next time I had the pleasure of meeting him was when he came to Lahore in 1921, as I was a member of the Reception Committee. His Majesty kept me for quite a considerable time and when leaving, he walked right up to the door and stood there talking, and said that I must always wear my turban. I did this all the time I was in London whenever there was a public function and when he saw me, he usually came and shook hands with me. I was very sorry when he abdicated. When talks were going on about his abdication I was naturally completely out of it, but I did feel that when he went to Wales and spoke to the miners, he made a mistake which brought him into conflict with his Ministry and I also had a feeling that judging by the calibre of men who were negotiating with him, Baldwin, Halifax, and Archbishop Lang, there



Leading the procession of the Dominion High Commissioners at the Coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in the Westminster Abbey, 12-5-1937.

was very little chance of his succeeding in what he wanted to do. I sat up to listen to the radio the night he abdicated and when I heard his voice I felt he spoke in a very patriotic tone and his assurance of loyalty to his younger brother, the successor King, was very touching.

As High Commissioner for India I used to attend the following committees on international problems :—

1. *Imperial Shipping Committee.* A great deal of our wealth is exported abroad by way of shipping freights. The Chinese Communists have understood this point and when Pakistan imports coal from Peking, the primary condition is that it has to come in Chinese ships. The Afro-Asian people must acquire their own shipping and save this expenditure of foreign exchange.

2. *The Imperial Cables Committee.* All this income used to go to a company in England from where they operated. Besides this I thought this company a good source of information as all cables passed through London.

3. *The Rubber Regulation Committee.* Dutch rubber from Indonesia and the British rubber in Malaya were important raw materials. These two nations were represented on this committee. The effort was always to keep in view the competition from synthetic rubber and to keep the prices round about eight pence a pound in those days before the War, thus avoiding violent fluctuations in world rubber prices.

4. There was also the wheat committee which kept a watch on world wheat production and its prices. Both Canada and Australia were exporters and their economics depended to some extent on wheat prices. Yet England wanted it cheap. Through this Committee they had their pulse on world prices, production and availability of wheat.

Early during my stay as High Commissioner in England I remember going with H.M. King Edward VIII to France

for the unveiling of the Vimy Ridge War Memorial. In the special train that went from London, Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, Sir Edwin Lutyens, who built New Delhi and myself were in one compartment. Lutyens drew some pictures which amused us and said that when he drew these picture for his grandchildren they also laughed. For him we were children, as he was then already of quite advanced age. He also played children's games with us to while away the time of the journey. He said to me, "Have you ever had a shock from a match box?" I said "No." He took out a match box, pulled out two matches and putting the sulphuric ends together, he closed the box. He asked me to hold the end of one match and started to shake the other match. "Do you feel any sensation?" he asked and I genuinely said "Yes." Malcolm and I held our breaths waiting for further dramatic developments. Lutyens said to me, "Lift up one leg from the floor." I did so. He said, 'Do you feel the other one being pulled?" While Malcolm and I had a good laugh, Lutyens with his gold-rimmed glasses on the tip of his nose sat back most satisfied, like an actor on the stage who has just scored a great hit.

In the beginning I used to wear my turban always. One day I was at the flat of Captain Tweedy and consulted his wife, Sheila Tweedy, to tell me whether I should wear the turban always or not. How did the public feel about it? She said, "We like to see the turban, because it is decorative and looks fine, but we feel more at home when we see people who look like ourselves." I realised the wisdom of the saying, "That when you are in Rome, do as the Romans do." After that I wore the turban only at official functions.

In 1937 I went to Rome to attend an International Meeting on Agriculture. I noticed that people did not go to work after their lunch, but had their siesta and then reassembled at 4 o'clock and went on working till dinner-time. I did not like this timing because it left no occasion for exercise in the afternoon. But I suppose in hot climates it is good for one to go to sleep after lunch. In England and other

similarly cold countries you do not feel sleepy after lunch hence you get through more work.

From Rome I had to go somewhere else on the Continent by train. In the evening I sat in the restaurant car to have my dinner. Opposite to me was a gentleman from Iraq. I noticed that he was eating ham. I remarked to him that I presumed he was a Christian. He said he was a Mussalman. Then I asked him: "Why are you eating pig?" He smiled and said, "Because I cannot get it at home." That made me shut up. Conversations should not become personal unless you know the man well. It is my unfortunate experience that many Muslims in the world who have been educated in Europe, are not every careful about what they eat. The Muslims of Pakistan are the most strict in following the religious injunctions regarding forbidden meats. Both in Turkey and Egypt I have seen pig's meat in several forms at table. Most Jews in England eat it also.

From London I also attended the International Labour Organisation meetings in Geneva in 1938 and 1939. I was leader of the Indian delegation and on one occasion Mr. Nimkar, the Trade Union leader from Bombay, represented organised labour of India. I made friends with him, which stood me in good stead much later. From England came Mr. Ernest Bevin, who later became the Foreign Minister in the Labour Government. Bevin was a good orator and we became friends because he was frank and outspoken. I remember his telling me once that he would like India to be free. He did not like colonies because they were not necessary for the prosperity of a country. He mentioned the names of Norway, Sweden and Switzerland who were not colonial powers. He also advanced a theory that it is a good thing to be indebted to the U.S.A., because they will always be obliged to pay more to save the debtor. From my experience this was certainly true with regard to Hindu money-lenders who could not afford to let their debtors sink through loss of bullocks or crops; but borrowing money on a National level cuts both ways, as there are usually strings attached to it. Therefore, I feel it is better not to borrow so much

that you cannot easily pay it back, and if you do borrow too much, one day you are bound to lose your self-respect. Mr. Ernest Bevin and Mr. Morrison were the two strong men of the Labour Party. Either of these could have been Prime Minister in a Labour Government.

Switzerland being an inland country her navy consists of her launches on her big lakes. I used to take my High Commissioner's car from London to Geneva and saw quite a bit of this beautiful small country. My chauffeur always suggested taking a trip through Germany down the Rhine Valley into Italy, but I did not go as I was not sure of what could happen to anyone in a dictator's country.

In 1937 I had the Indian Textile Delegation to Washington. The second Mr. Birla, the younger brother of G.D. Birla, came with me to represent the textile manufacturers of India. He had his wife with him and he had taken his own servant to cook their meals, because they were orthodox Hindu. Several pictures appeared in the papers showing them having their meals on the floor of the sitting-room of their hotel where Indian dishes were served. They never asked me to a meal, for this, according to their religion, would have polluted their room since I was not a Hindu.

One day in Washington we were asked to dinner by Miss Perkins, the Secretary (Minister) of Labour. Her real name was, if I rightly, remember, Mrs. Wilson. She had children and was very happily married. She had very kindly asked us to dinner at her own house. After dinner when I was talking to her she mentioned that the great drawback of their Constitution was that the Ministers were not allowed to be present in Congress to defend their cases. They had to instruct others who were members to speak on their behalf. This I think is a great fault in the American Constitution and should be remedied. All Government ministers should have the privilege of sitting in Parliament to defend their cases, as was the case in Delhi and in provinces in India up to 1937, when nominated ministers, who were not elected members, also sat in Parliament. In this case the

Constitution will have to provide that no elected member shall be a minister or if so, he will have to resign, otherwise there will be constant trouble in Parliament. If ministers need more time to do their work, they should have the right to nominate Deputy Ministers who could represent them in Parliament, but these should not be elected members either. The world will watch with great interest the manner in which the U.S.A. solves this problem. I shall have to talk regarding Constitutions at another place later on, but I felt that the American Government was aware of this drawback*.

In October, 1938, I took my late wife and children back to India on leave. My youngest son, Manzoor, who was two and a half years old, fell ill. When we were one day's journey from Aden to Bombay, Manzoor's pneumonia took a serious turn and the ship's doctor warned me of the approaching tragedy. He apologised for the absence of Sulpha drugs as he had run short of these. In these hopless circumstances I went to my cabin and, knowing that God does not turn down a prayer from the heart accompained by a tear, I spread my prayer carpet and prayed, "Oh, God the Creator of Life and Controller of Death, You gave this boy to us and You alone can take him away. I do not question Your power, no one is in a position to do so, but please God, if it is Your will to take him away, please grant this much that Your will be fulfilled at Bombay and not here. To throw his body into the sea will break his mother's heart. But if you let him live even after we reach Bombay, it is not beyond your Grace." The ship's doctor had already made arrangements to stop the ship that afternoon. As I rose from my prayer carpet, I felt in my heart that my prayer had not gone unheard. As I emerged from my cabin, I saw a man walking quickly towards me, straightening the sleeves of his jacket which he had evidently just slipped on. He greeted me. He was the eldest son of Dr. Mathra Das of Moga fame who had already then performed over three hundred

*This passage was written in 1959 long before the present Constitution Pakistan which has adopted this method of nominated ministers being member of the legislatures.

thousand cataract operations and had trained many doctors, especially from the U.S.A. This young doctor had been on a post-graduate course in England. He apologised for not having paid his respects to me in England for his father had written to him several letters asking him to do so. Even on board this ship he had on several occasions thought of coming to me, but being in the second class, he always hesitated in coming over. He had been sitting in his deck chair when suddenly the thought came to him that he must see me. He had hurriedly put down his book, slipped on his coat and was rushing to meet me to pay his respects.

I told him the distress I was in. He put his hand to his chin and said, "Let me think, I had a bottle of this Sulpha drug in London, but I fear it was almost finished there. I will go and search for it in my box." He came back running with the bottle in his hand. There were a few pills left. The doctor was delighted and the boy's life was saved. God was merciful and granted my prayed completely. Manzoor has now taken his Bachelor of Civil Law Degree from my old college, Wadham, Oxford and is working with Burmah Shell Company, as a healthy young man.

I went back to London from India in February, 1939, when Mr. Neville Chamberlain was the Prime Minister of England.

My time as High Commissioner for India in London covered the Munich year. I remember to this day the impact on the popular imagination of that uncharacteristic drama of Prime Minister Chamberlain's descent from the aeroplane that brought back 'peace with honour', enough to satisfy an anxious people. How mistaken he was. The average British statesman with his public school and Oxford or Cambridge education, is often at a disadvantage with foreigners. He starts out with the assumption that they are as straight and as sporting as he himself and often suffers for this. There are few such character-building education institutions outside England. Moreover, the British had all the good things of the world that God can give to a nation. They did many

unworthy things when they built their Empire, but in 1938 they were like a rich man, so well established that he could forget the sometimes unworthy means by which he had gained his wealth and could afford to be honourable and trusting. The Germans were jealous of the British position. There are some, even today, who consider that cheating people who trust you is a proof of great success in diplomacy. Unfortunately international diplomacy has in some aspects come to mean the gaining of success through any means. As the old money-lender said to his son, "*Paisa Kamaye Makar Se Roti Khaye Shakar Se*" (earn your money by deceitful means and eat your bread with sugar.)

But if there were people in England who felt that Chamberlain's little drama proved that he had let himself be easily deceived, they were wrong. Even if he were certain that Hitler did not mean what he had written, he could not very well voice his suspicions. His only course of action was to express his confidence in peace and prepare his defences for war. He had arranged a short respite which his Government and people could well use. Hitler's ambition was world conquest and Chamberlain knew this, but the military unpreparedness of his country forced him to a rather ignonimous attitude of appeasement. The public and the press have often been unfair in their criticisms of his actions.

One day in London, the High Commissioner for New Zealand, Mr. Jordan, and I were standing together at a function, and he said to me, "Will there be war?" I replied, "What do you think?",—and he said "There will be no war because the British are continuing to sell iron to Germany." As was seen later on, the Americans were in fact selling ninety million pounds of oil a year to the Japanese almost up to the day of Pearl Harbour. In these matters, until the very last minute, no country can afford to let their opponents know that they are suspected of evil designs. It is good diplomacy and statecraft to be blind to any possibility of deception. Cunning and secrecy are the basis of inter-

national relationships. The British do not lack either quality.

Mr. Chamberlain was a man of wide and peculiar knowledge. The Prince of Berar (heir apparent to the Nizam of Hyderabad) asked him and his charming wife to lunch at the Hyde Park Hotel and he very kindly asked me also. The talk turned on why no one could find the bones of dead elephants in the African jungles. Various guesses were made. But Mr. Chamberlain brought out the real reason. He said, that when the elephant is about to die it feels very thirsty and goes to a river to drink. The moment it drinks water it gets a heart attack and falls dead into the stream. That is why people find heaps of such bones in dry river beds which appear to be almost graveyards.

Mr. Chamberlain was succeeded by Mr. Churchill, for whom I had the greatest respect. He was forthright, firm, clear-headed and in most controversial cases his view was usually right.

When the war broke out I was living at 49, Putney Hill, London, which is near Wimbledon Common. I selected this house particularly with a view to enjoying my morning ride, which I did. There were some stables not far away and I used to get a horse brought to me—a beautiful sixteen hand charge. In those day this pleasure cost only five shillings an hour, plus a tip to the groom of one shilling, with which he was quite pleased. I did not miss my ride even on a day of pea soup fog. On one of those days I encountered a London shares broker who was also enthusiastic enough to ride on a foggy day. He was astounded to see a man from a hot country riding out in such dreary weather.

Most of my servants I brought from India, including two maid-servants for the time my family was with me. One morning my servant, Mohammad Khan Teeka, went into the various rooms as usual to pull the curtains and clean. In the drawing room he saw an Englishman sleeping. Out of deference for the Englishman, because in his opinion all

white people were gentlemen like the ones that had come across to India, he did not distrub the sahib, but this gentleman heard the noise and woke up. Khan saluted him thinking that he was some friend of mine. But when this man started to walk away, Khan got suspicious and walked after him and when the man started to run, Khan caught hold of him by the throat as the intruder was trying to open the front door. The police afterwards gave Khan a certificate of merit and from our garden dug up a large amount of property which this "sahib" had stolen from the neighbourhood.

In October, 1940, bombing started in real earnest. The German planes used to come flying very high. Very soon we could distinguish enemy planes by the sound of their engines. People said that the uneven, zooming noise was made by the pilots by some technical means in order to puzzle the ground defences. There was much bombing in the neighbourhood but luckily my house escaped. I decided to move into India House shelter for the wrost time of the bombing. It was a new concrete cement building with a basement 25 feet underground. I used to sleep on a camp bed.* Once a very big bomb fell about sixty yards away. It made my camp bed jump up from the cement floor and as it came down, the shock woke me up. But no harm came to the building. Another bomb fell ten yards away from our boundary wall, in Short's Wine Cellar, which was full of port wine and every bottle was broken and the liquid had to be pumped out. It was a waste of good stuff, so many people thought! One day I was having my bath in India House and a bomb fell nearby. The whole building shook and I thought the end had come. When I opened my eyes to see whether I was alive or dead, I found everything normal. I got out of my bath, put on my dressing gown and walked about to find out if any part of the building was damaged, but it was not. The Government brought in a scheme of night watch system. Every houseowner had to make arrangements to watch the building from the roof because at this time

*Quite a number of staff members also sheltered there.

many incendiary bombs were dropped. I made arrangements in my office for night watching. I drew lots with my orderly, Hughes, and we were on watch on the roof together. It was a two hourly watch and we decided to do a four hour watch, so that afterwards we could sleep undisturbed. The others had agreed to the arrangements also. The moment we went up, bombing started. It was one of the most terrible nights. Enemy planes were passing overhead and bombing the London docks and one incendiary fell in front of our building. As we came down after the four hour watch, the "All Clear" siren went. Thereafter everybody said that they would do only two hour watches and not four hours together!

One day about five o'clock I felt very bored and decided to go for a walk. I put on my steel helmet and walked through the Strand towards Trafalgar Square, with the intention of walking right up to Hyde Park. But I had hardly gone a hundred yards when two bombs fell on the other side of the road behind a shop and those who were walking in the street near me rushed into the nearby shoe shop, but the owner said that there was a shelter next door. I also went there. I had not realised that there would be so many steps to go down. I went down and down and eventually we reached the river bank. In the olden days good used to come by river and were taken to the city along these steps. It was damp and dark and I decided to go out again. On the way out of the tunnel I saw an old man and an old lady spreading newspapers on the brick floor and the man said "Dear, let us spent the night here." At that moment I was reminded of a passage from the Holy Quran where it is stated :—

> *"O Mohammad tell the believers that they need not be frightened of dark night, thunder and lightning because the lightning cannot hurt them unless it is the will of God"*

This gave me courage and I came out and enjoyed the rest of my walk in spite of the air raid.

People use to line up at four o'clock outside the underground railway station near India House, to find shelter on the platform at night. One night I arrived late by train from Manchester and there were no taxis. I carried my suitcase down a flight of eighty steps to the platform, which was packed with people, with sleeping women, children and men like sardines. One railway official said to me that this was all against rules but if rules are not for the benefit of the people when necessity arises, rules must be ignored. I wish people of the East would realise the wisdom of this remark. Later on during the war permanent arrangement were made in tube-stations to give shelter.

The spirit of the people of London was marvellous. One example will suffice. There was a charwoman whose son had been killed but early in the morning she was on duty. When I read this in the papers, I said to myself, it is these qualities of patriotism and fearlessness that have made this nation great. She was only a humble charwoman but look at her courage and her spirit!

An one time people started drawing their money from the banks because they said that Hitler was going to land in England and occupy London. I did not draw a penny from my bank because somehow or the other I had full faith that there was a God and he could not allow the cruel Nazis to win. I used to wonder why God allowed these wars which invlove untold misery. Then I was reminded of an historical incident. A Sikh Guru, who had been rebelling against the Moghal Emperor in Delhi, was arrested and taken to the Emperor. The Emperor asked him why he was acting like Satan. The Guru is alleged to have replied that God needed a Satan to destroy a Satan like the Emperor. It may be that war is God's way of punishing people. These wars bring religious revivals. Even atheists used to shout "Oh God" when a bomb burst near them. May be that a punishment here and there is neccessary to remind nations of their responsibilities.

Here I recall an incident connected with Nawab Mubariz Khan who one day went to see a Deputy Commis-

sioner, during the First World War. The British Officer asked him what he thought of the war. Nawab Sahib replied that in his opinion the Deputy Commissioner and his people were standing in waist deep water. He would have liked the water to come up to their chins but at that moment he would like them to be saved because they were good men and there was something in them which he liked and he would hate to see them destroyed. Nawab Sahib was asked why he thought it was necessary that the water come up to their chins and he replied, "You Europeans do not treat other human beings as your equals. Your brains, like balloons are puffed up and require a little pricking, which difficulties will achieve."

I never had the slightest doubt in my mind that God would not allow Hitler and Mussolini to win. If they had won then, like Pharaohs, they would have claimed Godhead and oppressed all Afro-Asians under perpetual slavery. But these wars have weakened European nations and uplifted the people of Asia, whose raw materials and men can be an asset to all belligerants. For this reason, therefore, also thanks to the pressure of Communist countries, the European nations have become inclined to give freedom to their colonies. Should East and West come to an understanding, we hope sincerely it will not be another Yalta now at the cost of the Middle East.

If U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. come to an understanding and the cold war stops, it will take the wind out of the sails of many countries who now milk the American cow by playing up the bugbear of Russian Communism.

There is a tradition in Ethiopia where they have preserved through past centuries a hair form the beard of the Holy Prophet, that if in times of trouble the hair is brought out and prayers are said by the people of Ethiopia, the calamity will pass over, donig no damage. The Italians made fun of the tradition and called upon the Negus to bring out this hair when they had conquered Abyssinia.. But where are the bragging Italians now?

During the life of the Holy Prophet, seventh century A.D., some Muslims took refuge in Abyssinia. The Negus, who was a Christian, asked them about their religion and they recited the chapter of the Quran on Mary and the Immaculate birth of Christ. Tears flowed down the face of the Negus. The early Muslims, as also more Muslims later on, found asylum in Ethiopia.

Gandhi once said that he was going to live to be one hundred and twenty-eight years old, where is he now? No one but God controls the lives and deaths of people.

At one time somebody rang up from the India Office and told me that arrangements had been made for all High Commissioners to evacuate their London offices and that two or three hotels in Blackpool had been reserved for me for this purpose. I did not like the idea of running away from London, so I rang up one or two High Commissioners and they said that they were not moving and that there was no such plan. I rang back and told the India Office that I was not moving out of London. I learned afterwards that a man in that office had his eye on my beautiful India House and wanted me to evacuate it by this diplomatic move, but I was very glad that my natural inclination not to move out of London foiled his game. Before taking definte action one must always check up on everything to be sure that one is not being made a fool of.

Another incident is of note during my stay in London. There was a public meeting and Lord Zetland, Secretary of State for India, was presiding. I arrived at the meeting rather late and could get only standing room just inside the entrance door. When the meeting was over there were some prominent people standing round the dais. Somebody shot at Sir Micheal O'Dwyer, who was Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab during the 1919 Martial Law days, when indiscriminate firing and killing of Indians had taken place at Amritsar under General Dyer. The murderer tried to run away through the passage but one British citizen ran after him, jumped at him from behind, put both arms round his

neck and the culprit was arrested. He gave his name as a Muslim, the object being to give a bad name to Muslims throughout England but Scotland Yard soon found out that he was a Sikh and had come to England with the object of killing Sir Michael. He was saved by his cigarette case in his pocket.

I had great respect for Zetland and found him always kind, courteous and understanding. We got on well together. He was succeeded by Mr. Amery, as Secretary of State for India. The first time I met Amery was at the house of Mrs. Kay Shuttleworth, at lunch. I had the honour of sitting next to him but at that time he was only a Member of Parliament and did not hold any office. Mr. Amery hit the headlines when, in the historic debate in Parliament, he said to Mr. Chamberlain. "For God's sake, go". The hostess, Mrs. Kay Shuttleworth, was a little inclined towards spiritualism and was deeply religious. She had lost her handsome husband in the First World War and her two handsome and able sons, Richard and Ronny, died in the Second World War. Richard had succeeded his father as a Member of the House of Lords. Their seat is somewhere near Lancaster and I have done grouse shooting with Richard. He was a very promising young man but was killed when fighting in "The Battle of Britain', against the German Air Force.

As luck would have it, a little later Mr. Amery was appointed Secretary of State and I wished that at that lunch I had devoted more time to him than to others. To my mind came a couplet of the famous Urdu Poet, Akbar of Allahabad, who is famous for his amusing poems. In this connection he has said "Only that man realised the secret of the British Government who took every Tommy to be a Lieutenant-Governor." It is not far wrong to consider that every Member of Parliament may become something very important overnight.

However, Mr. Amery became a very good friends and so did Mrs. Amery. She used to come to my office in India House to run the Red Cross work party which did packing

of food parcels for the Indian soldiers in Prisoners of War camps in Germany. Lady Curry was another helper and there were many other ladies who came to help. Mrs. Nanda was one. She was the daughter of Sir Hari Singh Gour. Her husband was practising as a doctor in London. Many other Indian doctors did the same. Indian doctors do well in England. The working class of England had a superstition that a black doctor is gifted by Providence and possesses some supernatural power to cure people.

That was the time of the Battle of Britain, which will never be forgotten by those of us who experienced it in London. Even Buckingham Palace got its share of the bombing.

In India House worked a man by the name of Gibson. He was a retired Chief Conservator of Forests from the Punjab, whom I knew well. He was in charge of the shellac branch of my commerce department. His son had been a clerk in the office before he volunteered for the Air Force and then became the famous pilot who led the daring raid of the Air Force on the Muerne Dam in Germany, for which he was awarded the V.C. Unfortunately he was killed later on.

An example of the Londoner's sense of humour during the First World War was when I, as a student went walking through Piccadilly Circus and I saw a picture, which I bought and kept for a long time on my return to India. It depicted some of the princes of India like Bikaner, Patiala and two or these others. They were wearing their beautiful silk dresses, turbans, jewels, cotton pyjamas, and pump shoes and under this picture was written, "Indian Princes at the front".

During the Second World War I bought another picture in Piccadilly Circus, which was a water-colour depicting a puppy with a cut tail and a wasp digging its sting into it and underneath was written, "When you are on a good thing, stick to it." That is what the British would have liked to do with India.

The other three High Commissioners in London were Mr. Bruce for Australia, now Lord Bruce, Mr. Vincent Massey, the Canadian, who afterwards became Governor General of Canada, and who belongs to a very wealthy Canadian family who have given regularly scholarships to Indians. In Toronto University, I saw the Gymnasium and the library which this family had donated. There was Mr. Jordan from New Zealand where a Labour Government was in power and I was told that he had started life as a police constable and risen to that high position. All honour to him if that is true.

One day I was asked to launch a pilgrimage ship in Glasgow. Mr. Masters of Bombay had it built for his Company to carry Muslim pilgrims from Bombay to Jedda. I broke a coconut when launching it instead of a bottle of champagne. We had to search libraries to find out what was done in Moghul days because Islam does not allow the use of alcohol. The Lord Mayor gave a reception in my honour after the launching, at which a lady who was a member of the Lord Mayor's Council and who was also a magistrate, asked me why so many Indian students came to England. I told her that we greatly appreciated the privilege of sending our boys to England because although the vacancies in their educational institutions could all be filled with British boys alone, the British people like the idea of helping and supporting citizens of Commonwealth countries. We appreciated this real gesture of goodwill which was also of value for England. The fact that the students brought at that time nearly 600,000 pounds—now a million—a year to England, was a very small matter but everybody who went back after finishing his studies was an ambassador of British culture and carried with him memories of all kindnesses shown to him. I quoted to her the example of Sir Gogal Chand Narang, a colleague of mine, who was educated in Germany and, when ordering machinery for his sugar mills did his utmost to get it from Germany. One day, in Lahore I went to see a friend of mine who was ill. There were three or four doctors sitting around him but the one who was treating him was just leaving as I arrived. I looked

at the prescription and asked the other doctors what the medicines were. They told me that they were all of American manufacture because he was educated in America. I told this lady that I supposed that every doctor educated in England would prescribe English medicines! But these are small matters in comparison with the most important thing which was to keep the link between the peoples of various parts of the Commonwealth and England. She agreed and said that she was sorry that she had never seen the other side of the picture.

Mr. Hess, the Nazi, suddenly landed in England. There were many views about his arrival. Some said that Hitler had sent him, otherwise how could he have come? Others that he had come without Hitler's knowledge and wanted to bring about a scoop of an understanding between England and Germany and yet others said that he had got the wrong impression that England was losing the war, and would easily surrender. My own feeling was that the gentleman felt that his life was not safe in Germany in any case and the sooner he got out the better. At least if he landed in England with a mission the British would not kill him. So I think this saved his life until the final reckoning at the Nuremberg Trials.

I had the honour of meeting the Emperor of Abyssinia, Haile Selassie, whose a country had been conquered by the Italians and who, along with his wife and family, was taking refuge in London. At that time we counted there were nine Kings taking refuge in England. The Emperor had with him a man called Dr. Martin, who was educated at the Medical School, Amritsar, India and served in our Army in a subordinate medical position and was drawing a pension of thirty rupees per month from India House, London. He came to see me and through him I got to know the Emperor. One day I asked him to a dinner at the Savoy Hotel, at which General Ironside was also present. I was told that this was the first occasion since the Negus' arrival in England that he had smiled during a dinner.

When the Italians occupied Addis Ababa, they were holding a meeting and some patriots threw a bomb. They arrested everyone present. Dr. Martin's two sons were also arrested, being present, and shot without trial.

I was very interested to see in the papers recently that the Emperor of Ethiopia had paid a friendly visit to Moscow. Many rulers, even monarch, think that by trying to make friends with Communist countries they can persuade them to make an exception in their case and not do Communist propaganda in their state. How mistaken they are as Communists would not be true to themselves if they gave up their plea of world Communism. We have a saying in Punjabi, "that when her death was near, the buffalo walked into the house of a beef-eater."

One day I was lunching at the Savoy Hotel, which was not far from my office and heard some arguments going on at the next table. I asked Santarali, the chief of the dining saloon, who was talking to me, to find out what the argument was about. He told me that these were two British officers just out of a German prison camp, one of which had a bet that one could not spend thirteen pounds on two luncheons. Finding that the price of luncheon had been fixed by the Government at five shillings per head, he consulted Santarali as to how to win his bet. He was told that there would be a cover charge of five shillings per head and if they ordered a bottle of champagne, a few brandies, coffee and cigars, they would find that the thirteen pounds would soon disappear. Even then the best cigars cost seventeen shillings and six pence each. In this mood I was passing Fortnum and Mason (a well-known Dept. Store in Piccadilly) and saw some very expensive fruit. I searched my pockets and found that I had just money enough to buy it. I said to myself, let me have some pleasure out of this money because how do I know what will happen during the next moment or so. One bomb and it is dust unto dust!

While in London I visited Canada twice on official visits, once in 1937 and again in 1941. For the first time I went to

Ottawa, I stayed with Lord Athlone, who was then Governor-General.

One day a Canadian friend came to see me and I asked him if it was true that there was electricity in the Canadian air. He rubbed his foot on the carpet of my drawing room and asked me to put out my finger to his finger and actually there was a little electric shock because of the air being so dry there.

I went out riding one morning and just two miles out of Ottawa I passed through a small village which was called "Saint Zare". The children were coming out of school and I discovered that a girl of eight or nine did not understand a word of English and the A.D.C. told me that this was a French school, where English was not taught. I discovered afterwards that the people of French origin mix very little with the people of British origin and vice versa. This impression I carried away with me when I attended several parties. There was an agitation for a long time as to whether French should be the language for Parliament or not. Eventually it was put on the Statute Book as an alternative language and as the vanity of the French was satisfied nobody made a speech in French if he wanted to be understood by other members of Parliament. Therefore, most of them speak in English. This information was very useful to me years later when I was a member of the new Central Assembly at Karachi after the Independence of Pakistan. Representatives from Bengal were insisting on making speeches in Bengali which we, from West Pakistan, did not understand. I pressed for the acceptance of Bengali as an alternative language for speeches. I was glad that the Assembly passed this law and thereafter hardly any Bengali member ever made a speech in the Bengali language. As a rule if you satisfy people's vanity you can turn adversaries into friends. In politics you must give way to others as you would wish them to give way to you.

On my first arrival in Canada—where I had gone by ship, I stopped in Quebec. It is an almost entirely French town and I learnt that the French farmers are very parsi-

monious. They plough with horses, save money and buy a few acres in the neighbourhood and give them to their sons, who again work them with horses. But the British settlers used to go in for farming in a big way. They would take up a large farm, buy machinery and leave it in the son and snow because they had no money for sheds. They would go bankrupt after two years and return to the cities. This was especially the case with the soldiers returned from the First World War.

I went to Toronto, where I met Mr. John McConnel, proprietor of the "Star" newspaper. In the Second World War he had recruited two hundred pilots at his own expense and sent them across to England. He and Lord Beaverbrook were great friends. He also donated a million dollars for the Royal Air Force, in London and he was a large donor to cancer research. He was and is a very public spirited and charitable gentleman. In Toronto I also made friends with Rupert Baine. He was the son of a country doctor who became a sharebroker. His lucky venture was when he underwrote all the shares of a silver mine, which became very valuable and made him a multi-millionnaire overnight, so the rumour went. He had a private pack of hounds and a private golf course and used to breed horses. I believe His Majesty King George VI stopped his special train to see this pack of hounds. Mr. Baine took me out for a drag hunt. It was very comfortably arranged over fields by the side of metalled roads, so that if at any time a hunter got tried, his rider just had to stop, leave the field and get into his car, in which his wife would be waiting for him. My charger was a seventeen hand hunter bought by my host in Ireland. I had been hunting in Lahore but had never taken any high jumps and I was wearing only Jodhpur breeches and ordinary shoes. We had to jump over several gates on the way and my host told me to let the horse do what he liked and I would be all right. I followed this advice and on each occasion, I used to leave my seat, fly in the air, but luckily came back into it, so that the honour of my country was saved and I did not have a fall. My reputation among these Canadian horsemen went up and they became very friendly.



At a Canadian Hunt.

I believe it was the Prime Minister of Ontario, with the capital at Toronto, who was not getting on well with Mr. Mackenzie King, the Federal Prime Minister in Ottawa, who had ordered the Governor to veto one or two of the laws passed by the Provincial Parliament. The Provincial Prime Minister was furious and I have a recollection that he was well known for making wild remarks, and the following remark was attributed to him. "If that toad of a man, Mackenzie King, comes to my province and puts his head out of the train I will chop it off for him". But he never seemed to have done it, so it was simply his manner of speaking.

On arrival in one province, the Governor's A.D.C. brought the car right up to the platform near my carriage. This was the only place where I saw a man drunk in the afternoon at four o'clock and my friend Major Ney who was with me, looked upset. Canadians had been trying to restrict alcoholic consumption and they framed a law that a man could buy a bottle only from a shop and he could drink as much as he liked in his own bedroom, but he could not drink in a public place like an hotel, dining room or hotel drawing room. There were no public bars in these hotels. In 1947, I went to Istanbul, and a Turkish friend asked me to his house. It was on the outskirts of the city. He apologised for having no alcohol to offer me and I told him that I was in any case a teetotaller. He said that according to their law a man can go and drink as much as he likes in a public place, but the Turkish consider their home and women folk very sacred and that they should not see alcohol or see it consumed in the house. This is an appealing sentiment, but I think the Canadian law is better, that nobody should see a person drinking except his own family who may succeed in keeping the drinking within limits. By the way the Turks have a charming custom. The daughter of the house brought scent after dinner and sprinkled it on our hands before she gave us coffee. In public people go on offering drinks to one another and they get drunk, but that will not happen in a private home. In Pakistan we are lucky because the Muslims here are mostly teetotallers and according to law they

cannot buy alcohol unless it is prescribed by a doctor. For this reason in West Pakistan in a population of forty million, there would be about three or four hundred persons who are Muslims and who have permission to buy alcohol for medical reasons. Alcohol and tobacco being luxuries and habit forming are the easiest source of taxation in all countries. In Pakistan a bottle of whisky costs over sixty rupees (1965). The imported cost is only nine rupees, the rest is excise duty, but still people buy it.

I remember in the Punjab before Independence I suggested to my colleague, Sir Jogindra Singh in charge of excise that he should open liquor shops in Jullunder district, because the Sikhs were buying and selling illicit liquor freely and the Government was losing revenue. In these circumstances it was better that shops should be opened but he did not agree with me and the reason he gave was that the bootleggers were all Sikhs and whatever illicit liquor was sold and profit made, the money was kept within the community, but if Government liquor shops were opened the excise duty income would go to the Government coffers and this would be shared by Sikhs, Hindus and Muslims alike, who would benefit by the Government's building schools and hospitals and roads. I did not understand the logic of it. However, it was an argument which was good enough for my Sikh colleague to base his administrative decision on it. This example will show people how communal differences adversely affected the administration in this subcontinent. Pakistani people are lucky now that mostly only Muslims are left here after Partition and no such differences will exist at least in West Pakistan.

In Canada in 1941 when driving to a Governor's house to call on him (I was staying in a hotel) the A.D.C. showed me the Governor's official residence on the way. There was no flag there, the windows were all closed and the gardens neglected. I was told that the Governor and Prime Minister did not get on together, therefore the Provincial Prime Minister had stopped the grant for the upkeep of the Governor's House. After Pakistan came into existence, I told

Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, the first Prime Minister, to guard against this and he did frame a rule that everything connected with the houses of the Governors in Pakistan was to be sanctioned by the Central Government and not by the Provincial Governments. The Governor of this province in Canada was a chemist in ordinary life, but a very important member of the party. Before his retirement Mackenzie King had given him this lift but he had to live in his own house.

I remember going on to Calgary, the Headquarters of the Canadian Mounted Police. There I found some difficulty in getting a horse for my morning rides but eventually I succeeded. I went by car ten miles to a stable run by a lady. That morning there was a country ride for about ten people. I was given a sixteen hander. She told me that she had bought it from the Mounted Police for six dollars. Out riding I discovered that he pulled like a steam engine. I did not know what to do with him. I was very exhausted when we came back. The lady who owned the stables was also riding with us and asked me what I thought of the horse. I told her "Madam, he is very dear for six dollars." Three kinds of horses must be avoided: (1) a horse that stumbles (2) a horse that pulls and (3) a horse that shies—it probably has something wrong with its eyesight. But if you are buying a horse that pulls and (3) a horse that shies—it probably has and hooves. Luminitis in the hooves is a dangerous disease and very difficult to discover. You usually do it after you have bought the animal.

I also went to Edmonton and here I discovered the law that all property owned, whether it is land you have built on or not, or books in your house, everything is taxed every year. One old lady said that the tax people assessed her library for ten thousand dollars, but she thought it was worth more, but I think for obvious reasons she did not contest what the Tax authorities said. People have exaggerated ideas about the price of their properties. I tried to enforce the same law in the Punjab in order to force the people to build on their vacant sites in towns and not just wait for unearned increments, but did not get enough time to carry

it through. It is not possible to tax unearned increments, because if you do then the State must also allow rebates on losses, if any, when the prices go down. Lloyd George in England in 1914-15 tried to do it, but he gave it up for the same reason. The present Government have in 1965 imposed a gains tax and an additional wealth tax. These taxes will prove crushing for our growing industry.

There were several Sikhs settled in Columbia, a Province in the West of Canada. I travelled by train and enjoyed the trip. There trees in the forests appeared stunted as compared with the trees in Simla. One Canadian told me that his gardener was a Sikh and he used to pick him up drunk from the street outside the Sikh temple every Sunday. Many retired British Indian Civil Servants were settled in Vancouver—which has a fairly mild climate like that of England. Canada has beautiful lakes and Lake Superior is so large that Canadians used to joke that if you threw England into Lake Superior there would not be a ripple. Canadians are very pro-British and I know that in England Canadians are held very high in the estimation of all British Governments and the people. Nothing of importance happened in England without the previous consultation of all the Commonwealth countries, especially Canada. If Hitler had taken England the British Government would have evacuated to Canada and carried on the war from there. A man like Churchill would never have surrendered.

I was given an honorary degree of Laws at the Toronto University. Lady Athlone, wife of the Governor-General, also received an honorary degree on the same day. The Chancellor was a very handsome old man with a grey beard, Sir William Mulock. He was about ninety and had been a Judge of the High Court but did not retire because there is no age limit for judges of the High Courts in Canada. So they made him the Chancellor of the University. I feel that the age limit for our own judges is low. It should be seventy for judges of the Federal Court and sixty-five for judges of the High Court. I wanted to raise it but my Ministry lasted only a year and these matters take time. The salary of the



1943—*The Indian Cabinet.* *Sitting* L to R.—*Sir Homi Modi, Sir Jermy Raisman, Field-Marshal Lord Wavell, Lord Linlithgow (the Viceroy), Mr. Maxwell, Sir Sultan Ahmed and Mr. Khare.* *Standing* L to R.—*Sir Gilbert Laithwaite, Mr. Sarkar, the Author, Sir Edward Benthal, Sir Mohammad Osman, Dr. Ambedkar, Sir Jawala Parshad Shrivasthava, Sir Joginder Singh, an I.C.S. officer.*

judges is four thousand rupees a month and in these days of inflation it is not enough for them and they are not allowed to practise after retiring. Something has to be done in this country on this subject to attract good men to the bench.

At Toronto Railway Station on arrival in 1941 I had a very unpleasant experience. As we got there in the morning, the negro superintendent of the carriage took my handbag which contained my papers, without touching the other luggage and quickly put it out on the platform. I asked my private secretary, MacMather, where my bag was. He said that he did not know, so we both ran out but did not find it on the platform. We rushed to the exit where we saw a man get into a taxi with my bag in his hand. I said to him. "This is my bag" and he said no, it was his and I said, "Look my name is written on the outside of the bag". Then he had to come out and give it to me. I tried to be angry with him. There was no policeman and he said to me. "Do not get fresh or else I will punch your nose." We did not want to create a scene because I could not afford to stay more than a day or two and if there was a police case, I might have had to stay a long time. The man had no luggage of his own and was bareheaded. I was told afterwards that some negro superintendents of carriages are in league with international crooks who get into the train at a previous station and the car attendants put out bags which in their opinion are likely to contain valuables. I have made it a principle in life never to record anything of a secret nature. One can do great national harm if such information is lost. This bag contained only diaries of my impressions of each place and contained nothing of any consequence. During the whole of the War I never recorded anything that I learnt at any meeting. Everyone who travels a lot should have his name embossed on each bag and depend on labels only which can be torn off and thrown away easily.

In Canada there are two Railway companies running in competition on lines running practically parallel to each other. The Canadian Pacific Railway commanded a large

number of votes so a political rival group created a rival company of the National Railways.

My general impression of the Canadian trip was that they would sacrifice the last dollar and the last man to fight for England and save it. I do not know why Mr. Mackenzie King took three days to declare war after England had done this with their previous consultation and consent. There must have been some very good reason for it, other than the fact that Mackenzie King had the great quality of being reticent and slow to move and act. Canada has the possibility of becoming a "greater England" if all British emigration is financed and channelised in that direction.

I have been to the United States of America in 1937 1941, 1945, 1949, 1956 and 1957. I have already mentioned my 1937 visit. In 1941 I travelled in the U.S.A. from coast to coast. At that time all the trade between India and the two American Continents was done through my office in London. I undertook this trip in order to find out if we could increase this trade between the U.S.A. and Canada on the one hand and India on the other and I also wanted to know what the Americans were feeling about the War and what they were likely to do. I visited the following towns, Washington, New York, Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City, St. Louis, Denver, Los Angeles, Seattle, San Francisco, and from there I moved north into Canada and from Victoria went eastward to Ottawa. In New York I met an American solicitor to whom I had a letter of introduction from Professor Laski, who was very influential with the Labour Government in London at that time. This gentleman in turn gave me a letter of introduction to Gary Cooper in Los Angeles. The solicitor's step-daughter was married to him. I was very glad to have had this introduction and through the Coopers I met other people who were well known screen actors.

I saw many factories in Chicago and in Detroit and this was a great education for me. To Chicago at the same time came a Polish General, an exile from Europe. There were

about half a million Poles in Chicago and they had their own newspapers in Polish and could influence public opinion in favour of the War. Here too, I used to have my morning rides. One day I got into great difficulties on the large highway along the lake. Even then the traffic was so heavy that in the morning four to five rows of cars moved into and out of town. No one travels under sixty miles an hour and the noise made by the rushing cars sounded like the sound of the sea. This particular morning I tried to press the traffic light button on the wooden post on my side of the road but the button did not work, so the traffic did not stop. I waited and waited until I got my chance and got on to the road but I could not go beyond the middle. Very slowly I started riding along in the direction from which traffic was coming until a policeman saw me and, seeing that I was a foreigner created no trouble, blew his whistle and stopped the traffic for me, otherwise my horse and I could have had a very serious accident.

In all the cities I addressed meetings of five to six hundred people at a time, telling them about the industrial and war potential of my country. In the U.S.A. they have a wonderful system of gathering for luncheons for an hour. Each man pays a dollar. They have a quick lunch and gather a certain amount of knowledge from the speakers who come from all over the world. Once I addressed a women's club of about 500 and not a single man besides myself and my secretary was admitted. In Kansas City I had a largely attended meeting and at the end of it I saw a group of people collecting round a man, laughing and going away. I asked my private secretary to go and see what was happening there and he discovered an old German of about seventy years of age, who had been seventeen years in America and was a Nazi sympathizer. He had made it a habit that after each luncheon talk in favour of the Allies, he would distribute rude and funny pictures to ridicule and nullify the whole effect of the speech. I took this old man to my hotel and kept him well over an hour and a half. He was of the view that we Muslims in India should join hands with Gandhi and throw the British out. I tried to convert him to the view that

we must first fight Hitler and that he also should work against him. Though I could not convince him, we parted in a friendly spirit.

In one city I was entertained to dinner by thirty-one members of a polo club. There were three Irishmen and they were lawyers. When by argument I cornered them after dinner, one of them thumped the table and said, "But we hate the British", People outside hardly realise that there are in U.S.A. millions of Irishmen, millions of Germans, millions of Italians and millions of other smaller nationalities in addition to about sixteen or seventeen million negroes. It was not easy for anyone to persuade these people to incline towards the war against Germany. The Americans were making money and were very prosperous and liked their peace.

At Denver I was much impressed by the houses of millionnaires, their gardens and the public lawns I stayed in the house of a very rich woman who had a luxurious house with all comforts like that of pressing a button which would either heat or cool a room; the beds were covered with silken sheets and pillow cases.

I had a very interesting time in Los Angeles. Besides the Coopers, I received hospitality from Cecil B. de Mille, at whose home I met Paulette Goddard. The studio I visited had uncemented floors, was cold and uncomfortable. There were no seats for the actors to sit on and the actors had to practise every line three or four times before the camera finally accepted the scene. The words "No, no, go back, no, no, try again" were boring tiresome. I would have run away if I had been an actor. However, they are paid handsomely for doing all this.

One day I was driving along in a car with an American friend and I noticed two brick pillars on the right hand side. On one of them was written, "Jewish Golf Club" and I asked my friend, "Why a communal club?" He told me that Jews are not admitted into the other American clubs. Many

hotels would not accept Jews as visitors. This surprised me enormously. The Gary Coopers asked me to dinner at Ciros Restaurant, with another eight or ten people. It was a fascinating entertainment because on Sundays all the actors who were out of jobs went there and were given a chance to show their worth. Producers went there to watch. There I heard Judy Garland. I met Cary Grant the first day when I called at the house of Barbara Hutton, who very kindly asked me to dinner, as one of her relatives, a relation of Conan Doyle, had met me in London. When I later visited Cary Grant, I found that the outside gate had a bell and a telephone. I pressed the button and a servant spoke from the house which was a few yards away, and then I was admitted by my pressing another button, when the gate opened. Then I had to press a second bell to enter the house. Film stars are well protected against unwanted intruders. Cary Grant was having a swim in his pool which came right up to the wall of his back verandah, where a picture of Barbara Hutton stood. He told me he was in love with her, and they were going to South America to get married, which I believe they did.

In Los Angeles I also enjoyed my horse rides on Beverley Hills.

In San Francisco I was asked to come to a big hall where they were packing "Bundles for Britain". Miss Helen Hayes, the famous actress, was the guest of honour for the evening. I was told that the Germans had collected for Germany much more than the British had collected for Britain. The technique of the Germans was that they used to send very handsome young men three or four at a time to various houses. They would press the bell and when the ladies came out asked them for assistance. They were so well-dressed and so good looking that the women could not say "no" to them and somehow or the other they managed to get these bundles across to Germany.

When crossing into Canada, in 1941, I noticed that the lady typist from our office in New York who went there

with our delegation, had no visa for Canada. Canadian and American citizens carry passports but do not need a visa to enter each other's country. I wish that a similar system would exist betwen India and Pakistan, but our differences over Kashmir have kept our relations strained.

During my 1941 visit, I gathered the impression that the Americans would never go to war. They were making money and they wanted to wait and see who was going to win and if in the long run the British were winning and they had exhausted Germany, the Americans would have come in for the kill at the last moment. Roosevelt was acting very wisely from his own country's point of view because with a heterogeneous population like that of America it was not easy to get them ready for war. He seemed to be in no hurry. This was a very unsatisfactory state of affairs from the point of view of Great Britain and her Allies. How different this policy of Roosevelt was to that of the great man Churchill. I heard him say in a meeting in London regarding a certain matter that he was not going to wait until he had consulted the last village idiot in England before he took action. The responsibility was his and he must act. I did not come away from the U.S.A. with a very happy impression of their people as far as the War was concerned. It was really the hidden hand of God that acted when the Japanese attacked the American Fleet at Pearl Harbour, which enabled Roosevelt to declare war. I definitely believe that Pearl Harbour was an act of God which forced the Americans into war, but since then the U.S.A. has been wonderful on the side of democracies and the smaller nations. And Hitler's madness in attacking Russia was also the hidden hand of God.

When going out to the United States in 1941, I had a very unpleasant experience. It was in March and the German forces were busy all along the sea coast of Europe. We had to fly from Southampton to Lisbon. The plane just behind my plane was that of Dr. Weisman, the great Jewish leader and Hitler's Luftwaffe was watching for him. They spotted his plane and tried to attack it but the pilot went down and

flew only about two hundred feet above the sea water and reached Lisbon safely. I stayed in Lisbon for two days and had to report to the police every day before I was allowed to get out. From Lisbon we flew to Belem on the west coast of Africa and from there to Bolama at the mouth of the River Amazon in South America and had breakfast on a river boat. From there we flew to Trinidad, where I met a very large number of Indians and from Trinidad to Washington and New York.

When I landed in New York in March, 1941, Hardit Singh Malik, our Consul General in New York, gave me a telegram which informed me that my father had passed away. I was told by my friends that he used to sit up late at night to listen to the B.B.C. and worried a lot about my being in London during the bombing. He had a stroke in Lahore and never recovered from it. Not to have seen him before his death left a void in me.

I have been very lucky in life inasmuch as I had these wonderful opportunities of travel on Government's behalf. What you learn from seeing different countries and people you cannot learn from books and travel facilities should not be curtailed in any country that wants to keep level with other nations.

Chapter VI

NEW DELHI

September, 1941 to September, 1945

In 1941 I was told by the Secretary of State for India, Mr. Amery, that he and the Viceroy wanted me to go to India as Member of the Viceroy's Cabinet. I had quite recently been given one year's extension in London as High Commissioner, having finished my five years already. I accepted the new office and packed up and flew back. This time I had to travel via Lisbon, Lagos, Khartoum, Cairo, Karachi and New Delhi. At Lagos we stopped one night and I have never seen the sky and the stars nearer to me than they were then. I ate a tight skinned orange at dinner, which was completely green but sweet like sugar, I carried a few all the way to India where I discovered that these oranges did not grow from seed but have to be grafted. When we flew from Lagos to Khartoum non-stop, partly over thick jungles, I never saw a single fire or smoke anywhere. It was a dangerous flight because (God forbid) if something had happened to the airplane nobody would have been heard of any more. The lack of smoke in the jungles was I think due to the fact that there were hardly any habitations in them.

I stopped the night in Khartoum, where the Governor lived in a kind of mud palace. I believe his name was Huddleston. He was the brother of my shipping adviser at India House in London. The Sudan Civil Service was directly recruited from the Foreign Office. Sudan was then a condominium—ruled both by England and Egypt, but this partnership became rule by Britain. A Punjabi saying "*Dadhey Nal Bhaiwalee, Naley Mange Hissa Naley Kadhey Galee*". means, "if you go partners with someone stronger than yourself, he will not only demand his share but give you abuse

also." Every civil servant had three months' leave in England each year. There was some sort of hill station which had a little cooler climate but people preferred to go back "home." I also saw at Omderman near Khartoum the place where Mr. Churchill, as a subaltern, had taken his hat in his hand and, sitting on his horse, ordered his platoon to charge Mehdi's men. The Chief Secretary, who was taking me round, told me that quite a number of Mr. Churchill's men were killed but he remained safe. The Eidgah—the place earmarked for saying annual Eid prayers—was just a big field with a small mud wall around it set aside for this purpose by the Mehdi. Judging by the mud buildings everywhere, Khartoum could have been any large village in India.

When I landed at Karachi, the Press surrounded me and asked me what was going to be my policy. I told them that I had been appointed Member of the Viceroy's Cabinet because I was a Muslim and I had to represent the Muslims point of view in all matters. So, therefore, my policy was going to be the same as that of the Muslim League. Portfolios assigned to me were Public Works and Labour.

My servants had to come by sea and unfortunately their ship was torpedoed somewhere along the West African coast, but I am glad to say that they arrived safely. Fateh Sher, my valet, was out in a small boat for two or three days, but luckily the captain was in this boat too and had a compass which directed the boat to Port Elizabeth. They had run short of water but luckily it rained and by collecting the water in their hands they did not suffer too much of thirst before reaching land.

I had the Public Works and Labour Portfolios for nearly a year.

During the War there were many strikes in India, part of the pressure on the British to quit India, I was responsible for the idea of recruiting two labour corps for the Calcutta dockyards, where a few Japanese bombs had sent the civilian

labour force panic-stricken back to their village homes. These men—a thousand in each corps—proved a great success. The well-known tiger hunter Lieutenant-Col. Jim Corbett was in charge. At the same time I wanted Nimbkar's help in preventing strikes in the factories. But he was in jail in Bombay, the Provincial Government considered him a dangerous person and had detained him. I persuaded them to release him, thanks to Sir Roger Lumley, the Governor, and I appointed him Labour Welfare Officer.

Mr. Nimbkar had been a Leftist Labour Leader in Bombay for many years and was supposed to have been very anti-British. Organised labour in India had had right to elect their own delegate to the International Labour Organisation Meeting in Geneva for a number of years now. "The British are a constitutional people.' Nimbkar always admitted. We had met at Geneva, where he was the Labour representative on the Indian delegation which I led in 1938. The day he arrived, I took him to my rooms at the Carlton Hotel and fitted him out with some warm underwear. He was very anti-British. I told tim the story I had heard in England of the two Russian and British Naval officers in the First World War, who caught two men, one a Russian and the other a Britisher, stealing tinned food in the Leningrad Naval Base. The next morning the Russian officer asked his British counterpart, "What did you do with your soldier?" "Oh, he is in the lock up and will be tried". "And what did you do with yours?" asked the British officer. "We shot him last night", said the Russian. Nimbkar turned to me and said, "I grant you that the British will do the same but hold a trial first". Nimbkar and I became good friends because I treated him as a friend, a fellow citizen, worthy of respect and consideration. I took him into my confidence and explained to him Government's views on all items of the Agenda. It was the first time in the history of an Indian delegation that the representative of organised labour voted with the official representative. Misunderstandings can often be removed by informal discussion and giving your colleagues the confidence that you respect and trust them. It is a great mistake in politics to think that anyone is incorrigible. Anyone may

change his views and actions if one is genuine in one's approach and if one follows the policy—"Whatever you do not like for yourself—do not do it to others." The Persian saying, "*Harcheh Bar Khud Napasandi Bar Deegran Mapsand*" expresses it.

When Nimbkar came to London in 1938, after the meeting in Geneva was over, he asked me to give him a visa for Russia. As he was inclined towards Communism, his passport had not been endorsed for Russia. I wrote to the Viceroy recommending that we let Nimbkar go to Russia. If Communism was a good system he would continue to be inclined to the Left. If it were not, seeing it in action might change his views. It has always been my feeling, that a man never allows himself to alter his views unless he is convinced that his old views were wrong. Freedom of thought is essential for a genuine and permanent conversion. We gave Nimbkar his visa to go to Russia. But soon after the war broke out while he was still in the Balkans, so he returned to India via Constantinople.

So my good relations with Nimbkar from the days of the I.L.O. Conference in Geneva were responsible for his accepting my invitation. I do not flatter myself when I say that he had confidence in me and thereafter we had no trouble with strikes. I believe that Labour must get a fair deal. Social justice is essential for peaceful progress. Labour will believe their leaders, and not follow the advice of Government servants, no matter how correct. There would be fewer strikes if the labour were given in addition to their wages a certain percentage of the net profits when these go above a certain figure. With this money labour should be provided certain amenities free, to cut down their cost of living.

I followed the same policy of "Freedom of thought for all", as Foreign Minister and later, as Prime Minister of Pakistan. Several persons wanted to go to Sweden in 1957 to attend a Communist Conference. We made no effort to stand in their way. There are naturally few who are liable to be

really dangerous to the security of the State. These must be closely watched and adequately controlled. But the vast majority are travelling their path for reasons which to others may appear to be mistaken, but it is better that they should be helped to discover the truth for themselves. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. It is human nature to do what is forbidden. Let all men learn for themselves. On the other hand reports came to me that one so-called religious man was completely won over during his visit to Russia and had agreed to create a cell in Pakistan. Everything was known to us and he did no harm. There are some who express extremist views to get prominence and there are some who act for money. For them there is no remedy. There are some who go Left because their political opponents are going Right. For them there is the remedy of an appeal to their sense of patriotism. Arguments may set them right. But if they cannot be convinced and their belief in Communism is genuine, then it is best to leave them alone. It takes all sorts to make a world. They may, as an Opposition, make a really useful contribution to a good Government of the country. Communism or Dictatorship can only flourish where there is gross inequality and frequent changes of Government leading to instability. It is not a bad thing that political views vary but becoming a tool of foreign people, directing one's country from outside. East or West, is a most heinous and unpatriotic action.

As Minister for Public Works and Labour, I introduced for the first time in the history of India, the Annual Tripartite Conference, consisting of representatives of Labour, Employers, and Government servants. I am glad to say that this practice still continues. I had realised the value of this when I attacked the I.L.O. meetnig in Geneva. It is very important that representatives of the public should be included in all delegations to International Conferences. Their attendance is more important than that of a civil servant because they, and not the civil servants are the real policy makers—present and future. The tendency of the Government of India in British days was to rely too much on civil servants for this purpose and make too little use of public

men. Training of public representatives in the art of administration and sending them to important International meetings is essential if a democratic form of Government is to be worked.

After a year the Viceroy asked me to take over the newly created portfolio of Defence. Sir Claude Auchinleck, the Commander-in-Chief, was the War Minister. I was also appointed by the Viceroy to be the Minister of Co-ordination, *i.e.* in case one file belonged to more than one ministry, it came to me. Sir Charles Ogilvie was my Secretary. He was Deputy Commissioner in Lahore when I was a Minister there and he belonged to my province, so we knew each other well.

Shortly after my appointment I received a letter from Sir Sikander Hayat, who was Chief Minister of the Punjab, showing anger at my accepting the Defence Portfolio. I showed it to Lord Linlithgow, the Viceroy, who told me that Sikander had no reason to be angry with me as he never had Sikander in mind for this appointment, though apparently Sikander had suggested the creation of such a portfolio. This letter also belied the current news at that time that Sikander had actually recommended my name.

So the Brahmin palmist's prophecy had come true. I came back to India as suddenly as I had left India for England, according to his calculations.

The days in Delhi were very busy and interesting. Just at that time we also reached a dangerous stage of the War. The Germans were pushing through Russia and were luckily stopped at Stalingrad, where the Russians put up a heroic and marvellous defence. No slave race can over fight like that. The Japanese had invaded and conquered South East Asia, including Singapore and Burma and had entered eastern India. One section of their army went up towards Imphal on the border of Assam and the other section came along the south towards Chittagong. Thank God on both fronts the enemy was halted. Thus the dangerous pincer

movement of the Germans and the Japanese came to a halt in Stalingrad and in Chittagong and Imphal. But if ever there is another pincer movement against India and Pakistan it would be through Kabul or Tibet.

One day in 1943 we had a meeting in the room of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Claude Auchinleck, at which another colleague of ours did not attend. We afterwards learnt that the security guard at the entrance had asked for his identity card. He was annoyed at not being admitted without it and insisted that the meeting should be held in his wing of the Secretariat in future. For the future a solution was found in posting a man at the entrance who was to receive the honourable Minister. It is very necessary that when important personalities are coming, suitable arrangements should be made for their reception at the door or the gate. But it is also important that Government orders should be obeyed by all, high and low. There is no disgrace in obeying the orders passed by one's own Government or colleague. Rather, the man who enforces these orders, against the high-ups, should be praised. In London all of us had to show identity cards—even the British Ministers—when we attended important meetings. Hitler, we are told, had a double. Anyone looking like one of the British Ministers could cheat the guard at the door and with a hidden machine gun kill everyone with one burst of it. There is wisdom in the old Persian saying "*Nihad Shakhe Pure Mavah Sar Bar Zamin*" — "The branch which is laden with fruit bends its head lowest to the ground." Humility is a wonderful quality which takes people high. Vanity is the sister of inferiority complex. But one should never become a door mat. Self-respect must be preserved.

When the Japanese entered India from the east it was the time when the Congress Party had started the cry under Mr. Gandhi's guidance. "Do or Die". It was the Japanese who had thrust a knife into our backs and the great Indian Leader, Mr. Gandhi, called upon the Hindus and the Congress Party and all Indians to join him and rebel against the Government. If they had succeeded it would have been the

greatest tragedy from the point of view of our freedom because neither the Hindus, nor the Muslims would ever have found freedom under Japanese or German domination. However, God was kind. Lord Linlithgow, the Viceroy and his Cabinet put Mr. Gandhi and his Congress Party leaders into jail in Ahmedabad in western India and the war effort of this subcontinent continued unmitigated in support of Great Britain in spite of Mr. Gandhi's hunger strikes and his passive resistance movements, which always turned into violent ones.

There was an echo of this "Do or Die" cry in San Francisco, in 1945 at the first United Nations meeting which I attended with Sir Ramaswami Mudaliar on behalf of India. Some Indian Congress Party members like Mrs. Pandit and Syed Hussain, who were also in San Francisco, were spreading propaganda against Sir Ramaswami and myself, that we did not represent India. I had a talk with them and told them not to wash our dirty linen abroad and that we were as keen on India's freedom as they. So I suggested we should both work for India and not throw mud at one other, to which we agreed. But they went back on this agreement by arranging to hold a meeting in our hotel—the Mark Hopkins—to address the world press. I knew that freedom for India without getting Pakistan was no freedom for us—Muslims. Therefore, the Congress Party's success was to be the doom of Muslims. I could not sit back and watch Congress propaganda go unchallenged before the world press. We could not get anyone to go to this meeting but eventually one of our brave stenographers agreed to go in and ask an awkward question; "Is it a fact that when the Americans were being killed by the Japanese, your party leader stabbed the Americans and their Allies in the back, raising the slogan, "Do or Die"? The Congress representatives were taken aback and one of them asked the man if he was a Press man and when he said no, he was asked by the Chairman to leave the hall. As he walked out all cameras clicked. No one ever got such publicity as he did. He was invited to many places, thereafter, but he had to shave his beard to change his identity. When he returned to Delhi, no one would accept

him in his office in view of the Congress Party's coming into power. Eventually I persuaded the Commissioner of Delhi, who was a friend of mine, to take him in the Food Department. Even that job he had to resign later on and opened a shop in Connaught Circus. When Partition came his stock worth eighty thousand rupees was looted and he was left for dead from sword wounds. He still carries the mark of a sword wound on his face. He is now in Pakistan.

I got a very bad press in India for this press stunt, as found out afterwards on my return. Distorted and angry reports by Hindu pressmen were sent back. Even our Muslim press which was also beating the drum of freedom, did not understand the implications of the propaganda these important and most plausible of Congress representatives were making at the first meeting of the U.N.

In 1944 the Cabinet sent me to London along with the Maharaja of Kashmir, he representing Princely India and I representing British India. Mackenzie King from Canada, General Smuts from South Africa, Mr. Curtin, the Labour Prime Minister of Australia, His Majesty King George VI, Mr. Churchill and the Ex-Maharaja of Kashmir, Dr. Higgins of Southern Rhodesia and Mr. Nash of New Zealand, who are all in a picture which I have in my study, have all passed away. I am the sole survivor of the war Cabinet of 1945.

One day we were suddenly called to a Cabinet meeting by the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill. On this particular evening, Mr. Churchill told us that the British forces, along with the Americans, were going to invade Normandy that night. sat up quite late praying for their safe landing but the invasion did not come off that night but two days later.

Mr. Churchill held meeting in a deep underground shelter but these were also not safe from the pilotless German planes called V-I. The bombing with missiles had started after D. day. Everyone of us lived from day to day and if we woke up safe in the morning, we thanked our stars.



The British war Cabinet—June 1944 L to R.—*The Rt. Hon. Peter Fraser (Prime Minister of New Zealand), The Rt. Hon. J. Curtin (P. M. of Australia), The Rt. Hon. W.S. Churchill (P. M. of Britain), His Highness the Maharaja of Kashmir, His Majesty King George VI, The Rt. Hon. Sir G. Huggins (P. M. of Rhodesia), The Rt. Hon. W. I. Mackenzie King (P. M. of Canada), The Author, and Field-Marshal The Rt. Hon. J. C. Smuts.*

I had a near shave with one of these pilotless planes. I was staying at the Hyde Park Hotel, London, and my rooms overlooked the park. One night I dreamt that my mother, who was in our village home in India (now Pakistan) was telling me, "My son, my prayer has been heard and you will come back to me safely." I woke up and looked at the clock and found that it was 3-00 a.m. After lunch, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, I was trying to catch various tunes on the radio—when I seemed to hear someone saying. "You fool, why don't you look outside, the air raid warning is now constantly on." I immediately took my hand off the switch and went to the window to have a look outside, I saw one of these "V—Ones" with engines cut off, gliding fast downwards over the park, three or four hundred yards away from my window. I had just time enough to rush back to the centre of the room, leaving the window open and to drop on to the floor, face downwards. I put fingers in my ears, lifted my stomach from the floor and waited for the worst. There was a big bang. The door into the corridor, which had been bolted, was sucked into the room and fell on the floor one foot from my head. Bits of the ceiling came down filling the room with dust. I opened my eyes wondering if I was dead or alive. Well, I was alive enough to walk into the corridor to offer a cup of tea to two old ladies who were rushing about like two frightened deer in a zoo cage. I was convinced in my mind that my mother's spirit had come and stood by me near the radio and pushed me to go to the window, otherwise there was no reason for me to suddenly interrupt my pursuit after music. Can the spirit of a living human travel 4,500 miles? Or did my mother have the soul power to influence me from that distance? In either case, something unseen acted. Reaching the ground floor I was told that a man and his wife had been sitting in the hall by the front door. They were found sitting in their chairs, dead, with their entrails sucked out through their mouths. I think people outside England have no idea what the people of British cities went through.

One day I was standing on the lawn of the country house of my friend Stanley Glikston, whose hospitality I

enjoyed for many weekends at Farnham Common, Buckinghamshire, and we saw one of the pilotless German planes glide over us. We could see it for a long distance. It fell about ten miles away. I have not forgotten the humour of the Londoner. There was a cartoon in which two Londoners were looking at one of these planes, which were called Doodle Bugs. One man was saying to the other, "Why is he in such a hurry?" and the other Londoner said, "Don't you see, his backside is on fire."

In 1945, when peace was declared in Europe, I was also selected by the Cabinet and the Viceroy, Lord Wavell, along with Sir Ramaswami Mudaliar, to represent India at the inaugural meeting of the United Nations in San Francisco, U.S.A., as I mentioned above already. I told the Viceroy, "I hope that during our absence the Congress will not take office and recall us, if so, I would rather not go." He thumped the table and said, "The Congress are not coming into power." had not yet passed through London, when Lord Wavell arrived there and I had already discovered that the negotiations with the Congress were on. Lord Wavell I am sure could not have guessed what the Labour Party were likely to do.

On the way to San Francisco we stopped a night at Toronto and Mr. Nash, the New Zealand Prime Minister and I were in the same hotel. I came back late at night and the hall porter gave me the wrong key, e.g. if my room was 312 he gave me 412. I went in and found Mr. Nash all alone, reading a book. Luckily his wife was not with him else I would have been more embarrassed than ever. That taught me to always take my key away from the board before retiring.

With me was Captain Banning Richardson, who was employed in the Information Department and is the son of a great gentleman whom I had met at Toronto at Rupert Basin's dinner party. Banning knew Mrs. Corona Anderson, who lived in a beautiful house in Santa Barbara, one of the hospitality and kindness. Though her husband was ill in

hospital, her daughters and grandchildren kept us entertained. The ladies of San Francisco had created an organisation to show hospitality and to drive the delegates about lovely places near San Francisco, and who showed us much in their own cars.

Banning wanted to stand for the British Parliament and I recommended him to the Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, in whose plane we came back to London. The plane before us carried a high British Foreign Office official among others and was lost over the Atlantic, between Gander and Glasgow. We flew low but found no trace of the lost plane, nor did anyone else. Such was life in those days. Banning got the ticket and though he got more votes than his predecessor at the previous election, he lost. At the next elections he had changed his allegiance and applied for a Liberal Party ticket but I do not think he fared any better.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wolff were another couple who showed us hospitality in San Francisco. I also met a Mr. Noon there and we became friends. I discovered later that many Irishmen, whose names were Nunan, had changed it to Noon. At Wadham I used to spell my name NUN but the people used to pronounce it like nun—a woman who has taken holy orders—so I changed the spelling to Noon.

Once I went into a shop to buy some stockings for my wife who had been left in Delhi. The lady behind the sales counter asked for and got a ticket for the U.N. Session. This paid me heavy dividends as she helped me to buy beautiful hats and dresses for my wife at a wholesale shop.

During my term in the Cabinet, the Viceroy told me one day that he had decided to ask me to take over the Supply Ministry. I was going on tour the next day, but in the evening there was a Cabinet Ministers' dinner at the house of one of our colleagues. It was custom to have a dinner party every fortnight at the house of one Member of the Executive Council or another, by turn. Thus once a fortnight we got an opportunity of meeting each other free from other guests, to

discuss anything informally. After this dinner party I was talking to the then Commander-in-Chief, General Wavell and he asked me if I was leaving on tour the next morning and I told him no, because the Viceroy had asked me to stay and take over the Supply Ministry the next morning. My colleague, Sir Jogindra Singh, was eavesdropping. When I saw him he moved away and I guessed that some of the Members did not sleep that night. They must have gone into a huddle with each other and gone to the Viceroy and pressed him to give this portfolio to another Member. There was a great deal of opportunity of patronage in the hands of the Supply Minister. I was unaware of what might have been happening behind the scenes, but even if I had known of the intrigue I could not have cared less. I never even mentioned the case to the Viceroy again. So I continued as Minister for Defence, but again I had to learn a lesson to be more circumspect, even with trusted colleagues! However, I have always remained open-hearted and not secretive with my friends and colleagues and as life has gone on, I have often paid for this to my cost. It all depends on the sort of men you work with.

Churchill is a man who is born once in a century. The purpose of his birth was to win World War II. But he made a mistake after the War. Instead of appointing Lord Wavell as the Viceroy, he should have nominated a civilian like Linlithgow, who would have known how to deal with our master minds in politics. General Alexander could fit into Canada for they are a fully developed and independent democratic country. There was no civilian job more difficult to fill than that of the Viceroy of India. If Wavell's great service had to be recognised, that recognition should have taken some other form. It was not fair to put this great burden on his shoulders.

Seeing how events were taking shape under Wavell's leadership, I was certain that we might get a chance to make a bid for Pakistan. I, therefore, decided to resign my office as a Member of the Viceroy's Cabinet in order to get back to work for the general elections, which were announced to

take place in 1946. I had once earlier consulted Mr. Jinnah as to whether I should resign and come and work for him and he said, "No, I would like you to stay on where you are." Lord Wavell did not wish me to resign but I told him that the most important part of India which was demanding Pakistan, was my own province and that my cousin, Sir Khizar Hayat Tiwana, was the Chief Minister there, heading the Unionist Party—my own old party—which consisted of all communities and that unless I went back and worked for Pakistan, I would regret it all my life. I thought that unless the Muslims had political power in an area of their own, we would all have been relegated to the position of depressed classes under orthodox Hinduism, as is the case in India today, with the forty million Muslims who are still there.

After my resignation in September, 1945, I landed in Lahore by train and the Muslim Leaguers gave me a reception such as is seldom experienced by a political worker in his country. The younger set of the Muslim League leaders, in their exuberance of joy in having annexed me, had erected a dais outside the railway station and smothered me with garlands of flowers, for which I still thank them. There was a large crowd which I had to address.

So the third prophecy of the Brahmin, that I would leave Delhi after five years, also came true but he had declined to say what would happen to me after that. I guessed the future could not have been similar to the past and that is why he had kept quiet. Consequently I had walked into the wilderness for four years but I have never been happier in my life, because it was during this time that I was really serving my people, first by fighting for Pakistan and then as an ordinary member of the First Assembly without any office.

It was a real pleasure to see how the public appreciated my work but unfortunately I found the climate, so far as the Muslim League was concerned, a little cold for me. I had given everybody the assurance that I had held very high

offices for a long time and they could not give me anything better, therefore they should have believed me when I told them that I did not want any office at all but only an opportunity to work as an ordinary citizen. They needed me badly because if there was anybody in the Punjab who could counter-balance the influence of my cousin, the Chief Minister, among the rural people and public servants, it was myself. So some leaders of the Muslim League were between the devil and the deep sea. If they did not let me work, they stood in danger of having to face a very uphill task in the Punjab and that would have been very dangerous and risky from the Muslim point of view and yet they did not wish that through selfless service I should become very popular among the public of the Punjab. My great tragedy was that the Quaid-i-Azam, Mohammad Ali Jinnah, came from Bombay and knew very little about the politics and political leaders of the Punjab. At first he was much under the influence of some Punjab Muslim Leaguers and when during the course of a few years of my selfless devotion to duty and loyalty to him, he had realised my true position and of men and affairs in the Punjab, it was our great misfortune that he was taken away from us.



1944—*The author after his marriage in Bombay with his wife and Sir Rehmatullah Chinoy at the Bombay Races.*

Chapter VII

September, 1945—August, 1947

I had resigned my Defence Membership of Viceroy's Council (cabinet) in September, 1945, in order to fight the elections which were to decide the fate of the Punjab. After arrival in Lahore from Delhi, the first thing I did was to call on the Chief Minister, Sir Khizar Hayat Tiwana. He is a distant relation of mine, but due to very close friendship between my father and his father, we were also very good personal friends and he was as dear to me as a younger brother. I invited him to join the Muslim League but he declined.

When Sir Sikander Hayat, the former Chief Minister of the Punjab, died in 1942, travelled from Delhi to Lahore for a condolence visit and had a long talk with the then Governor, Sir Bertrand Glancy. He invited me to come back to my province to accept the responsibility of the Chief Ministership, but I had begun to like my work at Delhi. I had already been an elected Minister in the province for ten years before taking up the post of High Commissioner for India in London, in 1936. My work in London had brought me into contact with international personalities and affairs. I was chosen to be a Member of the Viceroy's Cabinet in September, 1941 and felt that I had been given a better opportunity to serve my country in the Central Government, and that new people should be given a chance in the provincial sphere. At that time I was interested in staying on at Delhi and suggested to Sir Bertrand to ask Sir Khizar Hayat Khan Tiwana to take up the Chief Ministership as, in my opinion, he would be able to get the requisite support in the Legislature and would make a good

Chief Minister. So when I resigned my office at Delhi and came to Lahore, the first thing I did was to call on Sir Khizar and invite him to join the Muslim League and fight for the creation of Pakistan. I assured him that he should have no fear of losing his position and that I would never aspire to be a rival to him but would give him full support.

It was clear to me that the British would leave India and that it was up to us, the Muslims, to see that Pakistan was created by partitioning India. But the Unionist Party of the Punjab was convinced by some very high up British officials that the British were not quitting and that they would be able to form a Government with Hindu and Sikh support though the Muslims would be only a few. The officials themselves probably did not know what was going to happen in London and even if they knew it, it was politic on their part to hide the truth from their friends until the last moment, hoping that Partition would not come off. But the British did quit India. Respect of public opinion is ingrained in their blood in their own country. In others lands they will try and keep their possessions or back up their friends until they are defeated by public opinion. But when that stage comes, they will struggle no more. It was unrealistic of the friends of the British to expect them to stick to a policy which they may have thought the best but with which the majority of the people of this country were plainly not prepared to co-operate. Even the Holy Quran says, "Oh God, do not place on us a burden which is beyond our powers."

When the Unionist Party was created by Sir Fazli Hussain, conditions were different. I was a member of this Party for sixteen years before I went to London as India's High Commissioner. In 1936, very few of us had believed in Partition or in the Muslim League or in Mr. Jinnah who had been a member of the Congress Party previously. But in the meantime much had happened and political thinking and aspirations were heightened because of the war. Congress used this period to blackmail while the Muslims, as a whole, co-operated in the war effort. Naturally they expected an

even fairer deal from the British after the cessation of hostilities and felt sure of being given Pakistan. But the Unionists failed to see it. They stuck to their guns and lost. This happens in the world quite often to men and parties who are rigid in politics or otherwise. Success belongs to those who have a spirit of compromise and liberalism. It needed a prophet to foretell what would happen and most men at the helm of affairs would have done what the Unionist Party did, *i.e.* stick to the party which rules. If they had been motivated by personal interests they would have crossed the flood then as many have done later on in this country at the slightest excuse.

General elections were to be held all over India in November, 1946. During that year I toured all over the Punjab and North-West Frontier Province. I knew the feelings of the prominent Muslim Leaguers of the Punjab. These young men, full of ambition and confidence, having the full backing of Mr. Jinnah, looked at my return to politics with suspicion, worrying lest I should either take away the credit for their work or try to capture power. In spite of their hesitation to trust or to co-operate with me, I never felt any resentment. I came back only to help to win the elections for the Muslim League and I knew that this would not be easy without my pitting myself against the Unionists and the old well entrenched leaders. My position and my prestige as a former Minister and Defence Member of the Viceroy's Executive Council was a counterpoise the Muslim League had against the Unionist Party in the rural areas and officialdom. A sovereign Muslim State of our own was the main motive force of the forthcoming elections.

That year lives in my memory as an exciting one. Physically we were very uncomfortable; my wife and I had to live in a hotel as my house in Lahore had been sold a few years earlier. But touring, speaking and fighting against the Government and its bureaucracy which was very strong then, was a new experience for me who had, up to then, always been a part of Government. The people in power in Lahore were all my dear friends and the party in power was

my old party. But the stake was high, it was Pakistan and old allegiances had to be forsaken.

The issues before the Muslim League Party were very simple. A vote for it meant a vote for Pakistan. The real fight took place in the Muslim majority areas. In the parts where the Muslims were in a minority, most of the Muslim votes went automatically to the Muslim League but here in the Punjab, the choice took the form of voting for the Muslim League or the Unionist Party, while in other Provinces the Muslims stood on either a Muslim League or a Congress ticket. The older parties fought with all their might and had the backing of the bureaucratic machinery. I wanted to stand from Rawalpindi Town Constituency but the Provincial Muslim League Committee did not want to give me a ticket for this seat. I told them that I was not keen on seeking election at all and that they did not have to give me a ticket as I would be happy to serve the League cause even better by being free of my own election worries and thus able to help wherever I could, but in the end they insisted that I should stand. The elections being held under the system of separate electorates so that neither a Hindu nor Sikh could have voted for a Muslim, the contest amongst Muslims was for the first time on matters of principles and not personalities, although to have important and well-known personalities fighting for the Muslim League and Pakistan made the contest easier.

Eventually they gave me the seat which I wanted and I won it easily. Later I heard that Mr. Jinnah, Leader of our Party, had intervened in my favour.

There were to be seven Muslims returned from East Punjab and when the Muslim League were distributing areas to various leaders, they asked me to go and work in the area which is today East Punjab and which was predominantly Hindu and Sikh and where canvassing was not easy or without danger. They did not expect us to win a single seat there on a Muslim League ticket. However, was glad to be able to find candidates who won all the seven

seats. In Rohtak I could not find a candidate easily for the seat had been held for many years by an old friend of mine, Shafi Ali Khan, for the Unionist Party. However, with the help of the Nawab of Bagpat of U.P., I was able to find a Rajput lawyer who contested the seat and won it. Soofi Abdul Hamid, nephew of Sir Rahim Bakhsh, Chief Minister of Bahawalpur, asked me to come and canvass for him in his constituency; I arrived by car and found several cars parked along the Grand Trunk Road and Mr. Abdul Hamid and his friends, with their red fez caps and long black achkans, were waiting for me. So was also a Sikh Sub-Inspector of Police. They took me aside and told me quietly that they were unable to hold a meeting because the Sikh Sub-Inspector of Police who was pro-Unionist Party, had threatened the villagers with dire consequences if they attended my meeting and all the Muslims had closed their doors from inside and refused to come out. I told them that since we were there we should go to the village in any case. We walked along and the Sikh Sub-Inspector of Police walked with us, too. I asked him. "Why have you come?" and he said. "Sir, to be near your august personality during your visit to this area." As we neared the village an idea struck me and I whispered to one of the Muslim League workers to go into the village and tell the Muslims that the Police Sub-Inspector was calling them. They all turned up and addressing the Hindus I told them to support the Congress party, the Sikhs to support the Akali Party and addressing the Muslims, I asked them to support the Muslim League. The atmosphere of the village changed and the Hindu village headman offered to bring milk for me, which I declined with thanks. In that area Hindus and the Muslims belonged to the same tribe but some had become Muslims and others had remained Hindus and relations between the two communities were very cordial.

On the way back to our cars the Hindu headman asked me, "What will happen to the fifty acres of land which have been promised to me by the Government?" I told him that he should take the reward and at the same time vote for the Congress Party. The land did not belong to the party in

power, it belonged to the people and if he were to receive it for services rendered it was his right as if it were his mother's milk and nobody could have any complaint if he voted according to his conscience. That pleased him very much and it also pleased the Muslims of the village and I am glad to say that Mr. Abdul Hamid won that election. But I am sorry to say that Soofi Sahib was always arrayed against me in party politics. Such is life! "Do a good deed and forget about it."

Another incident during this year may be worth mentioning. During the course of our election campaign, Lord Wavell went to Kashmir on a tour and returned to Delhi *via* Rawalpindi. There he held a great *Darbar* (court) for all the notables of that area. I accepted the invitation and attended the Darbar. Lord Wavell addressed the gathering and during his speech he expressed a hope that the public would support their tried leaders which was interpreted as preferring Sir Khizar Hayat Tiwana to the new Muslim League leaders. I wrote a letter to Lord Wavell to say that this speech was being interpreted as a command for the people to vote for the Unionists, that is Sir Khizar's party. I had attended his Darbar to do honour to a friend and a colleague little realising that words might fall from his lips which could be interpreted to mean that he was the supporter of any one political party. I also stated in my letter that I was confident that he never meant what the people were ascribing to him. He replied immediately that the people were free to support or oppose any party. I wrote back to thank him and to say how relieved I was to get his letter and to ask if he would agree to my giving publicity to this correspondence. But that he did not agree to and the letters could not be published. Many friends pressed me to publish them because party interests were at stake. I told them my honour was also at stake and if I did as I was being asked to no one in future would ever trust me. It was a great temptation for me but one must never fall a victim to the urge of publicity even though it might be helpful at the time. A million helpful scoops could not persuade me to break my word.

We were crowned with success in the elections. The urge for freedom was so strong all over India, that the overwhelming majority of Muslims voted for the Muslim League candidates and the granting of Partition became a natural consequence.

After the elections in 1946, the Muslim members wanted to elect me as their leader at Lahore but some Muslim Leaguers sent frantic telegrams to the Quaid-i-Azam who was then in Assam. Somebody mentioned to me that it was the Quaid-i-Azam's wish that Mamdot should be elected as a leader but the Quaid-i-Azam was very constitutional and he never conveyed his pleasures in this respect to me. I, however, telephoned to him and he said that he would like me to give this chance to Mamdot. So I proposed Mamdot's name myself. The following year after Independence, the first Prime Minister, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, again requested me to stand down for Mamdot and having been brought up to respect party discipline, I again did. The third time the Muslim League High Command deprived me of leadership, was in the third year of Independence when the members of the Punjab Assembly were in a defiant mood against interference by the Central High Command in their free choice of a leader. Khwaja Nazimuddin was then Governor General and the Prime Minister, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, came to Lahore on the night previous to my election as leader. There was a dinner party at Mr. Daultana's house, at which we heard that the Legislature had been abolished under orders of the Central Government and the Governor would assume administration single-handed under Section 92 of the old constitution then in force. I asked Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan the reason for this. He told me that both Mr. Daultana and Nawab Mamdot had given to him in writing that no stable ministry could be formed and, therefore, he had suspended the Legislature. He had never asked me who was being supported by the majority in the party, nor did he ask the party or its members. The advice of the two candidates with no hope of success, was considered a good enough excuse. I regret to say that the Central Government have used their powers to suspend the Legislatures in the Pro-

vinces far too much and most arbitrarily. There has not been a single province in Pakistan in which the elected ministries were not abolished at least once in its lifetime. In many a province the Legislature had been suspended several times and all these suspensions were because "a stable ministry could not be formed", but the truth is that "stable" meant a ministry which would toe the line of the Central Government.

But in 1946 the British were still in India and though the Unionists had only seven or eight Muslim members returned on their ticket, with the help of Hindu and Sikh Unionist Members, Sir Khizar Hayat Tiwan was again asked by the Governor, Sir Evan Jenkins, to form a Ministry. During this period in 1946 communal trouble and unrest started in earnest. Communal processions had started in Lahore, shouting fiery slogans and the Sikhs and Hindus used to climb up on the roofs of their houses shouting throughout the nights, often throwing home-made, explosive bottles. The Muslims retaliated. These times were frightening and full of unrest. One day my chauffeur while cycling along The Mall, the biggest main street in Lahore, was stopped by the police and searched. He carried a penknife in his pocket which was taken away. Reports also came from the city that even bread-knives were taken away from the houses of Muslims, whereas the Sikhs were allowed to cycle about openly armed with two swords each.

I went to see Sir Evan-Jenkins, Governor of the Punjab, to discuss this unfair situation which led to the disarming of one community and might lead to very unpleasant results for the Muslims. However, he had convinced himself that the Sikhs were a minority and, therefore, peaceful and that the Muslims were the aggressors. To back up this fallacy he told me the following story! During the South African War the British soldiers had been killing sheep indiscriminately and Lord Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief, had issued an order that any British soldier found killing a sheep would be severely dealt with. A very heavy penalty was provided for the offence. One day while Lord Roberts was

riding along a road, he found a British soldier killing a sheep. When he suddenly saw Lord Roberts, he pushed his bayonet into the sheep once or twice more and continued saying. "How dare you bite me?" This was Sir Evan Jenkins's biased impression of the communal situation in Lahore. I never talked to him any more about it. The official atmosphere at Lahore was anti-Muslim and, therefore, anti-Muslim League.

It was indeed an unfortunate combination of circumstances which pulled the events against Pakistan at the time of Partition. Sir Evan Jenkins on his first appointment in the Indian Civil Service had been posted to East Punjab, a predominately non-Muslim area and developed sympathies for the non-Muslims. He became Private Secretary to Lord Wavell when he was Viceroy and imbibed his master's spirit which was against Partition and against a division of the Armed Forces. When he was appointed Governor of the Punjab, his Chief Minister, Sir Khizar Hayat Khan Tiwana, was also against Partition. Sir Khizar, I had been told, had been to England and seen Mr. Churchill, the Secretary of State for India and H.M. The King, who had all assured him that there would be no Partition. Unfortunately for these people the Labour Government came into power and Sir Khizar Hayat could not appreciate the change. During that time the riots in Bihar also broke out. Quaid-i-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah rang me up from New Delhi where he lived until Independence and the Partition and asked me to go to Bihar when riots there were serious and the Muslims were being massacred. I remember that I had to pay extra to the Air Company to land me in Patna, which was off the route. I may mention here that I have never travelled or done any political work at the expense of the Party. Once or twice when I landed at Patna the situation looked very ugly because I was all alone and the people who were to receive me, arrived late. I was immediately surrounded by a lot of curious village toughs who were grazing their cattle on the land near the small aerodrome. In a shed there were a number of Hindu soldiers but luckily nobody ever asked me who I was and what my religion was. My diaries of the

Bihar riots were published in the London "Daily Mail", sent there by Mr. Ralph Izzard, who was then the "Daily Mail's" special correspondent here, to let people in Europe know what communal frenzy could do. We sent many homeless and frightened refugees to the Punjab then in train coaches and our social workers in Lahore had their first taste of running a refugee camp and getting to know the problems of rehabilitation.

This general unrest culminated for the Muslim League in the incident which I call "the battle of helmets," which took place at the Muslim League office in the city of Lahore in February, 1947. That day, several urgent messages had come for me from the Muslim League Office. First I did not pay any attention to them as I was trying to enjoy the bright winter sun on the lawns of the hotel. Finally one messenger arrived and suggested that I must visit the office since the police were acting in a high-handed manner. At this I could not refuse assistance.

But as I arrived I noticed that Mian Iftikharuddin and Begum Shah Nawaz, (no doubt also a victim of Mian Iftikharuddin's persuasive arguments), two senior members of the League, had their backs to the door of a room and were refusing entry to the police. Inside the room were steel helmets which the Party had purchased from a second-hand dealer's cloth shop in a Lahore market. These helmets had been discarded by the Government after the war from their Civil Defence Department. The League had purchased them largely for use by volunteers who maintained order at our public meetings. Steel helmets were very useful in those hectic days. The leaders of the League and the main speakers at these meetings were often threatened by hoodlums and heads could crack easily under the bamboo sticks of the police or the opponents.

Mian Iftikharuddin insisted on my joining him to guard the door and pulled me towards it. In such a crisis and with a large crowd of citizens looking towards us, I felt that if I did not follow Mian Sahib, I would surely be dub-

bed a coward. But we did not succeed for long in keeping the police from breaking into the room and confiscating all the helmets. And so we landed in jail for defying the police authority. Thus started the League movement of defying the law, police and the Government. Mian Sahib was an expert political worker, having been trained in this art during his several years of association with the Congress Party. The British had jailed him for two years when he was in the Congress Party. Mian Iftikharuddin, who had been educated at Aitchison College and Oxford and became an ardent Congress worker, suffered two unforgettably unpleasant years in jail. With one eye on the international publicity and the other on national leadership, he probably felt that if a former Defence Minister of the Viceroy's Cabinet went to jail, there was tremendous propaganda and prestige value for the League. Actually he had kept everybody at the office waiting until I arrived to join them. In this subcontinent having been a jail bird for political views is the hall-mark of patriotism. In subsequent years my brief imprisonment for thirty-four days proved a political asset. Some Muslim League leaders were prominent by their absence but my imprisonment set the pace for all other Muslim League high-ups. The first few days we were imprisoned in Lahore jail and my wife told me that the first who wanted to bail me out was Mrs. Gladys Marsden.

Mrs. Gladys Marsden was the wife of my friend and Secretary to Government, Percy Marsden of the Indian Civil Service. He was a friend with whom I often went out shooting partridge. The morning after my arrest, following the "Battle of the Helmets," Mrs. Marsden turned up at the jail gates quite early in the morning, with her cheque book and demanded from the Superintendent my release on bail. Percy Marsden was about to retire; he must have seen service in India for twenty-five years or more. But Gladys, like so many charming and well-meaning wives of I.C.S. officers, had little knowledge of Indian Laws or even customs, for that matter. So she did not realise that bail could only be granted by a magistrate and that not to a political detenu.

Gladys was kind, with grey hair and a very handsome young face. Once I took Percy and Gladys for a duck shoot, to my village Noorpur Noon. We were to leave for Nabishah Lake at 5-00 a.m. so as to be in position at the crack of dawn. My second son Zahur, who was then six years old, arranged with Gladys that he was not to be left behind. Thanks to the co-operation of servants who woke him in good time, he was already seated in the car even before Gladys got in the moment the car started, the peace of mind produced by having achieved his objective sent Zahur fast asleep, with his head on Gladys' lap. Even after reaching the lake she did not have the heart to wake him and therefore he missed the shoot. Zahur only awoke when he heard the loud voices of the ten gunmen returning to their cars. They had a good shoot while Gladys guarded my sleeping son.

No account of these days could be complete without a mention of my wife, Elizabeth Viqar-un-Nisa Noon who, along with other women led processions of women in a non-violent protest movement against our imprisonment in defiance of Section 144, which forbade the assembly of more than 5 persons, a Section taken recourse to even oftener today than in the days of British Rule. So by defying the law, she also found her way into jail. After every procession she was put in prison with a few other women and then let out again. One day she was taken along with other women in a police van seven or eight miles out of town and they were asked to get out. As they refused to do so gas bombs were thrown into the bus and the door closed. After a little while, she and some others fell out, some were unconscious. Other women of Lahore had kept day and night vigil outside the jail gates or with the processionists, with cars at their disposal as did my eldest son, Nur Hayat also, who was there to pick up his step-mother and others. During these days police vans with women in them were immediately followed. Other Leaguers, especially men, used to be dropped ten or fifteen miles from the city. Be it said to the credit of the demonstrators and also the British administration that there was no bloodshed during this movement. Communal

antagonism also subsided as this movement was largely run by women and was a freedom movement in defiance of foreign rule.

So all the important League leaders had gone to jail for gaining freedom for our country and it all followed a silly fuss over discarded helmets. The police also fell into the League trap by taking such a serious view of the "Arms" hidden in the Muslim League office, which turned out to be tin helmets.

"A man dug into a mountain but found only a mouse" is an old Punjabi saying, *"Patiya Pahar Te Niklia Chooha."* So did the Punjab police. Politically this small incident gained importance and created resentment. It is always the aim of political agitators to create situations in which Governments are obliged to take strong action against the people, as this increases discontent and the number of Government enemies. If to please the public, Government later on take action against Government servants, even when they have not used more force than was necessary, then the Police become demoralised. This also pleases the agitators. A wise Government will do its utmost to avoid the traps created by agitators and shun the use of force against the crowds. The Police should avoid resorting to firing unless they are of the opinion that the lives of the policemen are in danger. But once the Police have acted to preserve the peace then subsequently they must be supported by Government, otherwise at the time of the next emergency they will not take any strong action and thus the law breakers will rule the roost and law-abiding citizens will suffer. In spite of the non-violent civil disobedience movement by the Muslims of the Punjab to hasten the pace of the fall of the Unionist Government and the release of us thirty or so Muslim League leaders who were in jail, nothing would have happened had not the firm news come through while we were in jail that the British would actually quit India and that the hand-over would take place in a few months. That announcement was made at the end of February, 1947.

Rumour has it that Lord Wavell, the Viceroy, had told Mr. Attlee, the Prime Minister, that if they wanted him to hold India in peace, they must provide him with more British Civil Servants and more British troops. I do not know whether this turned the tide in favour of the decision of the British Government to give India its freedom or not but one thing became clear to them, that neither Hindus nor Muslims wanted the British to stay. The Indian Independence Bill had gone through in 1947 with the support of the Conservatives also, which meant that the whole of the British Parliament were agreed that India should be free. Though I am not an historian nor do I think that people are ignorant of the main facts of history of this subcontinent which led to the end of British rule, yet the picture is not complete unless a fleeting glance is thrown at the main events of the last two centuries when talking about the end of British rule.

During the first half of the ninteenth century, the Mogul Emperor, by then just confined to Delhi, had become so feeble and decadent that most of his time was spent in the company of courtiers, sycophants and flatterers. The martial qualities which had made this line of warriors, the Moguls, masters of India, had degenerated and disappeared. The later Emperors were often civilised and intelligent persons, capable of composing Persian poetry but they no longer led armies in the field personally and their Governors behaved as if they were themselves monarchs of the territories over which they ruled.

During the seventeenth century the European nations were gradually creeping along the sea coasts of India, establishing independent trade settlements. As everyone knows, they kept private armies which often became involved in local wars between the various petty Sultans, Nawabs and Rajahs. The British succeeded in defeating their European rivals, especially the French. It is often true that those who, for lust of money, start a campaign of loot, lose their balance when faced with adversity. When, instead of getting rich quickly, the shareholders of the French East India Company lost even their capital they had to find a scapegoat. General

Lalli who commanded their troops in the South of India, and who was defeated, was brought back to Paris, tried and sentenced to be guillotined. But before the execution, they blindfolded him and dragged him by a rope tied to his feet—from a horse—drawn cart—until he was dead.

Towards the last stage of their conquest of India, the British General Lake started his famous march up country from Bengal. The Maharajas of Gwalior and Indore, who were rivals for the hegemony of India and possessed large armies, decided to combine in fighting Lake. At the last moment one of them rated in the hope that after his erstwhile ally had borne the brunt of the first battle, he himself could easily beat the worn-out British army. This, however, he failed to do and both armies were defeated one after the other, and India was lost to the British. The early British officers, before 1857—who died young because of "fevers", a term used to cover almost all the diseases to which in a strange land and a trying climate, they were susceptible—went into the Indian villages, and not being involved in local factions, dispensed justice in their own light on the spot., The indirect, invisible profit the companies made through trade was hidden and, therefore, neither felt nor resented by the public. But what their officers gathered by bribery and loot was terrible. There is a story that a Catholic priest in Madras applied to the French Government for the grant of a pension of four hundred francs a year, as he was retiring and had no money to live on in his homeland. Before his application could be considered, he died suddenly in Madras. In his box was found a million and a quarter pound sterling in cash. Obviously he had been dabbling in politics. Even religion was a paying proposition in India when brigandage was the royal game pursued by the European people in this unfortunate land.

After 1857, when the British Parliament took over the country, law and order were maintained in their region, trade and commerce progressed in peace and the rest was of little importance to the foreigners. They held the scales even between native and native. This of course refers to the

later and more sophisticated period of British rule. In its early days the East India Company behaved more like lawless robbers than honest traders and one could write volumes of the black deeds of which the Company and its agents were guilty. As time passed, however, education on the British pattern and knowledge of the English language, opened the eyes of the public to the possibility of a democratic form of government such as existed in England and Europe. In 1885 a new political party was created which called itself the Indian National Congress; curiously enough it was an Englishman of the Indian Civil Service who founded the party which later expelled his people from this subcontinent as rulers. The name was useful because in later years people abroad and particularly the not always well-informed Americans, were to get the idea that this Congress was in some ways equivalent to the Congress in Washington. There is a lot in a name. The democratic urges of the people were satisfied when the British followed the policy of giving way a little each time a demand for reform became troublesome. This process went on until a time arrived when there was no more scope—short of Home Rule—for giving way and all sections of the Indian public came to the conclusion that the time was drawing near when the British would hand over everything to the Indians and in the words immortalized by Gandhi, "Quit India". After all, there were only one thousand British civilians ruling this subcontinent of four hundred million people and a standing army of 150,000, by now largely officered by Indians. The first of the Indian officers had received the King's Commission during the First World War. These young Indian Commissioned Officers of the first batch in 1918—and my brother Ali was one of them, had had a tough time. In some cases they were not treated as equal brother officers—and this was more common in Indian Army messes—than to Indian officers attached to British Regiments in India. Those met with hardly any prejudice whatever from British officers who had never come out East before. A few Indians who had been commissioned before 1918, in Lord Curzon's time, received wonderful treatment from the French people in the 1914 war. It is well to remember that the hastily

transported units of the Indian Army helped to stop the first onrush of the Germans—when they suffered many casualties in the process. The British troops in India were only about fifty to sixty thousand but their cost on the Indian Exchequer was heavy, each man costing five times as much as an Indian. The cost of their training in England was also borne by the Indian Treasury.

In partial recognition of the part India, and particularly the Army, played in helping to win the First World War India received in 1919 a substantial degree of self-government through elected Legislatures. After the Second World War. India became completely free. It is a paradox that India's freedom was largely due to the efforts of loyalists who were not specifically aiming at that end, rather than solely to the efforts of the anti-British, political groups, whose agitation pushed the British to act, lest they also lose the support of friendly elements in the country.

In this political struggle Hindus and Muslims at first joined hands under the Congress flag to demand Home Rule. But soon the Muslims realised that this path was not the way to their own political freedom. They created a political body of their own calling it the Muslim League. The first fruits of the efforts of this organisation was the system of separate electorates introduced in the indirect elections of 1910 and direct elections of 1920. This system provided an opportunity for Muslim voters to return Muslim representatives to the Legislatures according to their population and their own choice.

This the Hindus resented very much and blamed the British for it. The policy 'divide and rule' was attributed to the British in every Hindu political speech and accepted by every Hindu politician. In fact, separate electorates were bare justice done to this minority community and to the low caste Hindus and Indian Christians, who also were given this privilege. Low caste Hindus, often described as the depressed classes, numbered sixty million and the native

Christians six million throughout India, but the greatest bitterness was concentrated against the Muslims, who had originated the demand for separate electorates and who were now following it up with a claim for representation in the service corresponding to their number—hitherto a preserve of the Hindus. This attack on the vested interests of the majority community made their hatred against the Muslim even more extreme. They knew that if freedom came, the Muslims would be a constant problem, especially if their eighty million joined hands with the sixty million low castes. Thus the militant Hindus prepared for a civil war and a missionary movement. There were many cases of forcible conversions, especially, in the United Provinces, although according to the Hindu religion you can only be born a Hindu; you cannot become a Hindu by conversion. But behind this conversion movement known as Shudi, the real plan was to eliminate Islam from the subcontinent. Theo more extreme Hindu papers made no effort to hide this ultimate object. Their frankness, by frightening the Muslims quickened their efforts to avoid the coming calamity. The economic squeeze against the Muslims by the Hindu industrialists, Hindu Government servants and Hindu moneylenders became so severe, that the Muslims felt that their end had come. They looked at first to the British for protection and ended by claiming a homeland for themselves in the areas where their numbers were predominant. Sir Mohammad Iqbal, the Muslim poet-philosopher, had contributed through his poetry more towards the Muslim political awakening than any one else. The word Pakistan—which in Persian means the Land of the Pure or which comes from the initial letters of the words, Punjab, Afghan, Kashmir, Sind and Baluchistan, (the last area being represented by the letters "Istan"), caught on like wildfire and people became prepared to die for it. Some people say Iqbal had something to do with the name, some claim that Chaudhri Rahmat Ali coined the word "Pakistan". The Hindu hated the idea of Partition and their secret drills in municipal parks early in the morning and the gathering of arms, quickened.

Lord Pethwick-Lawrence and his mission came out in 1946 for negotiation between Congress and Muslim League leaders over the transfer of power. The Cabinet plan was to create five or seven large provinces, with wide autonomy, and with power to secede after ten years. The Punjab and Northern Provinces and Bengal (each predominantly Muslim), Madras and the South (Dravidian people), Bombay and adjoining states and the United Provinces and Central Provinces, was the suggested grouping; the Federal Government was to have only Defence, Communications, Currency and Foreign Relations. The main object behind this plan was to keep the Indian Army intact. In considering this plan Mr. Jinnah had in mind the Bengal and Punjab provinces as then constituted and originally no thought of partitioning them arose.

Pethwick-Lawrence had offered certain terms and said publicly, that if the Hindus and the Muslims did not agree to take over the government jointly under these terms the British would hand over the government to the party who did accept them. Mr. Jinnah accepted, the Hindus did not. But the British did not hand over the government to a Muslim minority which constituted only 25% of the population! The British offer was alleged by some to be a bluff to force Congress and the Hindus to accept the plan but the Hindus understood the British Government better than the Muslims did and called the bluff.

The British Government were genuinely anxious to placate India and to leave pleasant memories behind. They wished to continue their lucrative trade and commercial relations. When, despite the Muslim League's acceptance of the Constitution plan, the British Government went back on their word and refused to hand over to a completely Muslim Government, Mr. Jinnah held a great public meeting in Bombay, in which all the Muslims who had rendered great administrative services under the British regime went up to the dais one by one and announced that they would not use the honours and titles conferred on them by the British

Government. Henceforth all was done to strengthen our demand for Pakistan.

One day much later, some Englishmen were discussing developments with some Muslim friends. The latter expressed a common Muslim complaint that the British did everything for the Hindus and had no scruples in letting down the Muslim minority, a minority which had stood by the British during the last half century. One Englishman turned round and said, "Look here, old chap, which is the bigger, country, India or Pakistan? Which is stronger in commerce, trade and finance? Which has the more powerful Press? We are called a nation of shopkeepers. Well, we are and we have balanced India and Pakistan in the scales. We have decided we must win the goodwill of the Hindus and if that means dropping the Muslim, it must be done. This is the naked truth."

The British were at that time so adamant that they even arranged for elections to be held of representatives for a joint Constituent Assembly in Delhi, to which I was also elected. But the Muslim League non-co-operated and did not attend its first meeting.

Vallahbhai Patel—the name "Patel" means a village headman—who was a great power among the Hindus, and was a Central Minister in Lord Mountbatten's interim Government which consisted of Congress and Muslim League leaders like Nehru and Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan, insisted that if the Muslims wanted Pakistan, then the predominantly Hindu areas in the two Provinces must go to India. If the Muslims did not wish to accept Hindu rule, why should Hindus be made to live under Muslim domination in Pakistan, an argument which was as understandable as it was just? Patel had his way, fortunately for the Muslims. Bengal and the Punjab were partitioned between Hindu India and Pakistan. I say fortunately for the Muslims for, in my view, if the Hindus had stayed in West Pakistan, they and the Sikhs would have been a powerful minority and would have swayed the pilitical and economic life in this

wing to their advantage as the Hindus now do in East Bengal. Politically we also would have had difficulties with the Sikhs. In June, 1947, Partition was agreed to and next month members of the Legislatures of the Punjab and Assam were asked if they wanted a division of their Provinces. They decided on the division of the Punjab and Assam and Bengal. Some people argued that with British troops to strengthen the Indian Army which was considered completely loyal and kept out of Indian control, peace could have been preserved and the massacre of a million innocent Muslim men and women avoided. This misery was accompanied by the exodus of several million Muslims—the greatest mass movement in human history. I do not accept this view. Even if the Army had remained in British hands at first, it would soon have passed into Hindu hands and Pakistan would never have been born.

A lot of speculation is still current as to whether it would have been wise for Mr. Jinnah to have accepted Lord Mountbatten as Joint Governor-General for some time. Mr. Attlee had just been elected to head the Labour Government as Prime Minister. The Conservatives were not unhappy to let a Labour Government face all the post-war problems. If, as it seemed they had failed, that would help to make it possible for the Conservatives to get back into office for a longer spell. A period out of office is sometimes very helpful. The Congress leaders spent much of the period of their political struggle in the Opposition in jail, the Conservatives in their clubs and country houses. For me only thirty-four days in jail put eight pounds on to my weight because of all the good food sent in by our friends and no exercise, but the mental strain was great. Some people argue that if Churchill had been in power at this critical juncture of transfer of power in India, he would have sent a Division, then things might not have been as bad for Pakistan as they proved to be. But the Muslim League leaders, especially those who were members of Mountbatten's interim Government, had had enough experience of him to see that Mountbatten was already helping and siding with the Hindus. It

was therefore important for Mr. Jinnah himself to accept Governor-Generalship of Pakistan.

The unfortunate communal riots which beset Bihar Calcutta and the Punjab in 1946 helped Mountbatten to convince Gandhi and Nehru to give up their opposition to Pakistan. I suspect that the Congress Leaders never imagined that a truncated Pakistan divided into two portions with one thousand miles of India in between, could ever be viable. Sardar Sampuran Singh, a Sikh advocate from Lyallpur, who became Indian Deputy High Commissioner in Lahore after Independence, told me frankly that Giani Kartar Singh was sent by Master Tara Singh to the Sikhs of Lyallpur to tell them to leave peacefully as they would be able to return in six months to cut their crops. The terrible massacres especially by the Sikhs against Muslim in East Punjab after Partition, were part of the plan to completely disrupt the infant State through the influx of refugees and denuding Pakistan of all Hindu elements in their commercial enterprises and banks.

I cannot believe that the massacre and misery of the mass exodus and influx of refugees on either side was designed or even connived at by the British. But that there was a sneaking and bitter attitude in the mind of many a Britisher who had served here, cannot be denied; many even expressed the thought that this is the lesson we had to learn for throwing them out. But I have no doubt that the Government in England never realised that such wholesale butchery could take place and that the Army, still under their command, could be so impotent. Otherwise they would have surely insisted on at least a year for the completion of the handover and not acted in such a hurry. Mountbatten is blamed for this haste as it is said that he was anxious only to please the Hindus and enjoy the glory of becoming the first Governor-General of Independent India.

The Muslim minority in India at the time of Partition found themselves in a very weak position. The Muslim troops had been dispersed all over India largely away from

the predominantly Muslim areas. This had been done for obvious reasons by the pre-Partition authorities in case freedom did not come, and the Army had to intervene. Soldiers of a different religion to that of the local population would have been more useful from the foreigner's point of view in suppressing riots. When these Muslim soldiers came back to Pakistan, they arrived without rifles and some had been deprived of their personal belongings during the railway journey through Hindu areas. The robbing of these soldiers took place usually when they were waiting on platforms at railway junctions for Pakistan-bound trains. This loss of small arms was not, however, so important. The cruel turn was that Pakistan's share heavy military stores, aeroplanes, ordnance, vehicles and factories went to India, as was the case with many other things. Broadly speaking the British handed over everything to the Hindus and quit. It is no use apportioning blame either to Supreme Commander F.M. Sir Claude Auchinleck or to Mountbatten, subconsciously or consciously, every Britisher was against the break-up of the Army, except for General Tucker of the Eastern command in Calcutta who was praised for his fairness.

But in spite of all I have said about the method of handing over, it remains true, that never in the whole history of the world could one find an example like this of longsightedeness and appreciation of the human urge for freedom as shown by the British in giving independence to four hundred million people of this subcontinent. If they had been determined to stay on by force, nothing that we could have done would have pushed them out of India for a long time. This action turned a large and potentially hostile country into a nation of friends. Not even the Indian Congress Party has ever threatened to go out of the Commonwealth, nor I think will Pakistan. We see benefits in this free association of free countries. "Why did not Laila leave the house of Majnoon? Because the house of Majnoon had no door."

The Statute of Westminster allows every member to secede from the Commonwealth. The Indians who used to abuse the British day in and day out, are now taking much advantage of their position as a member of the Commonwealth. This reminds me of an illustrative story of the farmer's mother who fell on a thorny bush. When a passerby told the farmer of this, he said, "I know my mother, she must have seen some honey in it."

Since then, colony after colony is becoming free as we did and the British are advancing, not obstructing this process, because their trade interests, their culture, their influence on our education and their language is continuing to flourish wherever they left.

CHAPTER VIII

After Independence, 1947—1955

So on the 14th of August Lord Mountbatten flew to Karachi to hand over the Governor-Generalship of the new State of Pakistan to Mr. Mohammad Ali Jinnah, the man who had spent the better part of his life fighting for the creation of Pakistan.

Volumes have been written about the Quaid-i-AAzam Mohammad Ali Jinnah, and more will be written. But, unfortunately, men who were closest to him and knew the inside story of Partition have written nothing. I urged Sardar Nishtar, who had a good memory and possessed literary talents, to use them and leave us some record of his memoirs of the Quaid. He agreed but unfortunately he died soon thereafter. I also spoke to Chaudhri Mohammad Ali but he too has produced nothing.

I first came aross Mr. Jinnah when I attended the Muslim League meeting under his presidentship in Delhi. On one occasion, I recollect, there were only fifteen or twenty men present. We had earlier, under the guidance of Sir Fazli Hussain and the presidency of the Agha Khan, formed a Muslim Conference, consisting of Muslim elected Members of all Legislatures. The British naturally attached great weight to such an organisation. But by the time the Partition issue came to a head, Sir Fazli Hussain had died, Mr. Jinnah was the undoubted leader of all Muslims and his party—the Muslim League—was in office in some of the predominantly Muslim areas of India. The Quaid-i-Azam was a man of the highest integrity and completely incorruptible. He could not be lured by high office and both the Hindus and British knew this.

As a person the Quaid-i-Azam was very kind and hospitable; he was somewhat prim, with exceptional clarity of mind and always immaculately dressed. In conversation he was always serious, most reasonable and accommodating. When constitutional negotiations were going on and a loose federation of 5-7 provinces suggested, he told me he had agreed to accept an undivided India with only four subjects at the Centre. I immediately said, "You have lost Pakistan," explaining that any community which secured the control of the Army would rule the country. Since Defence was going to be a central subject and the central parliament would inevitably be predominantly Hindu, the plan would be a death blow to Muslim hopes. He became very serious. A few days later he told me that the Hindus now wanted more subjects for the Centre, notably Industries and Commerce. I told him "Now is your chance—for God's sake get out of it altogether and stick to division." We got our freedom for he refused to give way any further. At one time Mr. Jinnah consulted me about the location of our Capital, and I told him Rawalpindi. He said that he would have fixed the Capital there but it was too close to the war area in Kashmir; we also had not enough money to build it then, so he chose Karachi.

I personally was not associated with the negotiations which the Muslim League were carrying on with the Congress Party and the Viceroy. But the Quaid-i-Azam often called me and consulted me. He asked me one day whether he would be well advised to let the Indians have Hyderabad on condition that we had Kashmir. Patel had, I believe made this offer to him. My view was that under the Cabinet Plan, Hyderabad could remain an independent country with a Muslim ruler as before and that Kashmir would come to us in any case, being a predominantly Muslim country. Mr. Jinnah remarked that it would be amoral on our part to barter away the freedom of the people of Hyderabad without their knowledge or consent. He had a very legalistic mind and could never do a thing which was wrong in principle. As later history showed, it was a mistake to offer

complete freedom to Hyderabad, Daccan, when Britain was not determined to fight India for its protection.

On another occasion he asked "Noon, what did you tell me about XYZ the other day?" He named a very high English official. "Did you not say that he does not always stick to the truth?" I said that my view was that possibly XYZ did not deliberately stray from the path of veracity but that his memory was perhaps weak. Mr. Jinnah asked "What is the remedy?" I replied, "When political talks with anyone are finished. you should always write a letter to that party putting down what had transpired during the talks. If he does not at once write to deny what you said, it means that your version of the talk is correct." I believe thereafter Mr. Jinnah adopted this practice with that particular gentleman at least. In all delicate negotiations it is advisable to put things into writing as soon as possible so that there is no risk of misunderstanding.

On another occasion Mr. Jinnah sought my advice as to what portfolio he should ask for in the Cabinet which was to be the Interim Government under Mountbatten and a Coalition of the Muslim League and the Congress Party. He had been advised to ask for the Defence portfolio—which I had been holding at that time—in the belief that in the coming Partition, control of the Armed Forces might be of great help. I strongly advised him against what had been suggested. Firstly, the real power in that department lay with the Commander-in-Chief, who was an Englishman and with the Viceroy. Secondly, real power elsewhere was in the hands of the Finance Minister. I advised him that by taking the Finance portfolio he would be gaining effective control over all departments. The tentacles of the Finance Minister in India reached into every department. Such was the strict control originally established by Whitehall over the whole administrative machinery that no minister could reappropriate a single rupee out of sayings from his budget without the previous sanction of the Finance Department. The system went further. Even after the budget was sanctioned, no ministry could spend money without first going

back to the Finance Department to obtain its sanction. This outmoded system continues in parts to this day and a Finance Minister who does not like one of his colleagues can ruin him politically by deliberately obstructing his proposals. Mr. Jinnah asked for and got the Finance portfolio and I am told that his Finance Minister, Liaquat Ali Khan, put on such a screw that the Congress Party decided that it was better to part company with Muslims and let them have their Pakistan, else they would make the others' lives impossible in a United India.

At one time when Sir George Schuster was Finance Member of the Viceroy's Council in Delhi, there was a rumour circulating in Simla that an Indian merchant had been to see him just before the budget was introduced. Some words must have fallen from his lips inadvertently, on the basis of which the merchant was able to guess what the budget would contain. Rumour had it that the merchant made lakhs of rupees by suddenly buying up large quantities of silver in Bombay. Every Finance Minister should go into virtual retirement for a little while before he presents his budget.

Quaid-i-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah, once told me that when he was a member of the Congress Party in Bombay some friends, Hindus and Muslims came and asked him to stand for the Party Presidency in Bombay. Finding that there would be an election, he told them that so long as there were other candidates they should be elected. A little later all groups in the Party came to him and he was unanimously elected President. Such offices provide opportunities to serve one's people and are an honour but people attach unnecessary importance to these elections. Men that are worth having, do not run after offices, the offices are offered to them. Once I told him that I did not want any office and he said that to seek office to serve one's people is an honourable ambition and there is nothing wrong with it.

In 1946, during the Labour Government's Cabinet missions A.V. Alexander (who later became Lord Alexander)

was in Delhi discussing the change-over of Government from British into Indian hands. My wife and I were staying at the Imperial Hotel, Delhi, and Lord Alexander was dining with us one evening. As soon as the dinner was finished, I had to rush off to a meeting at which Mr. Jinnah was presiding. I had no intention of speaking but Mr. Jinnah asked me to speak towards the end of the meeting. I could not refuse. I asked the audience if they would like me to speak in Urdu or in English. They all shouted "Urdu." But the Quaid-i-Azam said, "Noon, you had better speak in English." He had his eye on publicity abroad, where after that of the Quaid-i-Azam himself, my name was better known than that of the other Muslim leaders who, though prominent in their own country, were little known outside.

The gist of my speech was that "if the British give us our freedom, they must be counted our best friends, if they do not and the Hindus do, then the latter are our best friends; if neither do and the Russians help us to gain our freedom, then naturally they become our best friends. We want to be free, we want Pakistan, no matter who helps us to get it." When the word "Russian" fell from my lips, the whole audience jumped up from their chairs and threw their caps and turbans to the ceiling. It took quite a few minutes before they settled down. Clearly, what I had said had touched a chord in the public's mind. This speech annoyed my British friends. I had to choose between annoying a friend and convincing the world that we were determined to become free, which meant Pakistan for us. Our fear of rule by the Hindu majority was so great that we would have preferred being under Communism rather than being under Hindu Communalism.

When I met Lord Alexander later, he said, "What on earth did you make that speech for?" I said, "It must have been an inspiration for I had no prior intention of making a speech, least of all of the kind I did make." My duty to my people was my first consideration. I fear that if there had been a Conservative Government they would not have partitioned India, in the hope that the Indian Army would have

remained united and a powerful force in the Middle East. They could hardly be expected to realise at that time that in a united India no Muslim would ever get a commission in the Army, as has practically been the case in India since Partition. I have known Muslim lawyers who stayed in India after Partition and could not get a single case. Even Muslim clients went to Hindu lawyers for fear of the Hindu magistrates being prejudiced against them if they engaged a Muslim lawyer. We all knew that if India had remained united, we Muslims would have been discriminated against and forced down to the level of the depressed classes. We used religion, and the real danger of extinction that it faced, to gain our freedom. Since Partition trade, commerce and industry have all flourished in Pakistan beyond our expectations. Economic well-being goes with political power and was a strong reason for our demanding Partition.

The story of savage, senseless killing of defenceless people because of communal frenzy which took place in this Sub-continent has been often written about and condemned, but curiously enough all the condemnation by every civilised person does not really seem to have any effect because in a smaller or greater degree, narrow-mindedness, bigotry and fanaticism are basic evil instincts which can be aroused anywhere in the world at short notice. Practically everybody was affected through some acquaintance or relation. In my case it was my wife's life which was in danger as she had been spending the summer of 1947 in her house in the Kulu Valley.

At the end of May, 1947, my wife left Lahore for her house in the Kangra District. She had worked hard during the elections and the Civil Disobedience movement and went to a beautiful place I had purchased for her the year before in the Kulu Valley as she loves the mountains, trekking and fishing.

The Kangra District, being a majority Hindu area, was never expected to go to Pakistan but it never entered our minds that the Partition of the subcontinent would take

the form it did; we all imagined it would become like the U.S.A. and Canada and no one thought that the properties which any national held in the other's country would be confiscated or far less destroyed and its owners killed.

That unfortunately happened to my wife's beautiful house and three acre garden in a lonely peaceful area, which literally went up in flames. She had to flee for her life with some of our servants and that after facing angry *kirpans* (daggers) from crowds of Sikhs. The Raja of Mandi, whose small hill state lies on the way down to Pathankot and who is an old friend of mine, sheltered her for three weeks and with his help and that of his family and other Hindu friends, she was brought out and handed over to Pakistani officials at Amritsar, in the middle of September, 1947. This experience made a deep impression on her and has driven her to work for people who are oppressed and poor and helpless. Newspaper representatives flocked to meet her after her safe arrival had become known and when asking her what her experiences had been, she refused to say anything so as not to incite more senseless hatred, killing and destruction.

Sir Cyril Radcliffe* a leading member of the London Bar, had been appointed Chairman of the Boundary Commission, which was to demarcate the Indo-Pakistan boundary at the points where the Hindu and Muslim majority areas ended. He had two Muslims and two non-Muslim Judges of the Lahore High Court with him as his colleagues. These would naturally balance each other's votes since it was presumed that the Muslims would vote for Pakistan and the others would support India. Thus Radcliffe was the sole arbiter of our fortunes. When I mentioned to the Quaid-i-Azam that he had taken a great risk in placing his fortune in the hands of one man and that he would have been better advised to have had a commission consisting of three Judges of the London High Court, he agreed with me. But he said that he could not go back on what he had already agreed to. We both hoped sincerely that Sir Cyril

*Now Lord Radcliffe

would bring the high traditions of his profession to bear on this case.

In the notional division, the Pathankot area had come to Pakistan and thus the Indian Army's way into Kashmir was barred. Remour has it that the first Boundary decision was made in Lahore and the preliminary demarcation was confirmed. One of the member Judges told me that this decision was actually announced in their meeting. But when Sir Cyril reached Delhi, he changed the Award and gave Pathankot to India, thus providing a road by which that country later marched its troops into Kashmir and occupied a predominantly Muslim area. Pakistanis were furious with Radcliffe and with Mountbatten, who was said to have persuaded Radcliffe to change the preliminary Award. I do not know if we have any proof that Lord Mountbatten did so. I always had a desire to ask Lord Radcliffe the reason for his alleged change. My opportunity came in the autumn of 1956, when Mr. Eustace Seligman asked me to lunch in New York and Lord Radcliffe was a fellow guest. It was not until after the luncheon was finished, that I felt that I could now ask the question. I said to Lord Redcliffe "Do you mind if I ask you a question?" He said, "No" and smiled a little; perhaps he guessed what was coming. "Why did you change your Award regarding Gurdaspur District on reaching Delhi?" His answer was, "Because I felt that the river would be a better boundary."

It is also possible that he felt, quite genuinely, that the river would in fact make a better boundary, because in East Pakistan, he had made the midstream of rivers the international boundary in several places. Both Lord Mountbatten and Lord Radcliffe have been much criticised in our press for some of the artificial and untenable boundaries created by them which to our minds was done merely to suit India. The Boundary Award should have been announced by Lord Radcliffe on 15th August in Delhi, but it was announced on the 16th after Lord Radcliffe had passed through Karachi.

He was obviously afraid of demonstrations at Karachi and we all said, "Guilty Conscience."

I met Lord Mountbatten in England in 1957 when, as first Sea Lord, he came to a South Coast port to hand over the cruiser "Babur" to me as Foreign Minister, on behalf of Pakistan. That was the first time we talked to each other after many years. Naturally I had known Lord Mountbatten when he was Supreme Commander in Delhi, when I was Defence Member. Unfortunately for the Viceroy, Sir Even Jenkins left in his safe at Lahore a map which had been supplied to him in advance by Mr. George Abell, ICS, then secretary to Mountbatten. This map came in our hands through our friend, Sir Francis Mudie, who was the first Governor of the Punjab in independent Pakistan and who sent it to Mr. Jinnah. Mountbatten has really no defence against the charge that he behaved like an angry Hindu in this matter after the Muslim turned him down as Joint Governor-General.

Sir Francis Mudie had been Governor of Sind during the years before Partition and his fairness and capability was rewarded by Mr. Jinnah in giving him the Governorship of the Punjab. After Mr. Jinnah's death some of our young leaders persuaded Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan to terminate Mudie's services, in my opinion much too early. His memory is dear to many and especially to me, who had been his colleague when he was a member of the Viceroy's Cabinet.

So the winter of 1947 passed in watching the faltering efforts of the new and inexperienced Government of the Punjab grappling with the enormous problems which Partition and the exodus and influx of millions of people created. I could only help my wife and other workers in distributing warm quilts at night to cover the shivering bodies of refugees lying on the floor of abandoned Hindu temples or schools or out in the open.

In November, 1947, after the Constituent Assembly was elected, of which I became a member, the Quaid-i-Azam

asked me to go to the Middle East to make contact with those countries on behalf of Pakistan, I visited King Ibne Saud of Saudi Arabia and King Abdullah of Jordan and the Lebanon, where I saw the Prime Minister and the President —one a Christian and the other a Muslim, according to convention. I also went to Turkey. I was going to Baghdad but cholera had broken out there and I returned to Karachi. From each place I had sent lengthy and detailed diaries to the Quaid-i-Azam, which he liked very much. One day Foreign Secretary, Ikramullah, took copies which I had sent him for record to the Quaid-i-Azam. "Why have you got them?", he asked Ikramullah impatiently. "They are for me, so leave them here." The Quaid-i-Azam died on September 11th, 1949, just when he had begun to get to know me and my work.

During my tour of Turkey a colleague of Ataturk gave me a message for the Quaid-i-Azam, which I delivered on my return to Karachi. He said, "Please tell the Quaid-i-Azam that he has only two years within which to achieve what he wants. Ataturk made big achievements in the first two years of his rule. Thereafter public enthusiasm wanted. I suppose the best men begin to lose their hold on the public mind after a while. Every administration, no matter how good to start with, must make mistakes and become unpopular as time goes on. I remember hearing a prominent Conservative say in London, "Let the Labour Government take over after the war. There will be many problems to solve, and they won't be able to do it." I have yet to learn of a Government in history which did not make any mistakes or which satisfied all the public demands.

But Quaid-i-Azam barely had two years within which to lay the foundations of a new State and neither he nor I nor many others ever dreamed of what was to happen in Kashmir and Hyderabad. Nor did we imagine that the British Government would no longer be interested in implementing their decisions as regards the Indian Princely States and thus break all their solemn treaties unilaterally.

In 1949 Pakistan asked for my services for the first time to lead our delegation to the ECAFE meeting held in Singapore, where I was elected unanimously Chairman of the Conference; even the USSR supported me which we appreciated very much.

The second time Government sent me out as leader of our delegation to the Food and Agriculture Organisation meeting of the U.N. in Washington. At this meeting we succeeded in getting our Pakistani representative nominated to the Council of the F.A.O., which meets every year in Rome. It helped that the Chairman at that time was Lord Bruce, who was my contemporary in England as High Commissioner for Australia.

While some of the British Civil Servants opted to leave India at Partition, Jack Hearn was one of those good friends of mine who stayed on. We wanted some of the British civilians to stay on since we needed them, but quite a number, especially the young ones, were discouraged by some of their own people from staying on. Hearn was six feet seven inches tall and his wife rather short even for a woman. But she was full of courage and always insisted on walking along with her husband, even though it cost her three steps to his one. In this way she got to know the village people better than most service wives. She would often walk into India homes while the men-folk were out working and thus endeared herself to the women—a section of our people who have been much neglected in the past. One Sunday, after hard work shooting black partridge out of sugarcane fields, we were resting after our picnic lunch under a tree on the rough string bedsteads, known as *charpoys* used by the villagers. None was long enough for Jack, whose feet dangled from them, almost touching the ground. He was the only European I knew who, on such occasions, would allow a villager to massage his tried feet. This used to amuse us all. As we laughed and chatted, an old man arrived, tottering along with the help of a large bamboo stick. He saluted Jack, for in spite of the independence of the country in 1947, the white man still carried a

great deal of respect and prestige. Jack asked, "Who is this old man?" A villager replied, "Sir he is a Christian" and another remarked. "But Sir, he is in a very bad way now-a-days", and yet another interjected without being asked to do so. "Sir, before Partition, a large number of Christian missionaries used to come to this village and each would take this old man's thumb impression on his register and give him money, but nowadays no one comes and he has no money." You could hardly expect these people to know the difference between Roman Catholicism and Seventh Day Adventistism. Money from all sources was welcome.

Before Partition Mr. S. Partab, I.C.S., a Sikh who had cut his hair—a sacrilege among Sikhs—told me one day that during the Moghal days, pious Muslim noblemen would often send Muslims out of Delhi to give money to people who accepted Islam. One such Muslim came to Ludhiana and went to an old Sikh working in the fields. The latter did not take a minute in accepting the invitation to become a Muslim and asked if he might bring along his few nephews and nieces for conversion as well. This pleased the Muslim very much. After the conversion ceremony, the converts were given fifty rupees per head. At this, the old Sikh protested and said, "but on the last occasion we were converted we were paid a hundred rupees each." This is a good tale, but is only a tale because, if the Muslims had done any missionary work at all, the people for hundreds of miles around Delhi would not have remained Hindus as they do to this day. Islam in India spread through the work of Muslim saints buried in Dera Ghazi Khan, Lahore, Pakpattan, Ajmer, and several other places in north-western areas of the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent and not through wordly temptations.

The modern Christian Missionary movement has a deep significance. Firstly, the missionaries pick up the lowest classes, who are neglected by their own people. On Partition they were very quick off the mark while the Muslims slept. The Christian missionaries approached all the sweepers in Lahore and asked them to accept Christianity. The swee-

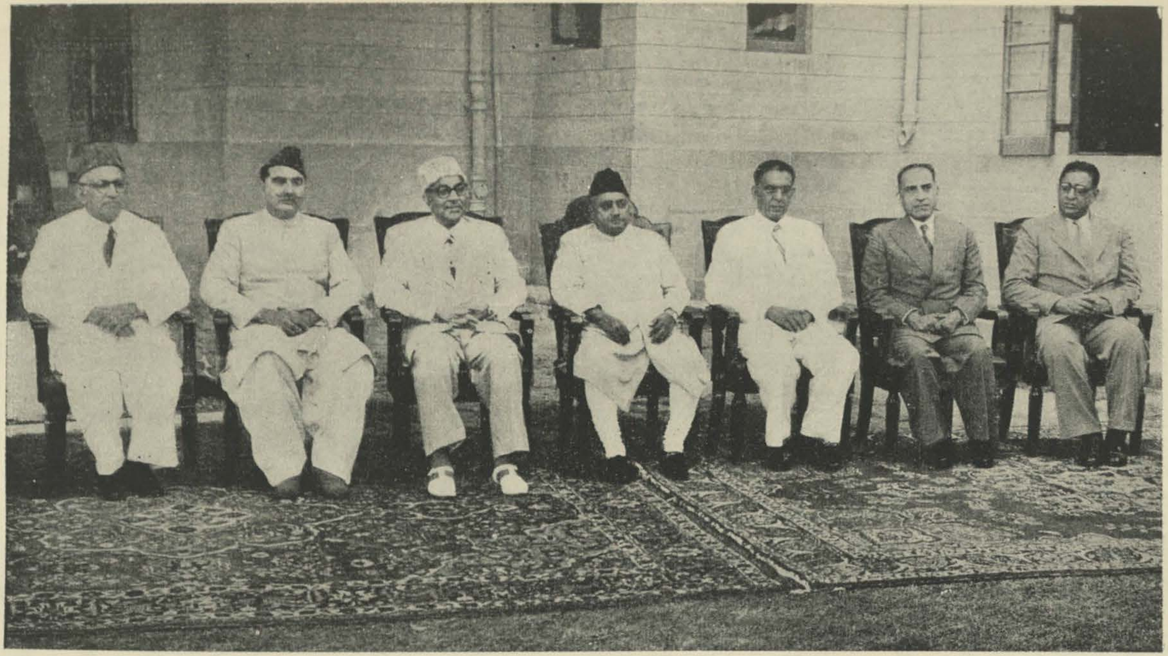
pers, feeling that as low caste Hindus they might be killed and as Christians not, accepted Christianity. Then the missions educated them, providing better schools than the indigenous ones, helped them to find employment and uplifted them socially. Once a Christian a man was no longer an outcast, because even the educated Hindus would shake hands with him. The missionaries often gave their converts English names. After a few generations, a Mr. Jones would begin to think that his ancestors came from Wales and that it was the hot sun of India which had given him his dark complexion. Of recent years this policy has been changed and converts now retain their Muslim or Hindu names. Many of the native Christians found employment in the railways, where many Anglo-Indians were also employed. There was a time in the 1920's, when compartments were reserved for Europeans on trains and no Indian, however high his social status, could enter. A Mr. Jones, very dark complexioned was travelling by train, and started quarrelling with a very fair Kashmiri Brahmin, who wanted to get into the white man's compartment. They started fighting. Mr. Jones fell on the ground and was badly beaten by "the native". The station-master ran to the spot and enthusiastically joined in the attack on the unfortunate Mr. Jones until the servant started shouting, "No, no, that is the Englishman you are beating!"

In United India, there was a prejudice against Christian missionary work. People felt that in addition to Hindu-Muslim differences, a third force was being created, a few million strong and bound to grow since the outcasts were fast becoming Christians in Madras. Mr. Gandhi specially resented this. The question in the minds of all Asian people is, whether the Christian element in the population will remain loyal to their own non-Christian Government, or have a deeper sympathy with their foreign Christian brothers. Up to now, religious prejudices seem to continue in great strength and many Asian political leaders appear to hold the view that Christian missionaries gather useful information about their country from their flocks. The Arab Chris-

tians seem to be an exception because they are, in all internal affairs, as pro-Arab as the Muslim Arabs.

I would have given a very short life to the missionary work in Asian countries but for their educational and medical institutions. These are mostly better than indigenous schools, colleges and hospitals and it would be a very foolish and short-sighted policy on the part of any country to close them. The vast majority of students in these schools in Pakistan are Muslims. We wanted these boys and girls to have lessons in their own religion. But the missionaries argued that their schools were, in effect, their churches and they could not agree to teach other religions. In the Punjab Government we considered this matter very carefully and decided to follow the Quranic injunction that there shall be no compulsion in religion. As a result no Muslim religious instruction was given in Christian schools. Nevertheless there are practically no conversions in missionary schools. During its long history of well over fifty years, only one Muslim college student was alleged to have changed his religion. If anything, students appear to try and learn their own religion at home so as to be fully armed against any arguments in favour of their conversion to the Christian religion. The only way of making the Asian Christian loyal to his own country, is to treat him as an equal and afford him equal opportunities for progress, so that he may realise that his own countrymen are more useful to him than any foreign missionary's influence. Christian missionaries have become very circumspect and are careful nowadays not to interfere in the political life of the country in which they work. In this way no doubt they will be left undisturbed to follow their mission of teaching and healing.

In 1950, the situation in India and Pakistan was very tense. Communal disturbances were followed by the exodus of Hindus from East Pakistan into Calcutta and there was a real danger of Indian troops marching into East Pakistan. Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan asked me if under these circumstances I would accept the Governorship of East Pakistan—which I did.



1950—*At a Governors Conference at Karachi*—Left to Right. *Mr. I.I. Chundrigar, Sardar Abdur-Rab Nishtar. Quaid-e-Millat Liaqat Ali Khan, Alhaj Khawaja Nazimuddin, the Author, Mr. Din Mohammad, Mr Aminuddin*

So in the beginning of April, 1950, my wife and I, with our two dogs and personal staff, flew in the Air Commander-in-Chief's Dakota from Lahore to Dacca. In those days there were as yet no direct flights from Lahore to Dacca and even from Karachi the route *via* Calcutta was often in use. Arriving over the borders of East Pakistan, we saw a plan of lush green, cut up into fields according to the contours of the river beds. During monsoon time more than half of this land is under water and it looks more like a still expanse of sea with numerous islands, in which villages nestle under the thick foliage of banana trees.

East Pakistan is green like England, only the humidity is oppressive. It does not rain there in the winter at all. Thus there are practically no vegetables in the villages nor any fodder for the cattle. The cows are the size of donkeys and the goats half the average size of those of West Pakistan. The highest rainfall in the world, one hundred and sixty inches a year is in this province near Sylhet, where the Assam plateau rises three thousand feet, like a straight wall.

I am glad to say that my presence in East Pakistan restored the confidence of the minorities, the exodus dropped and I must give credit to Mr. Nurul Amin, the Chief Minister, for having co-operated with me in following a just and fair policy towards the minorities. The Muslims of this province are poor and illiterate. They have been under Hindu domination for over a hundred and fifty years. Agricultural land belonged to large Hindu landowners, who possessed 75% of the total area. During my time as Governor, the Provincial Assembly enacted a law taking away the land of large owners. Under the East Bengal land reforms, no-one can own more than thirty-three acres, with the result that capital and brain-power has been divorced from agriculture. The Hindu landowner has been treated rather arbitrarily since he has been given negligible compensation for his land and that only on paper because Government have no many to pay him.

The Bengali Muslim is very religious, even more so than the average Muslim of West Pakistan—in prayer, fasting and the following of religious tenets. The area which is East Bengal now was always neglected before Independence, as it was a 95% rural area producing jute for industrialised Calcutta. Communications from Calcutta were slow and uncomfortable. Even during the time I was there, one could not get to Khulna from Dacca in under thirty-six hours by river, whereas as the crow flies, it is not more than one hundred miles. A number of times I made the journey in an amphibian plane in just under an hour. To keep law and order in villages connected only by rivers was also difficult as, in my time the robbers' boats were always faster than the police boats. But the people of East Pakistan are tough and are good farmers and fishermen.

We always took a party of friends to the Sunderbans at Christmas-time. "Sunder" means beautiful and "ban" means forest, and the word is used for the name of an area situated on the south coast of Bengal in the delta area of the Ganges and Jumna, consisting of some four thousand square miles. On Partition, one-third went to India and about two-thirds came to Pakistan. The area abounds in tigers, monkeys, deer, crocodiles and fish of all kinds. We used to go in the Governor's houseboat, the "Mary Anderson". It had been named after the daughter of Sir John Anderson (later Lord Waverley), who was Governor of United Bengal. It was very comfortably fitted for a trip along the rivers of East Pakistan and was kept up for the use of the Governor and V.I.P. guests. In the heyday of British rule, once a year the Governor of Bengal used to emerge from his residence in Calcutta and visited Dacca in this boat. On Independence and Partition the houseboat came to Pakistan and the steamer which pulled it remained in India! Once in a storm we were nearly drowned and the boat nearly sunk because the two launches pulling it, one no either side, were torn away. The storm rocked this flat-bottomed vessel so much that we were ready with our life-saving belts in our hands, to jump for it. But the "Mary Anderson" was towed to calmer regions near shore and saved from

capsizing. I was told that this can happen even if the boat is pulled by a steamer in front.

It is lovely seeing the beautiful scenery pass by when travelling down the river, with porpoises and flying fish jumping round the boat. There is fish in abundance, enough for export to Calcutta. Boatmen employed by contractors sit in their little boats all night long to net fish.

The country is very flat. The slope is only eight feet in the two hundred and fifty miles from north to south and the summer rivers occasionally become five miles wide. The tide comes up the rivers right to Narayanganj, which is near Dacca and a hundred miles inland.

The view at sunset, with the gay sails of the long row of fishing boats going up and down the rivers and round and round in circles, with their nets out, is a beautiful sight. Whenever a fisherman has caught his evening meal, he gives up his place and others join in. Fish and boiled rice are the staple food of East Pakistanis. The boatmen sing their songs about love or gales or about boat races as they paddle home.

The wood of the Sunderbans is soft and is useful for making newsprint and matches. The interesting feature of the trees in the tidal areas of the Sunderbans are their breathing roots, which grow up from the ground like spikes above the level of high tide.

This delta, with its thick jungles, was a haven of safety for the Dutch and Portuguese pirates of three hundred years ago. Ships full of merchandise were captured in the Bay of Bengal and brought into the maze of the mighty Delta of the Brahmaputra, where they were hidden for later use of the robbers. Only recently the base of an old building of the Portuguese pirates has been discovered in this forest—partly submerged in sea water. In Dacca, buildings still exist which were built by the Portuguese and many Christians carry Portuguese names either because of conversion or because of a Portuguese ancestor.

To describe the animals and plants of the Sunderbans would need volumes and the knowledge of an expert botanist and zoologist. I claim to be neither. But suffice it to mention here that the jungle harbours the black-striped Bengal tiger. This is the Adonis of the Sunderbans, much feared by man and beast alike. It lives on deer in the forest, where all animals including the tiger, drink the brackish water. When the tide goes out the jungle population emerge from their high hiding places. The tiger hears the monkeys on the trees and goes there to catch his meal, since the deer come out to eat the leaves of the Keora trees, which drop on the ground when the monkeys shake the branches. Some local hunters climb a tree and imitate the monkey chatter. Then comes a tiger and faces a bullet instead of picking up a delicious morsel of food. There are estimated to be about one thousand tigers in this jungle but they are very difficult to shoot since the jungle is impenetrable. When the tiger becomes old he often becomes a man-eater as the deer are too quick for him to catch. Mr. Yusaf Ahmed, who was in my time Chief Conservator of Forests and who has shot several tigers, told us a number of stories about them on one of those trips into the Sunderbans. The tiger swims in the rivers with the same facility as the rhino. The forest labourers go to sleep in their little boats in midstream for safety, but the man-eating tiger is known to pull in the ropes with which these boats are tied to the bank and attack the men in them. On other occasions, a man-eater would swim into the river, climb into a labourer's boat and pull a man out and swim back to enjoy the catch. Another case which came to Yusaf Ahmed's notice was a labourer who was cutting fuel in the forest and a man-eater caught him from behind. The other labourers beat the tiger with sticks and recovered their colleague. As they carried him on an improvised palanquin, the tiger followed them stealthily and unnoticed along the edge of the forest, feeling angry that his meal had been taken away from him. The labourers had to put the wounded man down while arranging the boat for taking him acrose a river. That was the moment for which the tiger had waited. He shot out of the forest and carried the man away.

The tigers attack—and mostly kill—on an average sixty labourers a year and labourers kill about thirty tigers a year. They search for the tiger's pug marks and then tie a gun at a suitable spot. As the tiger touches the string across his path, it releases the trigger and revenge is taken.

With these stories after dinner, I wondered if any of the guests would enjoy a sound sleep, with the "Mary Anderson" anchored in mid-stream and tigers roaring in the adjoining jungles. When a tiger roars it is difficult to make out from which direction the sound is coming and often animals walk into the jaws of the tiger. I think it is the fear which numbs their senses. With these stories in my mind I woke up once or twice to look for tigers through the mosquite gauze wire, our main defence. The police sentry was on duty and I wondered if the fear of tigers contributed to his watchfulness.

To shoot a tiger in the Sunderbans is difficult, as one cannot arrange a beat because of the impossibility of walking through the thick jungles with the spiky, breathing roots. But my stars were very propitious. Every day we used to leave the "Mary Anderson" and get into small launches to move around on the small water courses of the delta inside the green depths of the forest, in an eery atmosphere which was awe-inspiring and mysterious. We were sitting on the roof of our little launch, enjoying the sunshine, when we suddenly saw an animal alike a buffalo swimming across a side channel on our left. The animal had been sitting on the water's edge where a smaller arm of the river, about one hundred yards wide, emerged into the larger one along which we were travelling. Suddenly there were shouts of "tiger, tiger", in the Bengali language. We had our guns ready for a possible deer but never suspected that we would see a tiger, who usually prowls around at dusk. I am not a skilled shot with the rifle, but my Manlicker 2.75 hit the tiger four times in the shoulder while he was swimming and when he was pulling himself up with difficulty to the bank of the river, our launch was only ten yards away and I hit him twice more. He dropped instantly. Even if he had been

fatally wounded we could not have recovered him if he had escaped even one hundred yards into the forest. Yusaf Ahmed told me that a chance like this comes to a man once in a million.

The tiger had a lot of fat. It came in very useful. Major Allinson, my honorary surgeon, told me in Dacca one day, "I cannot cure the pain in your knee, but if you can stand the stink of tiger balm, the pain will go. Please don't ask me for the reason. The fat has to be fresh—not older than six months, otherwise its efficacy goes." He had brought me some and I had it rubbed on my knee on a Sunday, covering it with cotton wool for an hour or two and then washed it off. After two Sunday treatments the pain went. I used the fresh fat from my own tiger for two more Sundays and never had any pain since then, 1951. I do not wonder that the Tiger Balm "King" of Singapore died a millionnaire!

Some of the crocodiles which we saw basking in the sun along the river banks when the tide was down, were enormous. We tried to shoot several. One we hit from close quarters. It must have been fifteen feet long. It occasionally opened its enormous jaws in a big yawn.. But to shoot crocodiles while they are on land is very difficult. The moment we hit it, it swung itself into water with one push of its powerful tail. To shoot a crocodile and immobilise it, one has to hit it just between the eyes or in the neck. We never found one lying in the right position. Not even with cut out motors could we get near enough for a deadly shot. But most crocodiles are speared after dark when their shining eyes betray them and provide a good target to the silent thrust of the lance. The limit has been fixed at one thousand per annum so as not to wipe out the crocodile from this region.

When crocodiles are wounded the smell of blood brings fish on their trail and sharks eat them. They say that the shark in these rivers have such sharp teeth that when an unsuspecting person puts a foot or hand into the river, it is bitten off so clean that the victim does not know what has happened until he pulls the bleeding stump out of the water.

A few days in the Sunderbans are an unforgettable experience in the maze of water channels flanked by thick and lush jungles, full of birds, monkeys, deer and tigers. But God help the man who falls into these rivers! Barring a few gangs of forest labourers, it is a heaven for animals and the wild growth of plants. But for how long? The inland harbour of Khulna is becoming more and more important. It lies 50 miles upstream and important industries like match factories, jute mills and a newsprint factory have been started there. Soon I fear the Sunderbans will also be invaded by man and the animals will withdraw further into the deep forests.

One day we went for a holiday to Mainamati in the Chittagong Hill Tracts. This was the time of the famous Kedah (elephant catch) when wild elephants from the Government-owned forests are captured for sale. The job is done by a contractor, who pays to Government a substantial sum for the privilege and still makes a handsome profit for himself. On this occasion the contractor had engaged about three thousand beaters who, having located a herd, gradually drove it into a circular stockade, which had been put up for that purpose. Fourteen elephants walked into the fifteen feet diameter stockade. The rope which held up the heavy drop-gate was cut and down it came. The animals had lost their freedom. Among them was a cow elephant with a young baby which, according to the forest law, had to be released. But inside the stockade, packed with shrieking, stampeding and jostling males the mother stood still, giving protection to the little one under her belly. Next to her stood another cow elephant, a sort of "aunt", which every mother elephant adopts to guard the baby while she fights off the tigers for whom these young animals are a great delicacy. I can never forget the sight of these two cow elephants using their trunks to pull the little one back to safety whenever it strayed out from under their bodies. If all the infuriated animals had continued to push against the stockade, it could have been broken, but we were standing aloft armed with lances. You would be amazed how easily the elephants' skin is broken and can be made to bleed. After sundown some of us

sat round the log fire, under the open skies, for a long time. At night we slept in ramshackle huts, and with the sound of an occasional tiger roaring in the neighbourhood I did not enjoy my sleep.

After a day or two the captured elephants are led out of the stockade one by one by trained elephants and each is tied to a tree and starved for twenty hours. Afterwards he is quite docile with the man who brings him food. There is a Persian saying: *Anke Sheran Ra Kunad Rubah Mizaj; Ihtiaj Ast, Ihtiaj Ast, Ihtiaj*" which can be translated: "That which turns tigers into jackals is poverty, poverty, poverty." After three months the elephants are taken into the markets and sold for an average of Rs. 3,000|-, often for ceremonial purposes. But now that the Rajas and big landowners are no more, the elephants will be used mostly in Government forests for extracting timber or for circuses and zoos.

It is very difficult to administer East Pakistan from Karachi; one example will be enough. The Centre had imposed a betelnut tax at Rs 10|- per maund, when the price was Rs. 45|- per maund. The prices fell to Rs. 10|- per maund. As Governor I wrote to the Central Government that the farmers were cutting down their trees to avoid the tax and that the tax should by waived. But I regret to say that the then Central Minister of Finance at Karachi turned a deaf ear to the cry from East Pakistan. Now I am glad to say, this tax is no more. But such matters as these must be settled locally.

The people of West Pakistan must agree to the Province of East Pakistan becoming as self-sufficient as possible in all spheres. The less dependant they are the greater an asset to Pakistan as a whole. Unfortunately East Pakistan Government are not imposing enough taxes on themselves nor do they collect the few that exist. In East Pakistan, the income from land from jute and rice per acre is the same as it is in West Pakistan from cotton and wheat. But whereas the farmer in the West pays land revenue and water rate up to Rs. 15|- per acre, the farmer in the East pays no water rate and

his land revenue is no more than a rupee per acre and even that is not fully collected, especially when an election is nearing.

Though my time in East Pakistan was as a whole very peaceful, the tragic event of Mr. Liaquat Ali's assassination took place and the visit of his successor, Khwaja Nazimuddin, who was chosen to take over Prime Ministership while Mr. Ghulam Mohammad, who had been Finance Minister in Liaquat's Cabinet, took over as Governor-General.

Liaquat and I had been good friends and I think he had complete confidence in me and my advice. That is essential for this particular post of Governor of East Pakistan, which is physically so far removed from the Centre. I think I also enjoyed the same confidence from the new Prime Minister but he, being a Bengal and having been Prime Minister of United Bengal before Independence, thought he could enforce his will more on East Pakistan, which led him to make a very honest but politically hasty and unacceptable speech with regard to the language question on his first visit to Dacca as Prime Minister. That was followed by the language agitation and students' troubles when I had to take the administrative powers a little firmly into my hands, without either advising any or resorting to any unconstitutional methods.

In East Pakistan every Muslim child learns how to read the Holy Quran, which is in the Arabic script. But Bengali is written in the Devnagri script. The Urdu script which prevails in West Pakistan is like the Arabic script so, whereas every child in West Pakistan has to learn the Arabic script, a child in East Pakistan has to learn two scripts by force, Arabic and Devnagri. I discussed this matter with Mr. Nurul Amin, the Chief Minister, once and he admitted that if a plebiscite were taken among parents of school children they would all vote for abandoning the Bengali script and let their children learn only one script, that is Arabic. Bengali can be written in Urdu script and there is much historical data that it was done in Sher Shah Suri's time. But for politi-

cal reasons Nurul Amin could not agree to move in this direction. I knew that the Hindu did not want the Arabic script. They are about eight million out of forty two million people, but they have the wealth and the balancing vote in the Provincial Parliament. Also most school publications were still coming from Calcutta and vested interests are difficult to break. I was much interested to learn that there were over a hundred private schools where Urdu had been taught for the last 150 years but this was not so in Government schools. This lack of schools which teach in Urdu or English medium make Government servants from West Pakistan hesitate in taking up service in East Pakistan because of the difficulty of their children's education. That inspired my wife to found a large girls' school in Dacca which bears her name and which is considered one of the best in East Pakistan. There the medium of instruction is in English with the second language either Urdu or Bengali.

East Pakistan has great potentials and I am happy to have been connected with its administration for three critical years. I think we left many friends behind belonging to all communities and my experiences were most useful when I joined the Central Government. I believe that it is essential that our civil services should serve in either wing of the country as, only then, will their decisions in the central sphere become sufficiently knowledgeable and turly patriotic on a Pakistan scale.

In April, 1953, suddenly received a telephone call from the Prime Minister, Khawaja Nazimuddin, in Karachi. He wanted me to become the Chief Minister in the Punjab, because law and order under the Daultana Government had broken down. Martial Law had been declared in Lahore and a large number of people were killed by police firing. This situation was brought about by people who wanted to get into power at the Centre. They thought that by creating unrest, the men at the helm of affairs at the Centre would have to go. The old tried method of attacking a religious minority sect called Ahmedis was used to inflame the minds of otherwise peaceful citizens. I could not say "no" on an

occasion like this but I said I would only accept this position if the Punjab Muslim League Party would first elect me as their leader. I did not believe in accepting office at the orders of the high command in Karachi and then compelling people through my influence and prestige to support me. Khwaja Nazimuddin accepted this demand and asked the Muslim League Party in Lahore to meet and decide the question of leadership. They elected me their leader unanimously and I flew over from Dacca to take charge of the Chief Ministership. Thus after years of trial and error they called me to my home Province, where I remained Chief Minister for two years.

So I returned to Lahore, where our people had their first experience of Martial Law. General Azam Khan was the Chief Administrator of it here and though the Army was certainly helpful in putting down the chaotic conditions of law and order, it was possible for me to have Martial Law lifted after two months.

I formed my Ministry, in which I included Nawab Muzaffar Ali Qizilbash, a controversial figure, as he was one of the staunchest colleagues Sir Khyzir Hayat had had in his Unionist Cabinet. But Muzaffar had joined the Muslim League after Independence and I felt that as he was a party member there would be no opposition. But when I was congratulated on my choice by a man who is well known for his insincerity, I wondered what mistake I had made now. It is true that this choise was an unpopular one because the wounds that the Unionist Party had inflicted on the Mussalman by their stubborness and shortsightedness when we fought for Pakistan, were still fresh. Otherwise no one could say anything against Qizilbash. He proved to be a most loyal and wieghty supporter of mine and also a firm and good administrator, full of common sense. Many of the other colleagues I chose had been in Daultana's Ministry as I did not wish to disrupt matters more than necessary.

I was not only faced with law and order problems on my return but also with a severe food shortage. Insecurity

and vacillating politics and uncertainty had upset the rural areas. Food was deficient and whatever there was, was hidden and hoarded. My main policy was to create confidence again in the minds of people, especially in the rural areas.

We in Pakistan have followed very wrong policies. The Government in the past under the influence of town people and newspapers run by urbanites tried to depress the prices of wheat—by pushing them down to rupees seven and a half per maund as against more than double the price in the rest of the world. Naturally, farmers grew less wheat than other grains which were not controlled by Government. I did my best to make the Central Finance Minister see sense but they moved tardily and brought the price up to twelve and half rupees per maund, at which the Government compulsorily acquired wheat to sell it in the cities, leaving the ninety per cent of population who live in the villages, where the price shot up to rupees twenty-five per maund, to fend for themselves as farmers have to sell early when the crops come in to pay their taxes and also their debts. At that time gram (which is eaten by cattle) sold for rupees fourteen per maund, whereas wheat was compulsorily purchased by the Government at rupees twelve and a half, but the purchasing agents took away half a rupee for supposed dust and barley mixture and another half a rupee for freight from the village to the market, so the farmer was lucky if he got eleven and a half rupees per maund and even that was not paid by the agents at once. They sometimes said that Government had not sent the money and sometimes they said that a sample of wheat had gone to Lahore to find out how much dust there was in it. When it came back they deducted a certain amount from the official price and called it "touch" which has become a word which every villager knows well. Even the price of twelve and a half rupees was low compared with the landed cost of foreign wheat at Karachi at rupees sixteen per maund.

All those who ignore the laws of supply and demand must suffer. Our financial experts told me as a justification for depressing the price of wheat to rupees seven and a half

per maund that prices of all commodities will fall if the prices of wheat are low. I told them that I never heard such nonsense in all my life. The prices of cycles, tyres, shoes and clothes all depend on the cost of production and on the demand and not on the price of wheat. Nor do wages vary with the price of wheat.

The life of our farmers is difficult. If the farmer succeeds at the end of his long wait of six months in gathering some reward for his labour, he has to battle against cattle thieves, who are the biggest possible curse to the villages. I tried to introduce a law according to the Muslim Shariat Law, that the hand of a habitual cattle thief should be cut, but I met with violent opposition from the two representatives who predominated in the Muslim League Party at the Centre, calling it a barbaric law. Then I suggested that we should hang a few cattle thieves and I quoted examples from England where sheep stealing in olden days was punished by the death penalty, but I could never get my suggestions accepted. Today, after ten years the situation regarding cattle thefts is no better and most of the murders in rural areas are due to cattle thefts, land disputes or the abduction of women.

If a farmer manages to escape the cattle thief, then there may be a quarrel over water distribution and someone is hurt. Then the police arrive and they have to be squared, then false witnesses are produced and innocent people convicted and quite often hanged. The time and money spent in courts and on lawyers is fabulous. Civil litigation never ends. It is only the dust of the grave which puts an end to the misery of a litigant. Very quick reform is needed here where the British have tried to create a foolproof system which necessarily involves delays and expense. Justice delayed is justice denied, and that is what takes place today all over the country.

So to solve the food problem I took three steps which eased the situation in a very short time. I made the daring decision of decontrolling wheat prices in spite of its short-

age. I announced that substantial purchases from the U.S.A. would be made and provided new and adequate storage bins for our wheat. Confidence returned, hoarded wheat found its way to the market and the prices found their own level. I have always advocated as little of Government controls as possible, but I would like to see better international price regulations committees for agricultural produce and raw materials, as the farmers suffer greatly from the big fluctuations that occur. It is impossible for our farmers to plan ahead, never knowing the policy of Government regarding the amount of export duties or other taxes, which are determined from year to year. If the farmer knew what the average price would be for the next five years, he could plan production, expansion and research with peace of mind and certainty of profit, which would induce him to invest more money into our biggest industry, which is agriculture.

After so many years away from an administrative job in the Punjab, I realised the many shortcomings which required reforms. One of the most important reforms needed is a re-organisation of the Police. The Anti-Corruption and the Intelligence Departments should have nothing to do with the Police force. Their men should be recruited directly and finish their service in that department. Another step necessary to raise the standard of the Police force is to start all Police Officers as Sub-Inspectors, who should be given a chance to go to the top just like Commissioned Officers do in the Army, their starting salaries to be the same as Provincial Civil Service Officers.

A number of reasons can be found why our present system of justice does not come up to the desired standard. Muslim history had laid great emphasis on quick and effective justice while the theoretically excellent system devised by the British has failed practically. The worst reason for that is the present system of inspection on which hinges a policeman's career report. If all crimes are registered and only some are solved, he gets a bad report, so the policeman discourages the registering of cases. And if he registers cases and convictions are not secured, again he is in for a

bad report. And let us take the case of the policeman who registers a case and the culprit is convicted. The aggrieved party has usually not been satisfied because a conviction does not mean that all his stolen property has been returned. In case of cattle thieving, which is one of our biggest curses in the rural areas, the poor animal which has to be produced in court every time a hearing takes place, is worn out either from the journeys or from mere old age by the time a conviction takes place.

While free registration of cases will swell the figures given for the numbers of crimes committed, it will give confidence to the public that criminals are being chased But the public must co-operate and not demand convictions in very case. In fact, the method of compounding a case should be encouraged which it is not today, as the words in the Criminal Procedure Code are that the accused against whom a case has been compounded should be considered as fully acquitted. Again for the policeman's inspection report, that counts against him. The remedy is to consider all compounded cases as convictions.

So the whole procedure of judging of work of our policemen according to their inspection records must be changed. The mere counting of figures is useless and leads to the acceptance of completely wrong standard and values.

For years everyone has been aware of the tardy and complicated system of justice. It is obvious that just by increasing the number of low paid magistrates to deal with a back-log of up to 50,000 cases in a district, won't solve the problem. Better paid and higher qualified magistrates and shorter procedures may speed up justice. It would also help to have non-cognizable cases dealt with by a board or bench of the Union Councils, but never entrusted to one individual though the system of classifying offences into cognizable and non-cognizable offences has also been the cause of leading to many crimes of a serious nature, as many insults and petty bickerings, if not dealt with effectively, can lead to murders.

I personally liked the British system of the Superintendent of Police being subordinate to the District Magistrates in each District. As Chief Minister I considered this case but made the mistake of accepting the I.G. Police's view and contented myself by accepting small changes like the writing of annual reports of Superintendents of Police by District Commissioners. But today many District Commissioners are young and inexperienced and do not carry enough weight with the Police.

Under British rule Civil Servants were diplomats of a high calibre and developed ties of personal friendship with the people. A Deputy Commissioner was left several years in the same District and knew the people intimately. Sir James Wilson, Financial Commissioner, when retiring *circa* 1910, went to the village homes of many people to say good-bye to them. Sir Popham Young, Commissioner of Rawalpindi Division, did the same. In 1919, Sir Geoffery de Montmorency, who had served in Lyallpur District for several years, knew the names of members of leading families for three generations. Alas, these close friendly relations between the public and the Civil Servants have diminished since Pakistan came into being. During the British days a man rarely became a Deputy Commissioner with less than fifteen years of service. Now young boys of a few years' service are Deputy Commissioners and do not feel the necessity of making friends with the public leaders living in rural areas. They behave more like rulers and not friends and servants of the people. The gulf between the services and the public is widening every day, which is a great pity. The Briton was a foreigner and felt the need of winning friends for his Government and his people but no incentive exists for our own Civil Servant. He should replace this by an urge to improve the economic conditions of his people. As Chief Minister I had issued instructions that every Deputy Commissioner and Superintendent of Police should keep a horse and spend ten days and nights of each month out touring. But horses are expensive to keep and the salaries are low. In view of the inflation, I suggested that Government must help the Deputy Commissioners and the Superintendents of

Police to keep up their prestige and dignity by giving them horses and conveyance free.

Unfortunately recruitment through competitive examinations has filled the ranks of our services with city people who enjoy better educational facilities than the people of rural areas and a gulf has grown between these officers and the rural population for lack of understanding and common interest. Let us hope that the gradual improvement of the countryside will establish the hegemony of the people in the services and in representative institutions and antagonism, if any, will case in course of time.

One day, when I was Chief Minister, I walked through the streets of a suburb of Lahore and saw a number of children squatting along an open drain doing their lessons while the school teacher was inside the classroom talking to the lucky ones who happened to be inside. I feel that there has been too much emphasis on the Civil and Police services in this country and Education service has been considered as an inferior type of employment. If we have to improve our nation, we must change our mentality and give teachers the importance and salaries they deserve and change our outlook on education. The need in Asia is not so much for a provision of higher educational facilities like universities but for better high schools and technical institutions and only those that go in for specialized professions should be allowed to seek university education, which should be of a higher standard than is the case at present. The situation today is hopeless. Education is out of date and top heavy. The B.A. Degree is of little value. The university education today, in our arts colleges, only enables the boys to become clerks. The Punjab Government back in the twenties advertised four vacancies of clerks in the Secretariat at about fifty rupees per months. They received four hundred applications from Arts graduates. Today the position of unemployment of B.A. graduates may be much worse. There is no need for every student to go up to a university. What we lack are institutions which give boys professional training at the end of school education, and more vocational training at the middle and high

school stage. This may be an expensive form of education but cheaper than letting thousands of boys waste their time in worthless schools, as is the case today—with honourable exceptions.

At the university stage there is practically no direct contact between the professors and students outside the class room. The tuition system prevailing at Oxford does not prevail in most of our universities. I feel that England has made more by the products of her public schools than by the university graduates, although most of the leaders in Whitehall are products of Oxford and Cambridge. In 1950, out of 332 civil servants above the status of Assistant Secretary, 60% had studied at Oxford or Cambridge.

To bear out my statement that education in Pakistan is top heavy, I cannot resist giving some interesting figures here. The number of students per million of population at universities in 1957 for the U.S.A. was 16,670, for the U.S.S.R. 10,060, for France 3,880, for Pakistan 1,840, (1961 figures) for Great Britain 1,815, and for Turkey 1,780. Taking into consideration that our literacy is hardly 20% these figures are even more of a paradox.

Our main trouble is that good teachers are not available, because the salaries are very low and the population increase outpaces the increase in number of schools. This shortcoming must have drastic remedies if we want to progress. During my time as Chief Minister, I sanctioned a small amount of money for family planning. It was the first time that Government funds were spent on this movement and I was prepared to face criticism. In this respect I must give credit to my wife, who has been doing pioneer work for a number of years in this direction. Today family planning has become a Government policy and I only hope that it will succeed, otherwise our progress will be seriously retarded.

One of the biggest curses in our country which besets and bedevils the administration is "*safarish*", which means recommendation. I had developed a technique of my own

when I was a minister for dealing with *safarish.* If any Member of Parliament or an election boss or a deputation approached me with a request, I used to say that I would look into their case. I usually called the persons concerned in their presence, so that they knew I was not fooling them. But my instructions to every Department, including the I.G. Police, was to listen to what I have to say but never act against their conscience. If a request was just, it was my duty to put it right but many were difficult requests to humour and then the files would go back to the departments and nine times out of ten the applicant would never return to me. But if he did, I was ready to argue with him and say "no" or convince him that he was wrong to ask for this favour, from the point of view of the country or of another individual. Most men are reasonable and can be convinced by argument. Those that are unreasonable must be left alone. It is advisable in such cases to take into confidence a few leading members of the Party and tell them of the incident, so that if the disgruntled member or election boss starts a whispering campaign, some members will be able to expose his motives and it will be a lesson for others also.

The most essential element of the working of Afro-Asian democracies should be the establishment of administrative educational institutions. Attendance at these schools should be compulsory for everyone who is elected to a Local Body or Legislature. Governance of a people is an art. The Maharaja of Jind once appointed his medical officer (Dr. Dhingra) as his Prime Minister. It was lucky that he did not appoint his Prime Minister as his medical officer! Democracy in England has worked successfully because certain well-to-do families have made it their profession to seek honour and position through parliament. They do not go there to make money since they have enough. Today many members may not have money but they have the discipline and the integrity and the powerful party machinery to keep their members on the right path. No such parties will come into being in Afro-Asian countries for some time to show the right path to the members. Most of our men go into Legislatures to get rich quickly or secure jobs for their sons and nephews or to

gain personal power and prestige. I had a friend who owed his election ninety per cent to my support. When my Ministry changed, he immediately went over to my opponents. He came to see me and was most ashamed and apologetic. He pleaded with folded hands and said, "Please forgive me. Your opponents have promised to help my son-in-law by promoting him to be an Inspector of Police. Surely you, as my friend, will not grudge me this," This family had received much kindness from my father and myself and though the boy was never promoted, Government got the father's vote.

In-service training colleges for administrative heads of business houses and Senior Civil Servants exist now. But what we need are training courses for legislators also. Nowadays everyone in Pakistan considers himself an expert in the art of governance. While they are gaining experience after coming into the Legislatures, they do much harm to the country.

During my two years as Chief Minister, in spite of the constant pressure from the party members, who were to a large extent people I did not know well as they were brought in by my predecessor, Mr. Daultana, the opposition I had from within the party, was minimal and no harm could have come to me or my Ministry if it had not been engineered by the Centre. During 1954-55 the important discussions and plans were made for the integration of West Pakistan. I was and still am very much for this unification but my opinion was at that time that this unification should be more a political one rather than administrative. I foresaw great difficulties for the administration if all Secretariat work was to be concentrated in Lahore. I was for retaining as much regional administrative powers as possible. The main purpose of unification in my mind was the creation of one Assembly and Ministry under one Governor and not the centralising of all administrative matters I said so in my speeches in answer to the questions of people and I think my views were either misunderstood or purposely mis-interpreted as my being against the West Pakistan Unit. Unfortunately

constructive suggestions or criticism have never been acceptable to any Central Government in Pakistan.

In the meantime the then Governor-General, Mr. Ghulam Mohammad, had dissolved the Central Legislative-cum-Constituent Assembly and dismissed his Prime Minister, Khwaja Nazimuddin. Just at that time new elections were to take place from each Provincial Assembly based on single transferable vote to the new Constituent Assembly in Karachi. For this purpose a panel of names was given to us to be elected.

In objected to the exclusion of some of my friends—as for instance, Nawab Sir Muzaffar Ali Qizilbash or Ch. Ali Akbar and a few others.

I knew that that would be a test of strength and I lost. Nawab Gurmani was the Governor at that time and Iskander Mirza was Home Minister in the Centre. Between them and Mr. Ghulam Mohammad, the then Governor-General, they decided to dismiss my Ministry "in the public interest", which is a very convenient term, as unfortunately the interest of the public has still remain very nebulous and undefinable in our country. The official reason was that I was anti-West Pakistan Unit.

When we defied the list given to us by the Muslim League High Command, a number of us were thrown out of the Muslim League Party. So it came that after many years of working for this party and the creation of Pakistan, I was deprived of my party membership and of my office. But we decided to fight this controversial election to a Central Assembly. The night before the result of the election was announced. I dreamt that I was riding a powerful bull and so was my friend Ali Akbar.* In front of me was a very wide canal full of water. My bull flew over it like a bird with great ease, smoothly and landed safely on the other side, where a groom awaited me. I dismounted and told the groom to take

*Ali Akbar became a Central Govt. Minister in 1965-1967.

the bull to its stable, but that I would come by Railway saloon. A shining engine awaited me in front on a high embankment. I did not see my friend Ali Akbar on the other side of the canal. I told this dream to Muzaffar Ali Qizilbash, the very next morning. We two were successful, but our friend Ali Akbar who, along with the bull, had disappeared in my dream, failed to get in.

Then followed eighteen months of my life as an independent Opposition member in the Central Assembly. Shaheed Suhrawardy, leader of the Awami League Party, was the Leader of the Opposition. It was a time I enjoyed immensely as, for the first time, I had an opportunity to exercise the democratic right to oppose but never did I do so for the sake of opposing but always on issues which I believed in.

Ch. Mohammad Ali, as Prime Minister, piloted the Constitution through for which we had been waiting for eight years. India had accomplished hers within two years of her freedom and had held general elections. The Prime Ministership of Mohammad Ali Bogra had been and gone. Mr. Ghulam Mohammad, the Governor-General, had had to resign because of ill health and Iskander Mirza had been chosen by the Cabinet to be Governor-General.

It must be noted here that there servicemen—vis., Mr. Ghulam Mohammad, who belonged to the Audit and Accounts Service and Chaudhri Mohammad Ali, who also belonged to the Audit and Accounts Department and Mr. Iskander Mirza, who belonged to the Political Department, dominated the Central Government all the time. After the murder of Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan in October, 1950, there was no non-official personality at the Centre who could stand up to them.

These servicemen in high political offices never had sought elections, nor did they wish to face the electorate or knew how to. Much of the ills of the first ten years of our history are due to that fact.

CHAPTER IX

1955—1956

In the Opposition and Foreign Ministry

During my eighteen months in the Opposition, we saw the retirement of the Governor-General, Mr. Ghulam Mohammad and the election of Mr. Iskander Mirza, as Governor-General. When he took office, Mr. Mohammad Ali Bogra was Prime Minister. Mr. Ghulam Mohammad, after dissolving the Assembly in 1954, had re-called Mr. Bogra from Washington, from his post as our Ambassador to the U.S.A. and made him Prime Minister. In that Ministry, the then Commander-in-Chief, now President Mohammad Ayub Khan, was included as Defence Minister. It has been said that General Ayub was asked to take over the administration of the country then but he refused. Ayub is essentially a product of British education, with his background of Sandhurst and Indian Army training. Mohammad Ali Bogra was sent back to Washington after a few months and Chaudhry Mohammad Ali became the Prime Minister, during whose term of office the Constitution was passed. During his time the Republican Party came into being, encouraged and inspired by Iskander Mirza, with Dr. Khan Sahib as its leader. The main reason for the break-away of the majority of members of the Muslim League Party and the creation of a new party, was the different views held on joint or separate electorates. The Republicans rightly maintained that separate electorates were out of date, as the Muslims had no need of such safeguards any more in their own independent country. I, who had been an independent in the Opposition, joined the Republican Party. The result was that Chaudhry Mohammad Ali lost his majority and Shaheed Suhrawardy, Leader of the Opposition and Leader of the Awami League

party, was called upon to form a ministry. He formed a Coalition with the Republicans and I joined the Cabinet as Foreign Minister.

While I was Foreign Minister in the Republican Awami League Coalition Ministry, there was never any difference over foreign policy between Iskander Mirza, the President and myself, or between Suhrawardy and Iskander Mirza. The reason is not far to seek. In foreign policy it is the interests of the country that are at stake, and not party interests. Consequently, in our attitude towards the West, it was easy for us to follow the policy of the preceding Muslim League Government, except that I was probably much franker in my criticism of some of the American as well as British actions without fear of being misunderstood. I also felt that we must come nearer the U.S.S.R. But in matters concerning India and Afghanistan, I tried to follow a new line by adopting a conciliatory attitude in resolving our outstanding problems.

As a Government, we fully supported the Baghdad Pact and S.E.A.T.O. Pacts, which are not aimed at anyone and are in accordance with the provisions of the United Nations' Charter. The Russians have always claimed that these Pacts are directed against them, and we have equally consistently denied this charge. But it must have been obvious that any threat of attack on the freedom of Turkey, Iran, Iraq, Afghanistan and Pakistan can only come from Russia, and not from American or any European power and to this extent the Russian objections to the Pacts are understandable. It had been the ambition of Russia, even in Czarist days, to secure access to the warm waters of the Indian Ocean. I am quite sure that the Communist Government would be equally prepared to occupy these Muslim countries and would hasten to do so if outbreak of war offered the excuse. To think that Muslim countries of the Middle East or Pakistan will be allowed to stay neutral and unoccupied, in case of war between Russia and the West is wishful thinking. One day I was talking to a Russian diplomat, who was trying to convince me that Russia had no designs against any of these Middle-Eastern Muslim countries. I put a question to him.

"Suppose war breaks out between the U.S.A. and Russia, and the oil wells of the Persian Gulf are supplying oil to your enemies, will you bomb them, or not?" He said, "Of course we will." I rejoined, "Do you expect these countries to protect this wealth, on which depends the livelihood of their people?" "Yes", he said, "Then you cannot avoid going to war against these Muslim countries. Therefore our safety lies in peace between Russia and the West."

Afghanistan is not a member of the Pact and the reason is her desire to remain neutral—a very understandable desire. She is in a difficult position geographically. This will always have marked economic and political consequences but I am afraid that, in the case of war, it also means that her freedom is definitely jeopardised, and she will be drawn into the orbit of Russia, like any other neighbouring state. We can understand the policy of the Afghan Government of accepting aid from Russia and we can only watch to see if, by accepting this aid she has not opened the door to an infiltration of ideas besides just Russian personnel. If under their influence a peaceful evolution of democratic methods is taking place in Afghanistan, none feels happier about it than I.

I must acknowledge the cordiality I received from the Afghan Government while I was Foreign and later, Prime Minister. His Royal Highness, Sardar Naim Khan, the Afghan Foreign Minister, came to Karachi. We were alone so as to be able to talk freely. I assured him that the policy of my Government was different from the policy of previous Governments. They had adopted a somewhat rigid attitude towards Afghanistan in all economic matters, in order to force her into making friends with Pakistan. I reversed the policy to one of generosity. Pakistan, being the bigger country, must bend first. In matters of trade I agreed to let the Afghan Government have a bonded warehouse at Karachi where their wagons could be loaded and sealed. I also agreed to let them have a railway line five miles into their territory beyond Peshawar. If we gave these facilities to India, whose trains came into Lahore, why not to our Afghan neighbours?

I also agreed to let them load their fruit into railway wagons inside their country instead of at our railway station near Quetta.

In 1958, by which time I had become Prime Minister, the Afghan started building a fort at a place which we considered to be a mile inside our territory. Our Ambassador at Kabul was asked by me to see the Foreign Minister. The building of the fort was stopped immediately. A bus strike had assumed ugly proportions. Out of the six hundred buses plying between Afghanistan and Pakistan, four hundred were owned by Pakistanis, who had been told to quit unless they agreed to what the Afghan Government wanted. I wired to our Ambassador to see Sardar Naim Khan and to request him to act as arbitrator between our and his own bus owners and decide the case as if both parties were his own. I must record that he acted like the Prince he was. Our people were satisfied with his decision. Our policy should be one of the closest friendship with Afghanistan, and we must do all we can to help them to develop their country. My hope is that with vision and foresight we would avoid having any country hostile to us, especially a neighbour. In my opinion it is shortsightedness of any Government to apply economic pressure on a country to coerce her into singing their tune. Actually, we have many examples in recent history to bear out this statement. One is the withdrawal of the offer of aid to Egypt for building the new Aswan Dam and the disastrous consequences that followed. Or nearer home—the behaviour of India towards Pakistan—for example, their boycott of our jute. The result was that we found new markets and installed more factories for producing finished jute articles. There are many examples of such shortsighted policies in the world and in the majority of cases they did not succeed. Afghanistan will soon be surplus in wheat. But I hope that instead of exporting it to us, more will be eaten by her own people, especially the people in the tribal belt who, nowadays, depend to a great extent on wheat taken from Pakistan, or money earned there by her labourers in the winter months.

"Pashtoonistan" means the land of the people who speak Pashto. These occupy areas on both sides of the Durand Line, which was the international boundary between British India and Afghanistan, fixed in 1893 and which now continues to be the boundary between Pakistan and Afghanistan as confirmed by the 1921 Rawalpindi Treaty. Four million Pashto speaking people—called *Pathans*—live in our tribal territory and an additional six million in our settled districts. The Pashtoons living in the tribal belt on the Afghan side are much less in number than our tribesmen. The Afghan propaganda has been claiming that the Pashto speaking people who became part of Afghanistan would like their international boundary to come up to the Indus River. This is really what the man in the street in Pakistan understands to be the meaning of the word "Pashtoonistan". But whenever I have talked to prominent Afghans about Pashtoonistan, I have always been told that the royal family do not wish to take away an inch of Pakistan territory. This was the gist of the conversation between myself and Prince Naim Khan. Then why this talk of Pashtoonistan? Americans feel that the Afghan rulers wish only that there should be a Pashto speaking province inside Pakistan! But before integration of the Provinces in West Pakistan there was such a province. Why was Afghanistan's propaganda most virulent at that time? What would Kabul think if the rulers of Iran claimed that the Persian speaking people of Afghanistan along the eastern border should be handed back to Iran? Nadir Shah, King of Iran, *circa* 1745 A.D., was also the King of Afghanistan. It was only after his murder, while camping in Afghanistan, that one of his Generals escaped from the camp with his men and fled to Kandhar and declared himself King of Afghanistan, which up to then had been a province of Persia. For the first time Afghanistan had a King of its own in 1747.

What if the Russians put forward a demand that the areas on the south of the Oxus River should be handed to Russia because the people living there speak Turki like the people of the adjoining Russian areas? What if we put up the demand that because the vast majority of Pashtoons live in

Pakistan, therefore the Pashtoon areas of Afghanistan should be handed over to us?

This Pashtoonistan propaganda is very dangerous from the point of view of Afghanistan because if its reasoning were carried to its logical conclusion, Afghanistan should disintegrate and end up as a small state of a few thousand square miles around Kabul.

If the international boundary with Pakistan is not to be respected by Afghanistan, then why should the Russians honour their boundary with Afghanistan? During the second half of the ninteenth century, all the Khanates, north and north-west of Afghanistan, *e.g.*, Khiva, Smarakand, Bokhara and several others disappeared, having been absorbed by Russia under their forward policy. *Vis-a-vis* Russia, Afghanstan is no more important than a Khanate. But the British, in order to protect their Indian Empire, moved forward and threatened to go to war against Russia if she tried to absorb the buffer state of Afghanistan. It was the British who saved Afghanistan by fixing her boundary with Russia towards the end of the last century. But now the British interests are no longer there to be protected. So if Russian ever wished to expand south who would help Afghanistan to preserve her independence? Can the U.N. be of any effective help in saving small countries? I say "no". In any case, the whole world strategy will change once Russia and U.S.A. come to terms with each other and all countries who try to flourish on this rivalry, will find themselves isolated. I can only guess who set the Kabul rulers on their policy of opposition to Pakistan in the beginning of our independence, but I am sure the rulers of Afghanistan now realise that such advice was not to their benefit.

Where lies the loyalty and heart of the Pashto speaking people? When King Amanullah was defeated in 1929 by a robber chief—a water carrier's son—"Bacha Saqau", by name Habibullah, and fled from Afghanistan, it was the Pashtoons living within our borders who attacked Kabul and defeated "Bacha Saqau". It took Amanullah's successors two

years to pacify their Pashtoons who continued to rebel against them, specially the Gilzais.

The relations between the British and the Kabul rulers had been very important from the point of view of the security of the Indian Empire. Hence the British kept control over the foreign affairs of Afghanistan from 1905 to 1919 by a treaty signed by Amir Habibullah, who came to India in 1907. My first wife's Uncle, Nawab Sir Khuda Bukhsh, was the Indian Ambassador in Kabul and the credit goes to him to have brought Amir Habibullah, who was the second ruler of Kabul, to visit India, where he saw the might of the Indian army. In 1921, Amanullah was made free and his subsidy of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds a year withdrawn. The Durand Line fixed in 1893, our international boundary, was re-affirmed in the treaty which followed in 1921. Until 1919, the Kabul ruler occupied the same position as the ruling princes of India and like them carried the honorific title of "His Highness". "His Majesty" was assumed only on complete independence in 1921.

In welcoming the advent of General Nadir Khan, *circa* 1922, the British did a very wise thing, because we have as our neighbours ruling in Kabul, men of blood, honour and tradition, who have given stability to the country and good Government, instead of the robber usurper whose Government would never have been stable. The present rulers are efficient and patriotic and deserve every one's respect for having pulled their country out of chaos. Rebellions took place everywhere. With tact and patience they have calmed them all and controlled them. Nor do I find any stigma attached to the rulers, because the British invited them to come back to their land. Kabul was the country of General Nadir Khan, who was a brave soldier with royal blood in his veins, who could not sit in comfort in Paris and allow everything he held dear to burn away in Afghanistan. But he had no money and no troops when he landed in Bombay. The only route to Kabul was through the British Indian territory of Waziristan—and he was allowed to go through it. It is said that he was given silver rupees by the bus-load and also

arms by the British. The citadel of Kabul with all its arms was in the usurper's hands and General Nadir had to take arms from the British. Up to then the British support had been surreptitious but now it became open. Arms and ammunition poured into General Nadir Khan's camp and he was given support in men also since our Pashtoons were allowed to go with him, and with their help he reconquered Kabul. The public refused to let him call back King Amanullah, who had been ahead of his time. His country was not ready for all his modern, western ideas, therefore he was rejected. Afghanistan now has a good crops of administrators, but what they really excel in is a first class Foreign Service of extremely able and well-educated men.

The British allowed Afghanistan to become a free and sovereign state, not because they could not defeat Amanullah but because they wanted a buffer state to serve as a cushion between India and Russia. The Wakhan, the Afghan tongue of the narrow land along the Oxus dividing Hunza State, which lies in Pakistan, from Russia, was deliberately made as the British did not wish to have any physical contact between India and the U.S.S.R.

An often repeated allegation is that the British started the Pashtoonistan stunt to divide Afghanistan and Pakistan. I have never had any proof of any action on their part which was designed to foster any misunderstanding between these two countries. On the contrary I have in this matter, as well as in many other instances, found the British Government, then headed by Mr. Macmillan, friendly and sincere in all their dealings towards Pakistan and I must say that Pakistan has well deserved this co-operation and assistance.

The position of the U.S.A. in this area is a new one and Afghanistan has been the gainer by their eagerness to rival the Russian aid. The U.S.A. here, as in most other countries where they got themselves involved not so much by desire, as by the sheer fact of a political power vacuum having been left by the withdrawal of the British, had to learn a lot. Today the roads in Afghanistan, linking Russia to Kandhar

and Herat and Kabul to the Khyber, have been made by the Russians and the Americans. If Pakistan had had the means we should have given more aid to Afghanistan but as we are unable to do so, at least we must improve our road system with Afghanistan from our side.

The Durand Line, our international boundary, was amicably fixed with Amir Abdul Rahman, ruler of Kabul, in 1893. It has been respected by the succeeding rulers of Kabul for the last seventy-two years and not even the present ruling family have ever raised a question of its revision.

Our tribal chiefs used to rebel against the British, a foreign Government. but ever since Pakistan came into existence our tribesmen have become equal citizens with all other Pakistanis and their representatives sit in our Parliament. All our troops have been withdrawn from the old cantonments like Wanna, Razmak and Loralai. Our Pathan tribesmen fought most valiantly in the war of liberation of Kashmir, they fought voluntarily, taking no salary.

A plebiscite was actually held in 1946 in the N.-W.F. Province and in the adjoining tribal areas of Pakistan, as to whether their people wanted to join Pakistan or not. The Indian Congress Party did their utmost to secure a vote against Pakistan, especially in the N.-W.F. Province, which was then dominated politically by the "Red Shirt Gandhi," Abdul Ghaffar Khan. They all failed miserably. Therefore the question of having another referendum, as to whether the Pathans wish to be with Pakistan, is redundant.

Not only do Pashto-speaking people live in the tribal belt of our N.-W.F. Province but nearly half a million live in Baluchistan and the rest of West Pakistan. Today the Pathans are a strong and firm part of the people of our country, in spite of provocations and propaganda from elements inimical to the very existence of Pakistan. Many Afghan tribesmen, especially those of the Pawinda Tribe, still lead a migratory life, grazing their herds from the high plateau of Afghanistan over the passes into the plains of Pakistan. They used to penetrate deep into West Pakistan

and their goats and camels turned many an area into barren lands. They obtained work, free medical treatment and bought commodities like wheat and salt, to take back to Afghanistan. This migration has been stopped by the present Government as, one year, in spite of the careful checks by our Veterinary Department, the African horse disease was supposed to have been brought into Pakistan and nearly 300,000 of our animals were lost.

Pakistan and Afghanistan came very close to each other when I had the honour of welcoming His Majesty, the King of Afghanistan, during my time as Prime Minister. I was much impressed by his cordiality towards Pakistan, by his sincerity and his impeccable manners. Iskander Mirza when President, accompanied by Shaheed Suhrawardy, as Prime Minister, paid a visit to Kabul. That visit had good results and was responsible for clearing a lot of mistrust and misunderstanding, in this way rendering good service to both countries.

If ever there is the possibility of combining Pakistan and Afghanistan or Pakistan and Iran into a loose confederation, it would strengthen our area. The combination of all three states is difficult because of historical reasons between Iran and Afghanistan, but if these could ever be overcome, it would be most desirable. It is said that two Kings cannot rule in the same kingdom but a way could be found if there was a will. It is also apparent that a confederation between Pakistan, Iran and Afghanistan may be resisted by more powerful States, as it would be easier for them to influence us if we remained separated. Though Pakistan is a member of the Commonwealth, we see no reason why we should not have such a confederation with Iran and Afghanistan. British constitutionalism is very elastic and can suit all circumstances and therein lies its strength and continuity.

The stability of the tribal areas depends essentially on good relations continuing between Afghanistan and Pakistan. Hasty suggestions, which lead to distrust and create suspicions, must be avoided. Our policy towards Afghanistan



The author and his wife with His Majesty King Mohammad Zahir Shah, of Afghanistan.—1958

must be large-hearted and generous, as we are the bigger and economically more favoured country. In return, Afghanistan should avoid a policy devised merely to irritate us. The Pashtoonistan propaganda has really had no effect on us. On the other hand, whether the National Assembly of Afghanistan is elected or not, is no concern of the people and the press in Pakistan and the less we try to teach them about their own affairs, the better for ourselves.* Afghanistan and Pakistan must travel hand in hand on the road of economic development and inter-dependence, to the prosperity and happiness of their people.

The suggestion of a confederation with Iran was in the air for some time in this country. Economically it would have offered many advantages to both of our countries, but politically it presented many difficulties. However before one talks of a confederation, there is much that can be done to bring the two countries closer together; for instance, we must both improve our communications. That is of primary importance. Then we must aim at economic union wherever possible. There again I foresee difficulties. Iran is earning foreign exchange to the extent of many hundred million dollars a year from oil. On the other hand, Pakistan earns much less foreign exchange than she needs. Will the twenty million people of Iran be large hearted enough to let the 81 million Pakistanis share their surplus foreign exchange? As against this, Pakistan is becoming more industrialised, and may be in a position not only to supply Iran with manufactured goods and raw materials, but also to provide an assured market for her crude oil. This we already import to the tune of about two million tons per year and this figure will increase yearly. Why not start a joint venture in exploiting the coal deposits at Kirman in South Persia? We in Pakistan already import over a million tons a year, and the demand is increasing.

Iran is a member of C.E.N.T.O. along with Turkey and Pakistan. Our emphasis in the Pact is not only on its defensive nature but also on closer economic and social co-opera-

*Since writing this passage, the first elected Assembly has been created in Afghanistan.

tion. I would like to see a tripartite pact develop between these three countries on the lines of N.A.T.O. My own feelings have always been that while the members of the Pact (Turkey, Iran, Pakistan, U.K. and formerly Iraq) were not obliged to go to war in case of an aggression against anyone of them from non-Communist quarters, they were expected to consult and co-operate with one other in case of aggression from Communist sources. This serious limitation made the alliance, even before the Iraq revolution, not as popular in Pakistan as it could have been, because Pakistan's real fear was of Indian rather than Communist aggression. Iraq's revolution in 1958 brought matters to a head.

So far as Iran is concerned Pakistan consider her frontier as our frontiers. The Shahinshah is very friendly towards us and treats our people with great regard and affection, which is reciprocated by us. Our boundary with Iran was settled during my tenure of office as Foreign Minister and the demarcation was made after a period of one hundred and fifty years of waiting and indecision.

As regards Turkey, the bonds of unity between us are strong, and we have great admiration for the hardy Turkish people. If, God forbid, Turkey were ever in trouble every Pakistani would want to volunteer to help her. Turkey, despite her long and proud history under the despotic Sultans, is a truly modern country, which has now emerged as a democracy after centuries of feudalism and autocracy. I admire much of what her leaders are striving for and the courage that her people have shown in preserving their freedom. I believe, and that with confidence, that this defensive alliance between Turkey, Iran and Pakistan will last a long time. But the most important benefits arising out of CENTO are the economic and tele-communication links. For the latter purpose both the U.K. and the U.S.A. are giving substantial assistance.*

*Since writing the above, President Mohammad Ayub Khan has initiated even closer co-operation with Iran and Turkey by creating the Regional Council for Co-operation and Development, R.C.D. a move welcomed by all.

Iraq is an Arab country, and we of the Baghdad Pact were always being accused of having almost stolen an Arab child. The biggest grievance that Egypt had against us was because of Iraq which, according to Egypt, should have been only in the Arab League and not in the Baghdad Pact. The great propaganda on this subject culminated in the murder of King Faisal and Nuri Pasha, the Prime Minister. The irony of fate is that Egyptian propaganda helped to destroy the Iraqi monarchy, but the result is that Iraq is as far as ever from Egypt.

I had always felts that, if Iraq wanted to leave the Pact, we should not stand in her way. But so long as staunch supporters of the Pact—the King and his ministers—wanted to remain in it, we could hardly ask them to withdraw merely to stop propaganda against the Pact and against ourselves. One of the biggest mistake that Nuri Pasha made was to abolish political parties. When this happened, the only party which survived—by going underground—was the Communist Party. The fate of Iraq and its present and future Governments is not for us to speculate on, the important matter is that our countries should remain friendly which, I am glad to say, is the case.

After the First World War it was a great mistake to split up the Arabs, into Arabia, Jordan, Syria and Iraq. Small states are always a great danger to world peace, as the interests of various rulers seldom allow them to be merged together. Even now the best thing that could happen to the Arabs would be to unite in a confederation, from Morocco to Baghdad.

One thing is ingrained in the minds of most Muslims and that is the British creation of Israel, which is like the thin end of a wedge thrust into the heart of Arabia. The results have ever since been very unfortunate. The West will always stand by the Jews, who have a powerful position in all western countries and naturally the Muslim world has been provided with circumstances which give colour to their suspicions. When in New York, I talked to some Arabs to

find out what they would like to do. They gave me their ideas about a settlement but no one would take courage to say publicly what was in his mind for fear of criticism by the other Arabs, although to me they suggested certain solutions. If the enmity towards Israel pushes all Arab countries to combine in a confederation, the calamity of Palestine may become a blessing "*Khuda Sharey Bar Angeyzad Kih, Khair Ma Dar An Bashad*" which means, "God raises troubles in which there is much good for us." History has taught us that many a Christian or Muslim power has been destroyed by its co-religionists. The Arabs will realise that, in the long run, neither religion nor language nor blood will keep them together. Truly political unity can be achieved only by experiments in mutual gains in the economic, financial and defence fields. I am sure Arab statesmen are already aware of this. Here I would like to mention the regard I have for Mr. Fawzi, who was Foreign Minister of Egypt when I attended the U.N. President Nasser has a wise and cool-headed counsellor in him.

Our relations with Communist China were always friendly. Pakistan was one of the first countries to recognise the People's Republic of China after it came into being in 1949. Nevertheless we must always acknowledge the support Nationalist China gave Pakistan in the international sphere with regard to our dispute with India over Kashmir. The Formosan Government always voted for us in the Security Council and could not have been more helpful. In those days, which was the hey-day of China-India friendship, our Ambassadors in Peking as well as in Moscow could not make any headway. Every time we approached them they both adopted the attitude that Pakistan and India must settle their disputes between themselves.

The first close contact Pakistan had with China was in 1956, when Prime Minister Suhrawardy visited China officially. It was our wish to come closer to all our neighbours and this was an important move in the right direction. My wife was in Mr. Suhrawardy's party and told me about the wonderful hospitality and cordiality they received every-

where. Pakistan went to China as a friend and wanted to forge a bridge between the West and China. Never did we create any misgiving or misunderstandings in anyone's mind. It was not our game to play up China against the U.S.A. Neither Iskander Mirza nor I or Suhrawardy believed in such tactics.

Mr. Chou En-lai accepted our invitation to come to Pakistan shortly afterwards and his reception was full of warmth and genuine feelings of friendship. I accompained him all over West Pakistan and had very frank talks with him. He is a man of most charming manners, endowed with a captivating personality.

Mr. Chou En-lai and I discussed American Economic and Military Aid in a frank and cordial manner. He said in his quiet voice: Yes, Take your aid but never let it become too big to become a crutch without which you cannot walk; let it be just a stick to help you along. This was a very wise advice on which I was prepared to act. But consequent years after the martial law in 1958 saw a different policy until the Chinese-Indian war in 1962. Aid from the U.S.A., especially military one, was increased so much that the dates of our financial year were even changed to coincide with the American one.

To Pakistan, China's friendship is a source of strength which can never be underrated, but one thing must be clear in the minds of everyone who is responsible for the fate of our country, that our relations should be good but never solely dependent, as that would be as dangerous as being solely dependent on the U.S.A. We can only get real benefit from the help that any friendly nation may extend to us, if we have enough inherent strength ourselves not to collapse in case this aid is withdrawn. If we don't, then we must be prepared to accept much more than just aid.

It is imperative that we should never allow oureslves to be emotionally guided in our foreign affairs. Unfortunately, cool-headed, calculating, balanced appreciation is not an

attribute that either our past or present leaders are sufficiently endowed with. Pakistan, which is a small State and situated geographically in a strategic position from a middle Eastern as well as South-East Asian point of view, has to follow a policy of caution with many States, especially neighbouring ones, by trying to be on as good terms as possible with them. We must be aware that friendship between States depends entirely on self interest and not on any love for one another. There can be no friendship unless it is to one's mutual advantage. For that matter, the friendship of big states is even more suspect. Their interest lies in moving their spheres of influence up to our frontiers and if this has to be, it is from their point of view much more preferable for them to fight their battles on our land rather than on theirs.

The most important aspect of our relations with neighbouring countries is always our attitude towards India. In the real meaning of the words "one country", India has been that only since the British began to rule effectively in this subcontinent which is one hundred and fifty years ago. Even under the Moghals, the hegemony over the subcontinent varied greatly, depending on the strength of the ruler in Delhi; but for external purposes, India was considered one mighty empire, comparable to the Holy Roman Empire in Europe, which combined many Kingdoms, Dukedoms and even Republics, all having their own internal Governments and Courts.

The Hindus felt the division of India strongly and the killing of over half a million people on each side in cold blood has certainly not helped to create any love for the existence of Pakistan in their minds. We hoped that after seventeen years, the Indians had come to accept the existence of Pakistan, but I sometimes feel that even today they mistrust us as we mistrust them and the wounds of Partition are never allowed to heal because of the constant friction of border incidents and the Kashmir dispute. But war is an unrealistic and futile approach for setting our differences. The days when nineteen Muslims attacked Bengal and

its ruler surrendered, are gone. India is five times stronger than Pakistan in many respect and their potential in raw materials enables them to manufacture arms on a scale that Pakistan can never equal, even if we sacrificed all other development for the sake of manufacturing armaments. The Mussalman of our area is a born soldier and the Indian fear of a war with Pakistan is sometimes brought about by our own sabre rattling. Naturally, it is Pakistan that is discontented with the *status quo*, as we have been deprived of territory by the high-handed methods which India adopted towards the princely states which opted for Pakistan and especially because of Kashmir. But sabre rattling does not make war or kill anyone. Anyway, I as Foreign Minister and Prime Minister was not in favour of the sabre rattling technique. On the contrary, I believed that only a feeling of trust and an absolutely sincere approach would make any difference in the attitude of India towards us. It is not possible for us Muslims, who have no training in the finer arts of diplomacy, to fool or coerce the wily Indians.

The water dispute, though not as important as Kashmir, has now been settled. In 1947, when India stopped the water from the Ravi and Beas, a large number of our cattle died of thirst and fields remained uncultivated. The magnitude of our dependence on these rivers was brought home to us. It was one of the most illegal and crude methods that India could have tried, to bring us to heel. India always resisted any suggestion of ours to go to the International Court of Justice at The Hague, because no Court could have denied us our riparian rights of the waters of the Eastern Rivers. But what is the use of winning suits in Court, if such a decision cannot be backed up by the physical power to enforce it? Pakistan will be losing six thousand cusecs of water every winter after the Indian storage dams are completed. A cusec is one cubic foot of water per second. To let us have our quota of twenty thousand cusecs during the rainy season was easy for them, so the matter hinged on 6,000 cusecs in the winter season and India was foolish enough not to take full advantage of this situation to make us dependent on them by guaranteeing to supply us that amount. Strangely

enough, both Pakistan and India have been pursuing policies which in the long run would have been detrimental to their own interests. We Pakistanis by asking for the water and thereby becoming dependent on the goodwill of India and India, by insisting on our having alternative sources of water supply, in this way freeing us from Indian influences and bondage.

That is why I was firmly of the view that the sooner we build our own dams and link canals, the better for our future. When I became Chief Minister in 1953, I expressed this view to the Central Government and to Mr. Mueenud-din, C.S.P., who was one of the delegates in charge of these negotiations on behalf of Pakistan. And I am glad to say that ultimately my views prevailed and the whole negotiations were put on a realistic basis, over which a settlement could be reached. The World Bank have shown commendable patience and goodwill to both India and Pakistan and their perseverance was crowned with success. The sad part today is when one visits the site of Mangla Dam and sees this mighty engineering feat in progress, one has to remind one-self that all this money is being spent not on new develop-ments but merely on replacement. But with this replace-ment Pakistan is going ahead in securing for herself more independence.

The Kashmir dispute has been much written and talked about, so much so that whenever we Pakistanis have to bring it up before the International forum of the United Nations, one can audibly hear the groaning of bored delegates of the Security Council. But short of war—the United Nations has been the only recourse for Pakistan, as India has shown no inclination to settle this issue bilaterally or through arbit-ration of a mutually trusted friendly power.

In 1956 I led the Pakistan delegation to the Security Council, as India had taken an unconstitutional and arbitrary action in proposing to make the Kashmir Assembly elected like the other State Assemblies of India and to integrate Kashmir fully by having their representatives in the Central

Assembly. It was imperative to get a verdict against such an action. The resolution that no such unilateral action must be taken by India was passed by ten votes, with Russia abstaining, the best victory we ever had on behalf of our stand regarding Kashmir. Mr. Krishna Menon was the chief delegate for India and I am glad to say that with all his brilliance and longwinded rhetoric which was referred to by all delegates as "Menonitis"—Pakistan scored a really impressive moral victory. I tried following up this resolution by moving the matter further, by making concrete proposals about the withdrawal of troops and we readily agreed that we should withdraw part of our troops followed by Indian withdrawals in the presence of United Nations troops. But Pakistan could not agree to a complete withdrawal of her troops before any of the Indian troops, which was India's stand. This second resolution, according to our proposal, was again passed by ten votes but vetoed by Russia. If that resolution had gone through, international troops would have been in Kashmir today and much misery would have been prevented.

Pandit Jawahar Lal has on several occasions suggested a "No War pact with Pakistan," but how can there be such a pact unless the Kashmir problem is solved? If and when it is solved, the "No War" pact will no more be necessary as certainly no Pakistani would ever think of attacking India—pact or no pact.

Neither of our two countries should be misled by the support of a powerful country. Such support disappears when it no longer suits the power. There are enough examples in recent history to that effect. Many people thought that the longer the Kashmir issue remained unsolved, the more difficult it would become for Nehru to hold a plebiscite, as it was felt that he would lose face by such an action and lose popularity within his country. I don't agree with that view. The man who could have really taken such a step, without loss to his prestige, was Nehru. It is more difficult after Nehru's death. I also feel that the prestige issue of Kashmir in India has been exaggerated and knowing what a financial burden this state is to India, many wise people

there are against this futile, stubborn policy. I have no doubt that the handshake over Kashmir may come about if men like Mr. Rajagopalacharia or Mr. Jai Prakash Narian get the opportunity to have their voices heard in the Central Government of India, even though their party men may be worse for Muslims than Congressmen. The credit goes to Rajagopalacharia as a leading member of the Congress Party before Partition, for moving in his Party meetings that the Muslims of India should be allowed to have Pakistan. I also feel that the Socialist Leader, Jai Prakash Narain, if he could ever have a voice in the matters of his State, would also go for an understanding between India and Pakistan over Kashmir. The economic drain of Kashmir on India is also often mentioned. On the other hand the economic deficit would also be felt by Pakistan but the natural trade routes from Kashmir run into Pakistan and this would make Kashmir economically much more viable. Besides Pakistan would not have to spend money on an occupation army, just as less army contingents are stationed in our tribal areas today. Unless the Kashmir problem is settled, the Hindus of India will never believe that the Muslims of India are loyal to India and the condition of Muslims there will never improve, but go on deteriorating, and that is why they are bound to slip away from the Congress Party to other parties.

Looking at the problem internationally, we also have to watch the growing Communist influence in India and the position the minorities take in this context. I have shocked many of my American friends who suffer from anti-Communist phobia—by giving them the unpalatable news that many Muslims, especially in West Bengal and in Kerala State (where the Muslim League Party supported a Communist Government) are members or supporters of the Communist Party. The West—especially the U.S.A. which looks at politics prevailing in Asian countries in a pathetically native manner--will not accept the fact that Muslims are just as vulnerable to the ideology of Communism as, for instance, the deeply pious and churchridden Russian people were in 1918. However well ingrained and strictly observed religion may be by Muslims, if they are discriminated against

because of their religion and suppressed economically as well as socially outcast by the majority, the only way out for them will be to join a radical Left Wing movement, which at least professes equality of opportunities for everyone, even though that may be a mirage. With forty million Muslims, six million Christians, who are mostly from the depressed classes and sixty million depressed classes, all discontented with orthodox Hinduism which dominates the Indian political scene, the ground is fertile for the seed of Communism, although this may not be of the Chinese or the Russian kind.

The compromise solution I have for Kashmir is for the boundary to be fixed midstream of the Chenab. If Bhuddist Ladakh will come to Pakistan, it should do well, so do the Buddhists of Chittagong District. Pakistan can also hold this frontier peacefully as the Chinese are and surely will in the future, remain friendly towards Pakistan, which is a small and therefore peaceful neighbour. The fate of the Valley will have to be decided by the people residing there—no other solution is equitable.

The subcontinent can only remain self-contained and free if India and Pakistan consider each other's security as their own and that state can only come about if the fight over Kashmir ceases. Otherwise the history of General Lake and Gwalior and Indore may be repeated and the freedom of both India and Pakistan lost. Love for Hussain and not the enmity of Yazid can be the basis of permanent friendship.

During my time as Foreign Minister, I attended two sessions of the United Nations and the Security Council with our Kashmir case. I would like to mention here that I received much co-operation from every country, especially the U.S.A. and Great Britain. In private talks they gave me to understand that both wish to be friends with Pakistan and India. My policy was always to press for what we wanted, absolutely sincerely, never trying any ruses or so-called diplomatic double talks. I found both Governments responsive to every plea which was based on reason and backed by

sound arguments. But unfortunately no courageous or decisive action was even initiated by the U.S.A. or Great Britain, though such a move could easily have been taken by them. That has been and continues to be Pakistan's great disappointment and much of her disillusionment with the West is entirely due to the failure of the U.S.A. and Great Britain to throw their weight behind the fulfilment and execution of a perfectly legitimate and just resolution according to United Nations principles, which they do not hesitate to exhort if it suits them.

I never resorted to abuse of India in the Security Council meetings as that would have had an adverse effect. After all, India has as many friends as we have and she is a much bigger and more powerful member of the Commonwealth, so why should anyone prefer us? But as our case before the Security Council was and still is a just one, we must win active and moral support from all countries on merit and that support I received.

The United Nations will not at present undertake the defence of its members against its neighbours. In my first speech in the United Nations Assembly in 1958, I had suggested that the United Nations should guarantee the boundaries of its member States, keep an international army to defend these boundaries, abolish the surplus armies and save money and refer all disputes to the International Court of Justice at The Hague, whose decisions the International army should enforce. Some day the United Nations will have to come to this decision if it wishes to remain an effective force for peace and a fore-runner of one world. Until that happens, countries, especially small ones like Pakistan, must seek bilateral or regional security pacts.

While at the United Nations, I also took great interest in the freedom struggle of Algeria. When I called on Mr. Pineau, the French Foreign Minister, I told him how greatly Pakistan appreciated the fair manner in which France had voted constantly in our favour on the Kashmir issue, yet in the case of Algeria, we not only felt for our brother Muslims

but felt that the right of self-determination, which in this century has been recognized as a birthright of all people, should be granted to them by France. At that time the French had not yet given the Algerians even elected municipalities or rural boards. The thirty odd Algerians in the French Parliament in Paris were not enough. Either their should have a Parliament of their own or be given representation in Paris proportionate to their population of eight million as against forty-six million of Frenchmen in Metropolitan France. The Algerians might have accepted even such a position if the reforms had come in time but by delaying them, their bitterness and opposition grew too fierce for them to ask for anything but complete freedom. I told Mr. Pineau then that separate treaties regarding oil and mineral wealth can be made without retaining political power, as the U.S.A. and Britain have done in the Middle East. The Algerian problem has been solved since then by the courageous action of General de Gaulle, but how much misery, bitterness and strife would have been saved if such an action had come earlier and had been preceded by gradual concessions towards self-government as was done by the British in most of her colonies?

In 1956 when I was in New York, I did pay a visit to Washington to meet Mr. Foster Dulles. The more I knew Mr. Dulles, the greater grew my respect for him. He has been a much maligned man but I think, in retrospect, many a man will agree with me when I call him brave and just and utterly sincere. Pakistan has certainly had no better American friend since Mr. Dulles went.

During that meeting I was accompanied by our Ambassador, Mr. Mohammad Ali Bogra and Mr. M. S. Baig, our Foreign Secretary. I argued with the Secretary of State that the Baghdad Pact was not enough to give us a sense of security and the only way of helping us was to give us an assurance that if anyone attacks us, the United States will defend Pakistan. I also reminded him that he had already given such an assurance to India with respect to an attack from Pakistan, though I could never understand India's fear

in that respect as she was a so much bigger country than us. The only method of securing peace in the Indian sub-continent was to make both our countries believe that neither can win a war by starting an attack. People who talk of war forget that unless foreign aid comes to us in the form of petrol and aviation spirit, the tanks and aeroplanes of both India and Pakistan will be grounded.

One has to remember what happened in Great Britain during the Suez crisis when her petrol supply was stopped by the U.S.A. I was in London for a few days on my way to New York during just that time and the situation seemed much more stringent than during the War. The U.S.A. attitude on the side of Egypt turned the scales most decidedly against Britain and France: so if two such powerful nations could be stopped from fighting a small war by such effective action, why could not the U.S.A. use this powerful weapon on the side of equity and justice? Even today I feel that American could give peace to many countries by assuring them that in case their international boundaries were to be violated, she would defend them.

So Mr. Dulles retired to the dining room with his advisers. I imagine he must have also consulted President Eisenhower. When he came out he gave me a few lines to be issued to the Press, which said: That in case of an attack on Pakistan from any quarter, the U.S.A. will give immediate and effective assistance. This guarantee was also in accordance with the principles of the United Nations Charter in which Mr. Dulles fervently believed and if you could convince him that any action you proposed was in accordance with the principles of the Charter, he was whole-heartedly with you. This bilateral agreement was signed by the present President of Pakistan, Field-Marshal Mohammad Ayub Khan in 1959.*

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*But during the recent aggression by India against Pakistan in September, 1965, we were sadly let down, by the United States of America, which never uttered a word in our support, let alone come to our help.

Our relationship with the United States of America is closely tied up with our relationship with our neighbours. If we accept the Munroe Doctrine (and not everyone agrees with that) we Asians are entitled to work out our own destiny regarding the best way or method we wish to develop and become self-sufficient without being lectured to as to what we should consider good for us and what we ought to do. People like myself, brought up in a certain way which has been dubbed "feudal", are not of the opinion that the only quick and effective method of developing our country is either Communism or Dictotorship. I am steeped in the Democratic traditions the British wanted to establish here but I realise that those methods in an unadulterated form may not suit us, so developing countries may have to work out their own systems, depending on their own circumstances, like India and Pakistan. The way is strewn with many trials and errors but that does not justify any active or clandestine interference from any outside country, be it India, the United States of America, Russia or China.

I had to visit the United Kingdom, two or three times while Foreign Minister and later as Prime Minister, to attend the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conferences. It was always like going from home to home. That is the case with many people of the subcontinent. But that did not minimise my patriotic and nationalistic attitude in my negotiations with the Government of the United Kingdom. On the contrary, my complete faith that whatever I said or demanded would never be misunderstood, made me much more outspoken than another person could have been and who was not as well known to them as I was. This outspokenness and frankness on my part was rightly rewarded, especially with regard to Gwadar.

During my second visit to the U.S.A. towards the autumn of 1957, Mr. Suhrawardy's Government resigned and a coalition was formed between the Republicans and the Muslim League. During that crisis I was not in Pakistan but in New York, attending the beginning of the Autumn Session of the United Nations. I stayed on as Foreign Minister in

Mr. I. I. Chundrigar's Cabinet and could thus continue my work in New York.

But Mr. Chundrigar's Cabinet lasted only two months. He had lost the support of the Republican Party on the issue of separate electorates. It took several days of indecision for President Iskander Mirzà to call on me as the leader of the largest parliamentary group in the Assembly to form a ministry. That hesitation on his part made it obvious enough that he would have preferred to take over Government him-elections. But Mr. Chundrigar was adamant on the point of not prepared the ground with the Army sufficiently well.

I was not keen on taking up such an arduous task in these unfavourable circumstances, although the coalition between the Awami League and the Republicans, which both stood for joint electorates, was a strong one and constitutionally nothing could dislodge us. But first of all, I tried my best to persuade Mr. Chundrigar to carry on. I went to his house after seeing the President, prepared to beg him on my knees to continue as Prime Minister and to assure him that my party would continue to support him. He was fast asleep when I arrived and the policeman on duty had to go into the house to wake him. I argued with him that internationally such quick Government changes were extremely had for Pakistan and would jeopardize our mutual desire for general elections. But Mr. Chundrigar was adamant on the point of separate electorates for Muslims and non-Muslims and unless this was accepted by the Republicans, he would not continue. I argued with him that if by his resignation, the Muslim League were able to achieve separate electorates, then I could understand his attitude, but as this clearly would not be so, it was no use resigning. He had accepted the Prime Ministership without stipulating any conditions whatsoever about separate electorates, so why not accept the wish of the majority in the Assembly, as the Awami League and the Republicans both wanted this outmoded form of electorate to cease. But he disagreed. That action was another nail in the coffin of the 1956 Constitution of Pakistan. The lesson to be learnt from this is that when you know that

the action you propose will not take you closer to or help to achieve your objectives, then why take it? If Mr. Chundrigar had continued, he might have succeeded in persuading us to his view by using the influence of his high office. I felt that his own so-called supporters gave him wrong advice, they did not really want him to stay in office but did not dare to say so openly. They achieved their objective by insisting on conditions which they knew could not be fulfilled.

Mr. Chundrigar was a gentleman of a kind and friendly disposition. I had the pleasure of working with him as Chief Minister of the Punjab on my return from East Pakistan when he was Governor for a short time. I had great personal regard for him. As the Leader of the Opposition during my time as Prime Minister, I found him patriotic and reasonable and never opposing us for the sake of opposition.

And so I became Prime Minister at the end of November, 1957.

CHAPTER X

The Republican Party had worked loyally with Mr. Suhrawardy when he was Prime Minister and though he decided that none of his party members in the Assembly would take office in my ministry, he pledged full support. As a whole, he was steadfast. Only once did he come to me to tell me, "Now that you have made peace between me and Iskander Mirza, what about letting me become the Prime Minister again straightaway". I told him that our Coalition was based on the understanding that I would continue as Prime Minister until the General Elections, after which he need not support me but would be free to do as he liked. Besides, frequent changes were bad. I suspected immediately that someone had put this idea into his head as the ouster of each ministry provided Iskander with an argument in favour of "controlled democracy", but let it be said to the credit of Shaheed Suhrawardy that he immediately replied, "I shall honour my undertaking and support you until General Elections. I only said what I did in case you wished it." Thereafter his loyal co-operation continued and also that of his party members, who all gave me a hundred per cent support. In this way, I escaped the consequences of having made peace between Mirza and Suhrawardy and I realised the meaning of the saying that "the way to Hell is paved with good intentions."

From the very beginning of my taking on Prime Ministership, I adopted a different attitude to this high office. First of all I knew that I should be holding it only until the General Elections and my main reason for having accepted this thankless task was to usher in the long-awaited first elections under the Constitution of 1956. Therefore, I never had to force myself to do anything with an eye to my political future. I had had all the jobs, the honours and opportuni-

ties for doing my best for the public, so I had no further ambitions but to give as fair elections as possible to our people. I also knew that I had formidable opponents to face in this aim. Therefore, the ten months I was given as Prime Minister were full of pitfalls and intrigues and certainly were not congenial to constructive work. Nevertheless, I can say with a good conscience that I am able to record a number of achievements which I hope were to the benefit of our country.

Pakistan's relations with the U.S.A. are governed partly by the aid which this country had been giving to Pakistan. The U.S.A. was the first country to be in a position to give substantial economic and military aid to many countries after the War. With the material aid went technical aid. This aid, however generous it has been and still is, involves the U.S.A. directly with the planning and administration of the receiving countries. It is unrealistic to assume that any substantial aid from any country can be given without any "strings" attached to it. It is merely a matter of degree. Inevitably there is criticism that if instead of spending such a large component of the aid on salaries of the imported advisory staff from the U.S.A. more of the money were spent on the projects, the aid would have not only been more effective but also politically more palatable. In practice, the salaries of the American staff in A.I.D. amount to 11-12% of the total aid they give. In many countries the engineering and technical staff is simply not available locally, and Americans have to be imported. But where local men are available, the execution of work should be left to them and the functions of the American staff restricted to supervision, and to seeing that the money is not wasted and that equipment is not diverted to other unapproved schemes. The Congress in Washington has to be satisfied as to how their money is spent. The other criticism against the U.S.A. aid is the standard of technicians and other A.I.D. personnel. Some of us feel that the majority of the people sent out to help receiving countries are those that are unable to make the grade in their own. It is no wonder that not many Americans like serving in Asian countries, where personal comforts accord-

ing to their own standards do not exist. Another criticism is that wherever they go they create little Americas with their refrigerators and air conditioners and imported homogenized foods. Much of the criticism is due to misunderstanding based on little knowledge, but the fact remains that other countries which are now also giving technical and economic aid, go about it in a cleverer way. The Russians in Kabul live much more like the Afghans, wearing simple clothes and minging with the people. We do not expect North Americans (which includes Canadians to whom we are beholden for all their help) to come down to our generally low living standards and there is no reason why they should, as no one would come out East in such circumstances, but among ordinary people the Russian type of behaviour pays emotional dividends.

The A.I.D. programme of the U.S. Government is doing a commendable job in Pakistan. But in day to day administration they have to avoid coming into conflict with the Government servants of the country they serve. Some of them may feel that on many occasions the local persons they are dealing with are short-sighted and do not know what is really good for them, which is sometimes a severe trial for the patience of A.I.D. officials. Nevertheless, it is essential that Americans or any other country's nationals who are helping and advising us, restrain their personal anger and annoyonce at what they consider unnecessary delays or incompetence. They must learn to be patient and these remarks apply to both the personnel of aiding countries and of the receiving country. Foreigners must not judge Asians by their own standards, and they should interfere least where personal values or prestige of Asian individuals are concerned.

Sometimes the interests of two countries and their public servants may clash. The economy and wealth of Europe has been built up with the cheap raw materials taken from Afro-Asian countries. The assistance which the European nations are now giving to us looks like well-placed charity, which it is not. What is given free is a small proportion of the total amount and the rest is all loans—which means that

for many years to come the Afro-Asians are mortgaging their economics for the repayment of these loans. On the other hand if they did not borrow, their condition would be much worse.

A country's economic needs and the manner in which it wishes to solve them, directs its ideological path and its foreign policy. Pakistan's economies depend on agriculture and will depend on it for a long time to come. Such economies cannot make us rich because we are at the mercy of nature. We have either too much or too little rain, too much seepage because of our extensive canal system in West Pakistan which causes salinity or too little irrigation. Our livestock and forest wealth is fast depleting and over-population is our biggest, single reason for the slow rise in our per capita income. So while all these reasons make it imperative to hasten our progress in industrialisation, more emphasis on radical improvements and modernisation of our farm methods must be evolved. As long as we are deficit in food and as long as food surplus areas like America and Canada get more money for their wheat from us than our own farmer will and that for wheat which is two years' old, little incentive is left for our farmers to produce more. All the anti-salinity schemes in which for years I have taken an active interest through our own resources and then with the help of A.I.D., with whose officials most of the first plans were made, are paying off. More and more land is brought again under cultivation and the future looks brighter.

But while I am an ardent advocate of mechanized farming and tubewells, I also know the difficulties that the farmer faces when he goes in for machinery. The lack of trained mechanics and workshops and spare-parts are a continuous harassment to him. Today the biggest help Government can give the farmer is to establish central workshops for machinery with well-qualified mechanics on a District and if possible also on a Tehsil level. These workshops should serve all Government owned machinery, whether they belong to the P.W.D. or Electricity Department or Agriculture Department and also private owners.

Our industrialisation has made fairly good progress but nothing has happened in the development of basic industries and some of our leaders, who listened to the advice of the U.S.A. and other Western countries, are blamed for this. While American and European nations are keen to sell machinery to us, they are not keen to enable us to manufacture such machinery ourselves. This is a sad chapter of our history in industrialisation. As Prime Minister I thought it one of my primary duties to get a steel mill started and the then Chairman of the Pakistan Industrial Development Corporation, Mr. Ghulam Faruque* had nearly completed arrangements with a European country to set up a mill. Unfortunately in the short time I had as Prime Minister I could not overcome all the hurdles put in the way by my Finance Ministry.

One of the actions I took with regard to the U.S.S.R. to bring this mighty neighbour closer to us was to invite them for negotiations regarding the prospecting for oil in our country. I am glad to say that these negotiations were continued and successfully concluded by President Ayub's Government and prospecting and boring licences were issued to the U.S.S.R. in West and East Pakistan.

Shortly after I became Prime Minister, the Agha Khan died. The first time I got to know His Highness was when he and his outstandingly beautiful wife stayed with us at Dacca. He had come to visit his followers there. The Ismailis—Agha Khan's followers—were filling a great gap left by the Hindu shopkeepers who had left East Pakistan. They are to a great extent businessmen. There were three hundred Ismaili shops in Dacca town in 1951 and many more in the Province. His Highness was wonderful in the way he looked after his flock and the Begum played her full part in this respect. They again stayed with us in Lahore, when I was Chief Minister. The Agha Khan had many followers in West Pakistan also, especially in Karachi. One of his most important and faithful followers was the Mir Sahib of Hunza, whose estate is right

*Commerce Minister, 1965-68.

up on the northern boundary of Pakistan, bordering on the Chinese Province of Sinkiang and boats of the highest peaks of the Karakorum Ranges of the Himalayas.

The Ismailis have no mosques but meeting houses *(Jamaat khanas)* where men and women pray and hold meetings. The Agha Khan traces his descent to the Prophet and his followers are most numerous in East Africa. The Agha Khan carried his spiritual leadership with dignity and without any sham or hypocritical attitude. That is why he was not only accepted by his followers but also admired by me who am not an Ismaili nor a Shia. I am a Sunni by birth. I always thought of the Agha Khan as a man of the world just like you and me without any halo of sanctity but that did not detract from my deep regard and respect for him.

I love remembering the story of the lady who mixed up Agra's Taj Mahal with the Agha Khan by moonlight. Another anecdote connected with the Agha Khan's name happened to me when I was High Commissioner for India in the late thirties. I presided over a meeting in the Fishmongers' Hall, London, to collect funds for Dr. Graham's Home for Christian boys in Kalimpong, near Darjeeling. Dr. Graham had promised the boys that he would bring them an Aga cooker for their kitchen. He read out a telegram from the boys at this meeting which read, "Please don't forget to bring us the *Agha Khana*". *Khana* means dinner and I suppose the boys did not know the Urdu word for cooker which is *Chula*.

When the Agha Khan died, he made his grandson—Aly Khan's eldest son, his heir and he proved to be a hardworking, able man. Nevertheless I knew what a disappointment it must have been to Aly. Aly had been our guest in Pakistan every year for nine years before he died in the car accident. I knew Aly well enough to have discovered the other side of him and not only the one the magazines and tabloids communicated to the world. As soon as he was passed over for succession, I offered him our Ambassadorship to the

United Nations. Aly was staying in the house which I occupied as Prime Minister shortly after the installation of Prince Karim as Agha Khan, when all was arranged. Many people and even newspapers openly criticised my choice, seeing in Aly Khan only the play boy; but six months later everyone congratulated me on my choice. In the two short years Aly had to live, he was given a chance through this job, which gave him a new purpose in life, to show his ability and enabled him to leave a different memory of himself behind. Prince Aly's appointment proved of great value to Pakistan as he was an able, hardworking man with a most endearing personality.

I also had the honour of welcoming the then British Prime Minister, Mr. Harlod Macmillan and Lady Dorothy to this country when he was on his return trip from South East Asia. This quiet, yet firm and extremely able man, has been a good friend of Pakistan and I owe him and his Foreign Minister, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, a great personal debt for the helpful manner in which they dealt with me in the Gwadar case.

No political history of our times will be complete without a mention of Gwadar. Two thousand four hundred square miles came back to Pakistan and hardly any celebrations or publicity was given to this important event because I had promised the British and our President, Iskander Mirza, that I would not organise any jubilations in order not to offend the sensibility of the Sultan of Muscat.

Gwadar is a sea-port on our South Coast, forty-five miles east of the point where the Iranian boundary touches the Arabian Sea. In the year 1781, a Prince of Muscat took refuge under the then independent King of Kalat, who granted him, as maintenance, the revenues of Gwadar, about eighty-four tunkas (probably each a rupee) a year. Later this same Prince became the King of Muscat, but he did not return Gwadar to Kalat, even though he no longer needed its income for his maintenance but continued to hold it in occupation. In 1839, the British conquered Kalat, and became

its suzerain power. In 1861 the ruler of Kalat claimed the return of this territory. The British interseded between Kalat and Muscat but made no attempt to force a decision either way. After Pakistan came into being in 1947, the Pakistan Government again took up this question, and some indecisive negotiations took place in 1949. But after that the case was dropped until I took over as Foreign Minister in 1956. I immediately asked for papers, and having studied the case, started negotiations through the British Government. They had a difficult task in bringing about a settlement of the opposing interests of a Commonwealth country and a friendly Sultan, in close relationship with them for over a century and half. The thermometer of my hopes rose and fell and the negotiations were still proceeding when I took over as Prime Minister of Pakistan in 1957.

For the first time in the history of this case, I had raised the legal plea that Gwadar was a *Jagir*, that is an area of a 'State', given to a person so that he may collect State taxes due from the area, and use them for his maintenance or remuneration. Such a grant involves no question of a transfer of sovereign power. We had cancelled all *Jagirs* in Pakistan of all persons who had received them from the British for services rendered, or for other political reasons. As Gwadar was also a *Jagir* its grant too, could be cancelled and its territory occupied. I never mentioned this to any of the British officials as a threat, but this was a point if we ever went to court. The British Government were in a very awkward position. If the Pakistan Army were to occupy this territory, would the British Government start bombing or invading a Commonwealth country of which Queen Elizabeth was the symbolic head? It paid good dividends to Pakistan to be in the Commonwealth, as otherwise we would have been in no better position than the Imam of Oman, *vis-a-vis* Muscat and his territories, if threatened by a foreign power. I must recognise the fair manner in which Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Lord Home, the Commonwealth Secretary, handled this case. They exercised no pressure on either side. The transfer took place amicably and willingly. Compensation had to be paid naturally, but when the safety

or honour of the country is at stake, money is of no consideration.* You can well imagine my joy when the signed transfer deed was handed to me by our High Commissioner, Mr. Ikramullah, in London, in the summer of 1958. With Gwadar in foreign hands, I had felt we were living in a house in which the back room with another door, was occupied by a stranger who could, at any time, sell us out to a power inimical to Pakistan and who would also be willing to pay any price for the sale. When I went to Delhi to negotiate a settlement of border disputes, the Prime Minister of India, Mr. Nehru, said to me, "I see you have taken Gwadar". I said, "Yes". "May I send someone there to contact our people, there are about three hundred of them?" I said, "With great pleasure, but we do not wish to create a refugee problem for you. We will give them Pakistani citizenship and passports if they so desire." This pleased him greatly and relieved him of all anxiety about the Hindu population of Gwadar. I am glad they have stayed on and I have no doubt that they will remain as prosperous as ever in their businesses.

Gwadar was a smuggler's paradise. The money we have paid will be received within a few years through customs duty. You could find cheap goods and gold thoughout Baluchistan smuggled through Gwadar. It was the harbour for all boats engaged in smuggling which, with our taking over the harbour, has virtually been eliminated in that area.

We feel safer and the Sultan of Muscat has acquired a great friend and ally in Pakistan. It is essential that Pakistan should be on cordial relations with all the rulers of the Sheikhdoms in the Persian Gulf, especially Kuwait and Qatar. I am afraid we have not done enough in this direction. At that time in 1955 I also suggested to Mr. Selwyn Lloyd that with British influence diminishing in the Arab Sheikhdoms along the coast of Arabia, future trouble could only be avoided if they would combine in a federation.

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*The amount was equivalent to a few years' income of various taxes and of our thriving fishing industry in GWADAR today.

When I attended the Baghdad meeting in the summer of 1958, just after the Iraqi revolution, I had three important achievements to my credit. The sale deed of Gwadar was finalized. Secondly I persuaded the British Government to recognise the new Iraqian regime, which decision was announced immediately, and thirdly Mr. Dulles, who attended the meeting and who had already been instrumental in securing for Pakistan a settlement which assured us of immediate and effective assistance in case of an attack from any quarter, promised this assistance to all Asian Baghdad Pact member countries. I was determined that there must be a clarification of the position as it was now even more important that the U.S.A. should become closely linked with the Pact. Mr. Foster Dulles accepted this point of view and decided to enter into a system of bilateral defence pact with the three Asian members, in accordance with the principles of the United Nations Charter. These were eventually signed in February, 1959, because without them, C.E.N.T.O. would not have been very effective in an emergency. The bilateral assurance by the U.S.A. to the Asian C.E.N.T.O countries should have halted the arms race between India and Pakistan as neither of us can afford to spend 75% of our budgets on our armed service. But the attitude of the U.S.A. had changed since India's conflict with China and their massive arms aid to India had upset the balance in such a way that it has precariously endangered the security of Pakistan.*

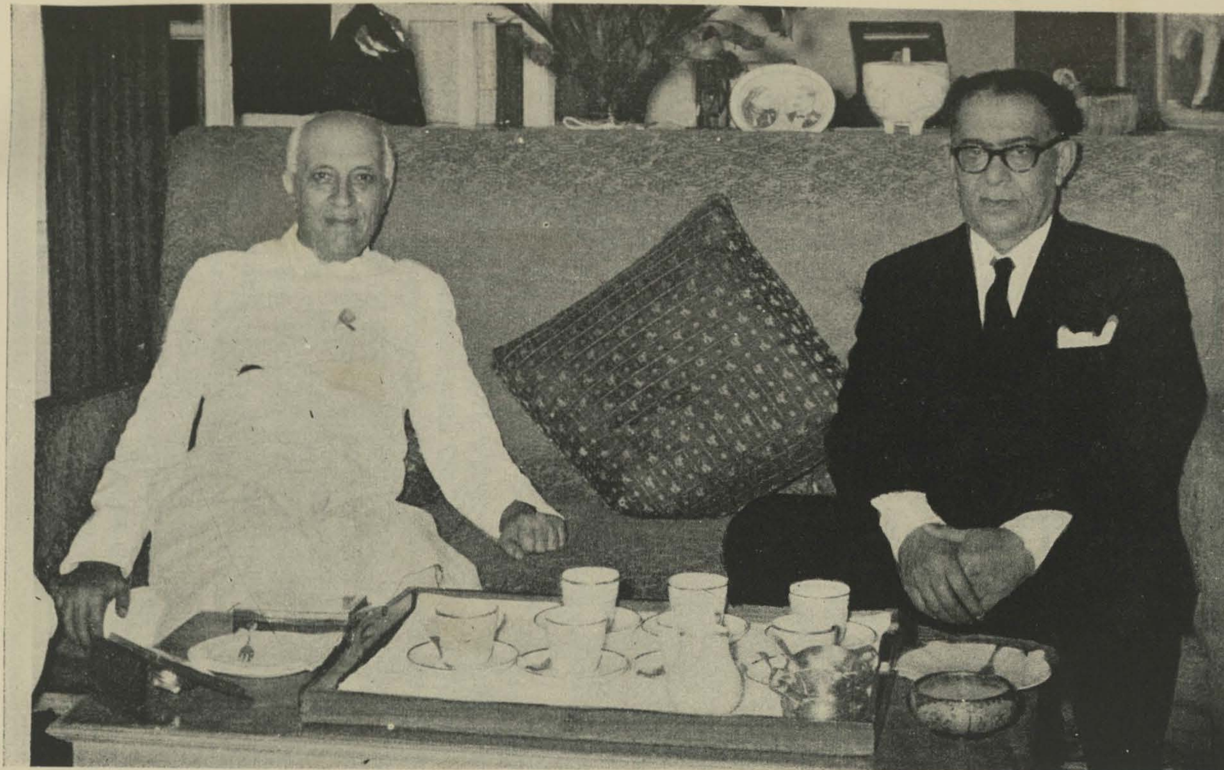
I also pursued the policy regarding a settlement of our water dispute with India with Mr. Mueenuddin, the leader of our Water Dispute Delegation to the World Bank, in accordance with my suggestions when I was Chief Minister of the Punjab. This realistic policy of asking for the replacement of waters, rather than guarantees of continued supply from Indian held rivers, was successful. After preliminary inquiries, Mr. Mueenuddin came back and said to me "Sir, your zamindara horse sense is succeeding and India is nibbling the

*That fear of ours was borne out in September, 1965, when India crossed the International border near Lahore and launched a full scale offensive against Pakistan.

bait." Up to then all our negotiations had ended in a stalemate. I also asked Mr. Mueenuddin, who is one of our most senior Civil Servants, to take on the invidious job of Efficiency Improvement Officer, with power to enter any office, including that of a Minister, and call for an explanation for and delay or inefficiency. He reported to me that in one Department twelve thousand cases were pending and in another nearly fifty thousand. Some improvement followed this system of inspection but the time I had was too short to judge results.

This ever-growing shortcoming in our administration of undecided cases, whether they be administrative or judicial, is like a cancer. Reports have been made by numerous Commissions but little or no action has been taken. We all know that justice delayed is justice denied and still little or nothing is done about it, mainly due to someone or the other fearing to take bold decisions. No one can please everybody. The main thing is to make a decision with a good conscience and to the best of one's ability. On my taking over Prime Ministership I found sixty-eight mercy appeals, from prisoners condemned to death, lying undecided on my table. I passed orders on them within a week.

But the most important contribution I felt I made as Prime Minister was the successful meeting with Mr. Nehru to settle some of our boundary disputes. For this purpose I accepted his invitation and flew to New Delhi in September, 1958. Constant skirmishes between our armed boundary police forces were going on and I felt that I had to make every effort to settle as many differences between India and Pakistan as possible. For one week my staff briefed me thoroughly and I am indebted to everyone for the hard work they put in. My wife, who returned from Europe only the day before our departure for India, asked me how I dared to go into the "Tiger's Den", as there was so little chance of success. My answer was, that if I, who was at the end of my political career and who had so many years of service already to my credit, did not dare to risk all for the good and peace



1958 —*With the late Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru at Delhi, in connection with the settlement of the boundary dispute*

of my country—how could ever a younger man after me dare to do it?

My statement in Parliament after aggressive speeches by the Opposition parties who asked for military action in Kashmir, that if Pakistan wanted war with India she would have to find another Prime Minister, had a very good effect in India and created a congenial climate.

In spite of my long career and experience, I felt that the trip to Delhi, which I had not seen since Independence, was a crucial one.

On arrival at Palam Airport an amusing incident took place, which eased the tense atmosphere but caused my wife some embarrassment. She—following me out of the aeroplane—lost one of the slipper type shoes which our women like to wear with saris and it landed at the bottom of the steps before she could get down. Pandit Nehru picked it up and put it down before her so that she could slip her foot into it easily! The photographers had a lot of fun. Nothing of Nehru's stature was lost by this act of courtesy. Indeed it was enhanced and all papers commented on their gallant Prime Minister.

The incident of my wife's lost slipper reminds me of a small incident connected with Sir Mohammad Zafarullah who has been a lifelong friend. He is a person endowed with a wonderful memory and I hope he will write his memoirs. One day at Sir Mohammad Zafarullah Khan's invitation I went to Rabwah, the headquarters of the Ahmedya Community, to see the Mirza Sahib, I slipped off my shoes on entering his room. As I stood up when leaving and was trying to feel for my shoes with my feet while talking to the Mirza Sahib, Sir Mohammad Zafarullah bent down and picked them up and put them together in front of me. Most Pakistanis would not have dreamt of performing such an act. They would have regarded it as lowering to their dignity. But Sir Zafarullah's dignity was unaffected and I was deeply moved by his humility.

I still wonder what the Pakistani press might have written about me if in similar circumstances, I had picked up Mrs. Indira Gandhi's shoes and placed them before her. Unfortunately in my time until the imposition of Martial Law, our vernacular press in particular, behaved very often rather irresponsibly in attacking their own leaders, fostering party squabbles and personal animosities. This irresponsible attitude contributed towards creating an unstable atmosphere before October, 1958. Attacks on public representatives and the manufacturing and printing of news either out of sensationalism or personal motives was a daily occurrence. Experience will mellow this down but of course as time has shown, the next regime enforced very strict press censorship and press laws.

I met with much cordiality in Delhi, especially in the Parliament House reception. The then Vice-President of India, Shri Radhakrishnan, was there and all the Ministers, including Pandit Pant, who had made a special effort to come in spite of bad health.

During the negotiations, which lasted two days, I found Pandit Nehru fair and whenever I put up a compromise suggestion he thought over it, made his own comments and then usually agreed on a solution.

Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru, a great servant of the people of India, is second only to Gandhi. It is a great mistake to judge other people's heroes from one's own standards. The Hindus did not like our Quaid-i-Azam, the Pakistani Muslims do not like Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru. It is the same all over the world. The Germans maligned a world hero like Churchill because he stood between Hitler and world domination. The Russians may not like Dulles, and the Americans may not like Khushchev. Non are the Muslim leader of the various Muslim countries always popular with their co-religionists elsewhere. It is a principle of universal application that leaders of one country are unpopular in other countries with which relations are strained. I remember a gentleman in the Punjab, who was before Independence an ultra

loyalist. Whenever a nationalist paper attacked him, he would buy two hundred copies and post them to all his British friends. The same Hindu paper, by attacking Sir Fazli Hussain, made him a Muslim national hero. Foreign press attacks on another country's leaders, make them more popular among their own countrymen. No one can deny that Pandit Nehru has rendered outstanding, lifelong services to the cause of India's freedom. Under his leadership his country's voice was heard with rising respect in world affairs. True, we had disputes with him. He had in our view, wrongly annexed Kashmir, Hyderabad, Junagarh and Manavadar and taken away our river waters. But from the Indian point of view the annexations were welcome and what made him hated in Pakistan made him a hero in India. Whether any country can flourish on injustices perpetrated against her neighbour remains to be seen. Mr. Nehru's policies have kept relations strained between India and Pakistan, but that does not take away from his qualities as a successful Indian Prime Minister. A great patriot, self-sacrificing, highly polished and polite, he was honest and fair in administering public affairs. My policy was to handle him with respect and not with abuse because I had no doubt that with reason and justice on our side, relations could be improved. During such negotiations it is always best to agree wherever possible and leave difficult points for further talks. Demanding a full pound of flesh is bad tactics in international negotiations. After all, the people you are dealing with are independent and free and in no way obliged to do what you wish. If you wish to be respected, you must first show respect to others. The Noon-Nehru Pact, as it is known now, was a success, as all outstanding boundary disputes of East Pakistan were settled. But unfortunately it has remained a paper document and was never implemented. Our people in Pakistan only realised its success when the West Bengal Legislature attacked Nehru for it. The truth of the matter is that the decisions were based on justice and fair play to both parties and that is the reason we met with success. I feel I could have settled all the other boundary disputes in time, especially the Rann of Kutch and others in West Pakistan, which were mentioned but deferred to a next meeting. But I was not given

such a chance. I was hoping to pave the way for a settlement over Kashmir when trust had been established.

But to be at peace with India is an uphill task and I have to relate the following incident so that Pakistanis will always be alert and be prepared against any happening from India. A few years ago a friend told me that Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru kept a book near his bed from which he read often before going to sleep. I also mentioned this book to Mr. Chou En-lai on his visit to Pakistan when I was Foreign Minister. The book I refer to is *Manu's Samirti,* which has scriptural status and was amplified in Kautilya Chanakya's *Artashastra.* These scriptures are for Kings to retain temporal power and to expand it. These power political writings of Manu made "Machiavelli seen almost a sweet shepherdess nursing a lamb", according to the American author—Northrop.

To quote is important because the world today is still under the spell Gandhi's mystic attitude towards preservation of life and non-violence *(ahimsa),* which are mere hollow echoes now.

> "*Those kings who seeking to slay each other in battle, fight with the utmost exertion and do not turn back, go to heaven*".
>
> "*Not to turn back in battle, to protect the people and to honour. The brahmins is the best means for a king to secure happiness.*"
>
> "*Chariots and horses, elephants, parasols, money, grain, cattle, women, all sorts of goods and valuable metals belong to him who takes them conquering.*"
>
> "*From this law Akashatria (fighting caste) must not depart when he strikes his for in battle.*"
>
> "*What a king has not yet gained, let him keep by army, what he has gained, let him protect by careful attention, what he has protected, let him augment.*"

"Let him be ever ready to strike his Prowess constantly displayed and his secrets constantly concealed, let him constantly explore the weaknesses of his foe."

"Of him, who is always ready to strike, the whole world stands in awe. Let him, therefore, make all creatures subject to himself, even by the employment of force."

"Let him plan his undertakings like a heron, like a lion, let him put forth his strength. Like a wolf, let him snatch. Like a hare let him double in retreat."

And the most important stanza :

"Let the king consider his immediate neighbour as hostile and a partisan of a foe: as friendly the immediate neighbour of the foe and as neutral the king beyond those two."

A question which looms large in our minds is whether India will ever give a vigorous fight to China. My answer is 'No'. The reasons are obvious. The Sino-Indian war has to begin in the Himalayan snows, where Chinese soldiery has already proved more hardy and successful. The Indian Army has failed against them.* The Indian reaction to Chinese threats given over Sikkim in September, 1965, bear evidence that *Manu's* scripture was closely followed. It will be followed always in future as long as the Brahmin-Bania group rules India. India will use China as a bug-bear to collect arms from the West but I doubt if they will ever use them against China. If India wages any war in the future, it will be against Pakistan. And the result of war with Pakistan will be starvation in India which may, in due course, pave the way to chaos. Chaos affords the best ground for Communism to breed and expand. Thus from all Indo-Pakistan

*"They also could not break through against a small and weaker nation like Pakistan in September, 1965."

conflicts benefit will accrue to China, without her firing a short herself. What will further help China is the fact that the Provincial Parliament of West Bengal (which lies south of Sikkim) has a prominent pro-Chinese group of Communists in it.

Keeping all these facts in mind, we must try to come to some equitable arrangement with India and follow the path of co-existence, a word of recent coinage which is useful, as one can interpret it in many ways.

I am now coming to the end of my story relating to my public life, which coincides with the end of Pakistan's period of trying to run her Government on democratic lines patterned on that of the United Kingdom.

Major-General Iskander Mirza was the first, and last elected President of the Islamic Republic of Pakistan. His predecessor was Ghulam Mohammad, who had to retire because of ill health. They were both Civil Servants, Iskander Mirza a very capable officer of the Political Service, and Ghulam Mohammad, an equally capable Audit and Accounts Service and Finance Department man. Neither had ever contested a direct election or faced an electorate. They were both friends of mine. Under one, I served as Chief Minister of the Punjab and under the other, first as Foreign Minister and then as Prime Minister. I write what I do as an historian, with due regard and respect for Iskander Mirza, who was a personal friend, and who always treated me as such. I always sought his full confidence, and he certainly had mine but I always had an uncomfortable feeling that I did not know where I really stood with him. As a matter of deliberate policy. I took him into confidence in everything and did nothing against his wishes. I wanted him to feel that he had all power—that of his President, and the Prime Minister as well. I wanted to keep him pleased and agreeable to the holding of the first elections. The reason was simple.

He always talked of controlled democracy and people used to allege that he might wish to become a dictator. Once the new Legislature was elected, I myself wanted to retire from politics, having served in this and allied fields, from January, 1921.

Ordinarily there should have been no doubt about holding of elections but people used to come and ask me if the elections would take place. These questions, made in spite of my repeated public announcements, in which the public had faith—indicated that there was widespread disbelief created by someone in authority that there would be elections. The reasoning was this. Under the 1956 Constitution every President had to continue in office until the next President was elected. No President could hold office for two consecutive terms. If the elections were held, Iskander had either to resign and seek re-election, in which case some felt that it was doubtful he would succeed, or he would have to get a suitable person elected and honourably quit. When people alleged that Iskander was bent on continuing as President, I never believed them. When I returned from the Baghdad Pact meeting in London, in the summer of 1958, Sir Muzaffar Ali Qizilbash—who was then Chief Minister of West Pakistan, showed me a piece of paper on which were the signatures of Iskander Mirza, Suhrawardy and Qizilbash. It said that after the elections Iskander Mirza would be supported for election as President and Suhrawardy, Leader of the Awami Party, which was in coalition with our Republican Party, for Prime Minister. I signed this paper with the greatest pleasure and thanked God that both these men—Iskander Mirza and Shaheed Suhrawardy—would now settle down to co-operating and holding the elections.

I was also told that Nawab Sir Muzaffar Ali Qizilbash had been offered the Prime Ministership while I was away, but he refused and I must record here my great appreciation for his constant loyalty and support to me. So Iskander had already been assured that he was the unanimous choice of the Republican Party, and could not have doubted that all three of us would dishonour our commitments.

Iskander Mirza comes from the family of the Nawabs of Murshidabad—an historical town of West Bengal, now in India. He had the best possible education. His family was known for its loyalty to the British, and consequently he had the fullest support of British officers, of whom there must be many living who are still friends and admirers of the family and Iskander. With these advantages he was selected in the first batch of Indians to get the King's Commission in the Indian Army and was sent to Sandhurst for training. Sandhurst is in my opinion, one of the best character building institutions in the world.

After obtaining his commission, Iskander was again one of the few lucky ones who were selected from the Army for employment in the North-West Frontier Province, in what was known as the Political Service. The four million Pathans living in their rugged hills were never completely conquered by the British, who were not able to disarm them. There every man carries a rifle and the British kept several brigades of the army in their country to keep them quiet. Though the Pakistan Army has been withdrawn from cantonments created for the purpose of keeping internal peace, the Pathans continue to be governed by their own customary laws under the supervision of political officers. The word 'political' is considered by the Pathans to be synonymous with clever and not trusting anyone. Even today, if you go to the Frontier, a derogatory sentence you can offer a Pathan is to say to him, "*Yih Bara Political Admi Hai*". "He is a very political man," by which they mean that he never gives his mind to anyone. The reason is not far to seek. The officers in the former N.-W.F. Province had to deal with a people who had no rivals in the world in cunning, courage and cruelty. The life of the Political Officer, who was usually a very reliable officer, was in danger every hour of the day and night. He had to have informers—well paid—who kept him in touch with all that was happening in the tribal territory. The moment he discovered that a leader was behaving in a disloyal manner, it was his duty and responsibility to smash

his influence and build up his rivals. Never did the British—let it be said to their credit—take to assassination as a method of control. They could have paid fabulous sums to get rid of an enemy, but did not. They preferred to use the "political " tactics of a Cardinal Richelieu. This I say in general and not with reference to any particular person. There is an account of an incident at Cardinal Richelieu's dinner table, when he told one lady that the other, sitting opposite, was circulating stories that the former's morals were not above reproach. The two ladies were soon tearing each other's hair and the Cardinal much enjoyed the fun. The more the people in the North-West Frontier Province quarrelled with each other, the more they would depend on the Political Officer for support. Divide and rule paid rich dividends in this area and Officers had to learn many ways of achieving their objectives. The well-known story regarding Iskander Mirza is that he is alleged to have adopted the following subterfuge for breaking up an anti-British gathering of Pathans in Peshawar. He conspired with the cooks to put a herb, *(Jamalghota)* a strong purgative, in their tea which kept the demonstrators busy running in and out of the fields. By morning the anti-British gathering had melted away without a shot being fired.

There was something in Mirza which attracted people. His door was always open and anyone could walk in in the evening. His great quality was easy contact with people of all shades of opinion. While he worked with the Awami or Republican Ministry, he played bridge with the Opposition leader of the Muslim League, Mr. I. I. Chundrigar.

I must say that Iskander Mirza received my advice with great attention and usually agreed with me except on important matters, as for example on whether a democratic or other form of Government was the more suitable for Pakistan. No one was more aware than myself of the defects in our Constitution and the impossibility of amending it. Pakistan's Central Assembly had remained the same since its unconstitutional elections of 1955 by Mr. Ghulam Moha-

mmad. The 1956 Constitution provided that the Legislature could in no circumstances be dissolved before the first general elections. I vehemently opposed this clause in Parliament when it was enacted. Yet I always hoped that something might happen short of its abrogation. Freshly elected legislature was my answer to the instability in the country—abrogation of the Constitution was Iskander's. I think he was wrong and history will not forgive him for what he did.

Though our relations, official and personal were most cordial, there came the need for him to choose between me and the chance for him to capture absolute power. He chose the latter. Now that what was to be, has happened, a great many things began to fit into the picture, for instance, his estrangement with Dr. Khan Sahib. Iskandar used to tell Dr. Khan Sahib that the latter was "like a father to him", and he used Dr. Khan Sahib's influence to the fullest in creating and building up the Republican Party. But on one occasion I heard a remark which indicated that Iskander disliked Khan Sahib's even coming to his house. This was at the time when Iskander was anxious that the Republicans and the Muslim Leaguers should join hands to form a new party probably because he felt that, after the elections, the Republicans alone would not secure an overall majority in Parliament. But Dr. Khan Sahib would not agree to the breaking-up of the Republican Party, of which he was the leader. In the beginning Iskander took me into confidence and listened to me and that is perhaps why the abrogation of the Constitution was delayed. But once he had made up his mind to abrogate the Constitution he talked to me no more. For three months he had planned things and kept me in complete ignorance.

Both Mr. Ghulam Mohammad and Mr. Iskander Mirza, who were servicemen and not politicians, believed centralised power more on the pattern of the U.S.A. But a President like the one in the U.S.A. must have a party with him, first to get himself elected and, if elected, to fight any impeachment resolution for which there was also a provision

in our Constitution. Iskander's fatal weakness was in wishing to be a non-party man. Such a person could only be President if he were appointed, like the British had nominated the Viceroy. But in the Constitution we made, the head of the State and the Prime Minister were to keep loyally to their own spheres and were to give each other true support. Unfortunately Iskander wanted the power of the Prime Minister also, for which there is no sanction and this I think was the main reason for the abrogation of the Constitution.

He was confirmed in having to take this action by some unfortunate happenings in the East Pakistan Assembly of unruly behaviour of members which led to rowdyism, in which the Speaker was mortally wounded. In West Pakistan public processions, irresponsible press propaganda, inflammatory public speeches, gave him the impression that in the country law and order were going downhill. He did not realise that at that time in spite of all the rows and apparent instability, the country and our people were more alive and conscious than ever before. Such demonstrations are part of the free self-expression of a people who are growing up and learning how to participate in their country's destiny. If I had been left in peace, I would have done something about the worst offenders in our press but otherwise I did not fear any difficulties. I was very fortunate that I had a safe majority in the House and loyal support from everyone on my benches. Some persons were under the impression that I did whatever Suhrawardy wanted, on the other hand his friends used to tell him that I was using him as a puppet for my purposes. The truth was that Suhrawardy knew that if my ministry also went through lack of a majority, Iskander Mirza would declare Martial Law and assume dictatorial powers. Some people even told Suhrawardy that I was blackmailing him into submission because of this. In reality Shurawardy, having been Prime Minister, knew the responsibilities of this high office and whenever I told him my point of view on a matter contrary to his, he always gave in by saying. "The responsibility is yours, I only wanted to draw your attention to this matter." There is no doubt that his

ambition was to come back into power and he did whatever he could to justify his leadership. For instance, when there was a food-shortage in East Pakistan he demanded 15 million dollars' worth of rice for free distribution, but when the situation was found satisfactory by our Food Minister, Mian Jaffer Shah who went there immediately and statements were made accordingly, he never pressed that issue again. After all, elections were drawing near.

Shaheed is no more. A colourful personality, full of brilliance and charm and also repellant habits. He had been my contemporary at Oxford but we never knew each other then. God rest his soul in peace. Shaheed always took every opportunity to justify his leadership while I was mainly concerned with leaving a clean record and making room for others when the time came. I was extra cautious in my work, not only because of myself but also because I did not wish that there should be the slightest cause for dismissing my ministry and thus inflicting the *coup de grace* against democracy. In the Shaheed could not resist the temptation to exercise more influence on the administration and offered to let his party men accept ministerships. But when he was not satisfied with the portfolios, they resigned a day later. That was our death knell and we had played into Iskander's hands.

No account of Iskander would be complete without a mention of his beautiful and talented wife, Nahid. She kept open house and a magnificent table, which suited the large and hospitable heart of Iskander. For the first time, we had in profuse quantities, both Pakistani and Persian dishes. She contributed greatly to Iskander's success as a public leader.

Iskander wanted not the democracy we know of but a new kind of democracy which he called "a controlled democracy". People often expressed the fear that Iskander wanted to be a dictator especially after he had visited Spain.

Immediately after Iskander had abrogated the Consitution, he sent me a letter at the Prime Minister's official resi-

dence at Karachi, which I received at 11.00 p.m. on October 7th, 1958. This is the only document I am quoting in the whole of my story:

"President's House,
Karachi,
7th October, 1958.

My dear Sir Feroz,

After very careful searching of the heart I have come to the conclusion that the country cannot be saved unless I take full responsibility and take over the administration. The Constitution of the 3rd March, 1956, is not only unworkable but dangerous to the integrity—and solidarity of Pakistan. If we go on trying to work it we will have to say goodbye to Pakistan.

As head of the State, therefore, I have decided to abrogate the Constitution, take over all powers, dissolve the Assemblies, the Parliament and the Central and Provincial Cabinets. My only regret is that this drastic revolutionary action I have to take while you were Prime Minister. By the time you get this letter Martial Law will come into operation and General Ayub, whom I have appointed as the Chief Martial Law Administrator, will be in position.

For you personally I have great regard and will do all that is necessary for your personal happiness and well being.

Yours sincerely,

Iskander Mirza".

Iskander's A.D.C. woke me to give me the letter. When I asked him to wait in case there was an answer, he said quickly, "Sir there won't be an answer," and disappeared

immediately. I rang up my wife in Lahore and gave her the news and went to sleep.

A few days after, my wife and I met Iskander and Begum Mirza at luncheon at the house of Sir William Cawthorn, High Commissioner for Australia, in Karachi. Iskander had brought with him some foreign papers, which had printed an interview he had given to some news agency. These read, "My only regret is that all this happened during the time when the greatest gentleman in the country was my Prime Minister." I thanked him for his compliment—small satisfaction when the fate of a country was at stake.

Not knowing what would happen from day to day, and straining every nerve to satisfy both the man above, of whose actions I was never sure, and the public representatives below, was becoming an unbearable burden. As Prime Minister I suffered the weight of responsibility without any relieving feature. From the beginning I did not wish to be Prime Minister in these cricumstances and I would have liked to get out earlier; but then there was the possibility of the public blaming me for throwing away the chance to fulfil a promise of many years given by many Prime Ministers to hold general elections and serve the people. I had hardly been a few months in office, when my policies showed results in all directions. One needs continuity for considerable periods if one wishes the country to progress. Under universal franchise the public want ministers to be running after them for votes. They like the power to change Governments, which is a tried and peaceful way of throwing out bad eggs quickly but one also smashes a lot of good ones in the process.

After the abrogation of the Constitution people tended to say: "Iskander has jumped on a tiger (referring to having made General Ayub Khan, the former Commander-in-Chief, Prime Minister). Let us see when he will be eaten up?" and others asked, "How can he call himself President when he abrogated the Constitution under which he was elected?"

Iskander's reply was that his authority came from the revolution. That was a perfectly good answer because revolutions do take place and revolutionary Governments are accepted internationally. The main thing is to preserve the peace after a revolution, else the country is thrown back many years. But revolution, or *coup d' 'etat* is a game more than one can play and unfortunately this is rarely peaceful or followed by peaceful times. Let us not lose our heads as to who gets into the office chair as there is always life in a change, provided peace and personal freedom are safe which is rarely the case after unconstitutional changes of Governments. I have often been asked if I knew anything about the *coup*. No. I did not. I had known from the day I took on Prime Ministership that Iskander Mirza wanted to bring in "controlled democracy". He had suggested it to me on one or two occasions and asked if I would not say that a democratic form of Government was not suited for our country and that I, therefore, would resign and hand over Government to the President. When he realised that I was bent on carrying on to see the elections through, abrogation of the Constitution was the only way to dislodge me. He did ask me it the head of the Intelligence Department, Mr. Anwar Ali and the I.G. Police, West Pakistan, Mr. Sharif Khan, could go to Teheran to help them organise their Police, to which I consented. This strange request coming through him and not through Government channels made me suspicious. The handing over of the West Pakistan Border Police to be officered by Army personnel had taken place a few months before at Iskander Mirza's insistence. But even if I had known the exact date and hour, how could I stop him from imposing Matial Law? The President was the Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces and I was the last person to fight back and in this way create a bloody conflict between brother and brother.

To retire can mean the beginning of a most rawarding and useful time in one's life. At last I had time to write these pages you have read, from memory. Besides that, I had time to think and naturally my mind was much occupied with the type of Constitution which would be suitable for us.

as the British type had failed without being given a fair chance. There is a Persian conundrum, "*Yakey Murgh Didam Nah Pao, Nah Par, Nah Az Shikme Madar Nah Pushte Pidar, Nah Bar Sman Ast Nah Zere Zameen, Hameshah Khurad Goshte Admee,*" which means. " I saw a bird which has neither legs nor wings, which is neither from a mother's womb no from the semen of a father. He lives neither in the skies nor under the earth, but thrives on eating the flesh of human being." The answer is "Sorrow." In Asia, such a bird is the British type of democracy. And yet I do not know of any other system of governance which can attract any larger participation of the people and ensure peaceful and orderly changes from one political party of Government to another.

Looking back over my long years in active, administrative, executive posts, my memories are crowded with impressions of the many service men who worked with me. As a whole. I have had the good fortune to be always surrounded and helped by men of integrity, capability and good manners. I pride myself that many have become my friends and remained utterly loyal to me in their actions and behaviour in days when loyalty was looked askance at. But disloyalty to anyone in any circumstances can never pay in the long run because the new bosses must realise that "leopards don't change their spots." If a subordinate behaves disloyally to one's predecessor, he is sure to be disloyal to you also.

The biggest question and difference of opinion always centres around the form of franchise we should follow. If we have direct elections, I do feel the franchise should be as broad-based as possible, but there should be some restrictions in qualifications like the ones that were in force just before Independence. But I would like to see the abolition of the burqa clad (veiled) woman voter, because too much swinding and impersonation can take place.

There are many arguments also in favour of indirect elections, but those also can take different forms. The trouble with an indirect election is the temptation to bribery.

That is an evil which ultimately undermines all politics as the "aim" to serve the people gets lost in the advantages the "means" afford.

One idea I have for a stronger fusion of West and East Pakistan is the election of only one Central Assembly, to consist of—let us say—five hundred members, two hundred and fifty from each side. When these Members are not sitting together to dispose of Central Legislative business—they sit in their respective Provincial Assemblies to dispose of their business there. In this way no clash of ideas or difference of interests can occur between the Centre and the Provinces. For geographical reasons the administration of the two Provinces is already fairly autonomous and more and more the necessities will demand that both of them should be as little interdependent as possible. Only through self-sufficiency and balanced strength can East and West Pakistan be of help to each other. In fact, once this strength is inherent in each, the geographical division of West and East Pakistan can be viewed as a strength and not as a weakness. We have a foot in the Middle East and in South-East Asia we exercise an important influence. So while we should be independently strong, the legislators should always keep in mind the good of the whole of Pakistan and that can best be done if they are entrusted with both functions, the Provincial as well as the Central Parliamentary work. I am also for the office of the elected President on the American pattern. I doubt if we can settle down to the Constitutional President's role of the British pattern. The argument that a highly centralised Government, be it of a communistic or Fascist pattern, can be much more efficient, work faster and achieve results more quickly than the cumbersome methods democracy has to employ, is a very plausable one. But do the drawbacks justify these gains? The vacuum of ignorance a nation is thrown into by the denial of participation in governing, wipes out any original or independent thinking and has far-reaching repercussions. Besides that, the most frightening feature of any form of dictatorship is the uncertainty of succession and continuity. Upheaval or violent

changes must lead to setbacks in social and economic development and do not justify the periods of so called rapid advancement which may have taken place. Only a system which will allow for continuation of governance in a peaceful manner can give contentment and a sense of security to the people.

Actually I have taken quite a lot of trouble in writing out constitutional suggestions but have put them all aside as there is one big realization I have arrived at that the best. Constitution won't make a good and successful country unless we, the people, strive to make it so and a Constitution which many of us don't find palatable also cannot destroy us if we don't allow it to infect us and breed within us the cancer of nepotism, bribery and greed which benefits the few at the cost of the happiness of the majority. "For forms of government let fools contest; whete'er is best administered is best."

The story of my times will not be complete without a mention of my wife, Viqar-un-Nisa Noon, who has meant so much to my country in view of her very varied public services and my children from my first wife, who have all grown up into useful, well-behaved citizens, never giving me any worries, but being a source of strength and comfort to me. My wife and I met while I was High Commissioner in England and we were married in 1945 at Bombay, in the house of my friend, Sir Rahimtullah Chinoy, while I was a member of the Viceroy's Cabinet. God has given her an excellent memory, a clear mind and remarkable intuition. Her knowledge of politics and politicians has been of the greatest help to me, not only at Delhi but also in East Pakistan, at Lahore and in Karachi. She has been an asset in all the situations I held, made and kept friends for me and been a hostess whose invitations are always accepted with pleasure. She made good use of these God-given opportunities and improved as years went by. She can speak Urdu and her pronunciation is good—in addition to French and German, of which languages I am not a judge.

My wife, Viqar-un-Nisa Noon, better known to our friends as Vicky—founded a girls' school in Dacca. It is a private school run by a Governing Body and the medium of instruction is English, with a choice of Bengali or Urdu as second language. There was no school of this type in the whole of East Pakistan and I am glad to say that there are over six hundred girls in it now and it enjoys a very good reputation. She also founded a similar school in Rawalpindi on our return to West Pakistan from Bengal, which is fast becoming one of the best schools and colleges in West Pakistan. Both schools are named after her.

On arrival in Delhi during the war, my wife started with her Red Cross work. Coming to Lahore she got involved in political work with the women and has ever since associated herself closely with the aspirations of the women of Pakistan. While in East Pakistan, she put life into a number of voluntary organisations because as the funds of most of them had remained in Calcutta, they had to be practically started afresh after Partition, but her biggest contribution has been to the Red Cross Society, which received through her insistance a share of the United Punjab funds from the then Governor of the Punjab, Sardar Nishtar, and with those three hundred and fifty thousand rupees she built the East Pakistan Red Cross House, beside collecting more funds for them.

On return to West Pakistan my wife became the Chairman of the West Pakistan Red Cross and devotes much of her time and money to this organisation. For four years she was also President of the West Pakistan Social Welfare Council, a semi-Government Body and is associated with many other social welfare movements. But I always feel that if she had not become my wife, she would have led a completely different life, one associated with writers and artists because she is a voracious reader and very musical, but being a European she is afforded no opportunity to go to concerts of western music here. So her collection of records is evergrowing. She took to painting as a form of expressing her artistic talents and enjoys this form of art very much. But

in spite of all her public activities and in a lesser degree, her pursuits of hobbies, she always fulfils her responsibilities as wife and companion in the best possible manner.

I lived through momentous years of my country's emancipation culminating in Independence. I had the good fortune to take part in a small measure in moulding its destiny. And I pray that its future may be safe in the capable hands of leaders with integrity and wisdom.

Allah be praised for all his mercies.

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